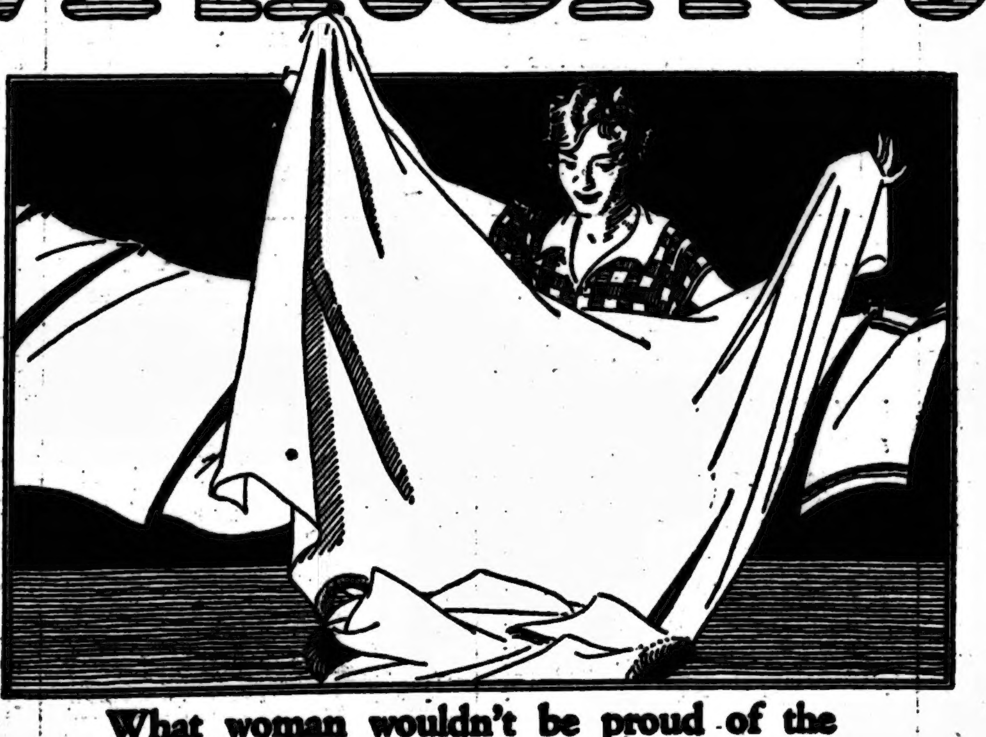
JOHN BULL MAY 25 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1197.
Vol. XLV.

OVER A MILLION SALE

perfect whiteness



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WRITE for wonderful Catalogue "W.," post free, offered in the WHITELEY CYCLE advt. on page 26.

DRAGE'S offer free Catalogue in the advt. on page 25.

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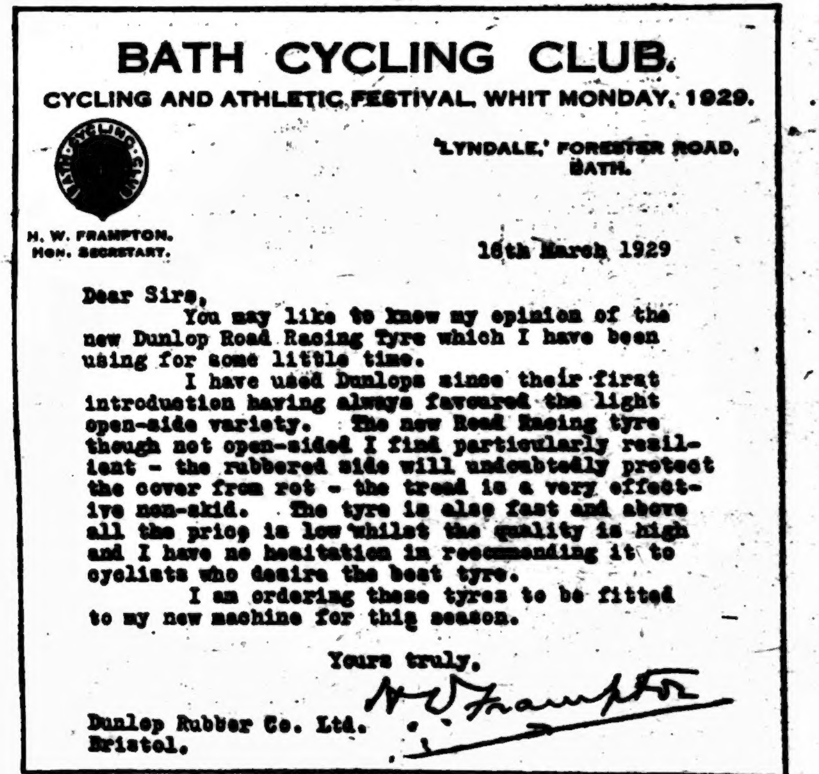
A PLEASANT and enjoyable holiday can be spent touring the country on a bicycle. Readers interested in this outdoor exercise should turn to page 37.

The Secretary of the Bath Cycling Club says—



BATH CYCLING CLUB.

CYCLING AND ATHLETIC FESTIVAL, WHIT MONDAY, 1929.

'LYNDALE,' FORESTER ROAD,
BATH.

H. W. FRAMPTON.
HON. SECRETARY.

16th March 1929

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I have used Dunlops since their first introduction having always favoured the light open-side variety. The new Road Racing tyre though not open-sided I find particularly resilient - the rubbered side will undoubtedly protect the cover from rot - the tread is a very effective non-skid. The tyre is also fast and above all the price is low whilst the quality is high and I have no hesitation in recommending it to cyclists who desire the best tyre.

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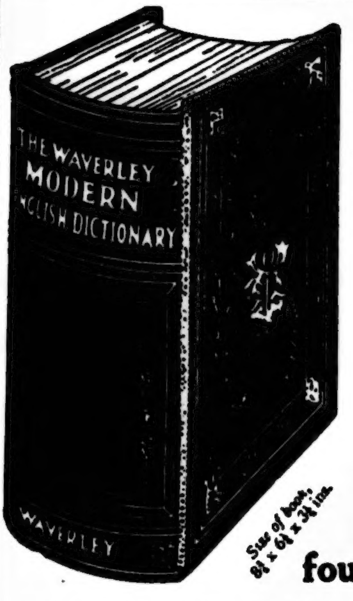
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ADDRESS..

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State if Householder ....
Parent's signature required if under 21.

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J.B.G., 1929.

SOSTENUTO (Keep it up)
DA CAPO (Do it again)

Sing a Song of Sixpence . . .

Sing a song of sixpence;
Everyone should try.
Two and thirty sixpences
A certificate will buy.
And when ten years are over,
And you draw out what is due
You'll have eight and forty sixpences—
EIGHT & FORTY SIXPENCES
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You can buy Savings Certificates in single documents representing 1, 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 certificates, costing 16/-, £4, £8, £20, £40, and £80 respectively. They can be obtained from any Money Order Post Office or Bank, or through a Savings Association.

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ALL PORTABLE RECEIVERS

The C.A.V. Jelly Acid Battery is making a strong appeal to users of Portable Receivers. They are not merely adaptations of a standard cell, but specially constructed with exclusive devices which in conjuction with the specially prepared C.A.V. jelly acid enable them to claim preference over other non-spillable types.

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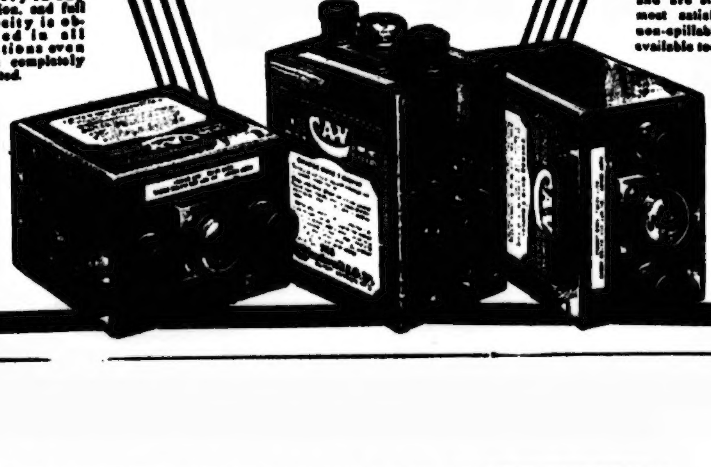

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£500 MUST BE WON

ENTRANCE FEE 6d FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

QUICK RESULTS

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Only One Sixpenny Double Entry Allowed from Each Competitor.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON) MAY 30TH,

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JUNE 6th. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JUNE 13th.

QUICKER RESULTS ! EASIER THAN EVER ! NO CLAIMS REQUIRED !

RESULT of John Bull X-word No. 11 appears on this page.

"John Bull" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of "John Bull" Crossword No. 14 which is given below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (Noon), May 30th. No entries for this competition accepted afterwards. Post Early !

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle below IN INK, and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 14),
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, May 30th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed /& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the entry forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 13th. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner, may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, June 18th, on which date the prize-money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—

The Competition Editor,
"John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Form and number of Postal Order.

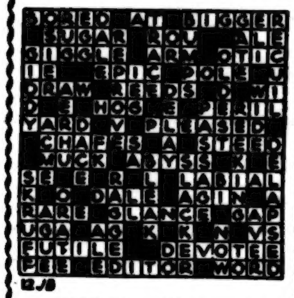
11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Solution of John Bull X-word No. 12.



12/8

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 12 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

RESULT will be published NEXT WEEK

CLUES ACROSS

1. Regarding.
4. Fresh water fish.
6. Sudden thrust.
9. Goods thrown overboard.
10. Name for successors of Mohammed.
11. A gratuity.
12. Alternative spelling of 5 down.
14. To silence.
16. An insertion.
20. Part of a fire-place.
22. Small river.
24. Insect.
26. Part of the verb "to be."
27. Consumed.
28. Flowers raised from tubers.
29. Headgear.
30. Roving.
31. Emaciated.
33. To allure.
34. A skein.
35. Sorrowful.
36. Agricultural implement.
37. Means of flying.
38. Coy.
39. Receptacle.
40. To surround.
44. A beach.
47. Three-legged stand.
48\.
49. To deceive.
50. Hard metal.
51. Compass point. A hide.

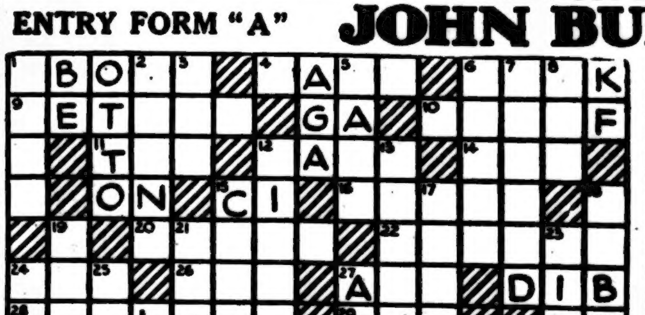
CLUES DOWN

1. Half open.
2. Employing.
3. Upper surface.
5. Mohammedan judge.
6. German rifleman.
7. Flushed with success.
8. Equip.
12. Aerial toys.
13. To invest.
15. 4 grains.
17. A pace.
18. To enclose with a mound.
19. To growl.
21. Turned out wet.
23. Feeling pain.
24. Proficient.
25. To beat out grain.
31. Comes after second.
32. Extremity of the arm.
33. Not that.
37. " . . . ; and spirits."
38. Corn stalks.
40. The mouth.
41. A fish.
42. Pig house.
43. A race of people.
45. Scottish dance.
46. To do as told.

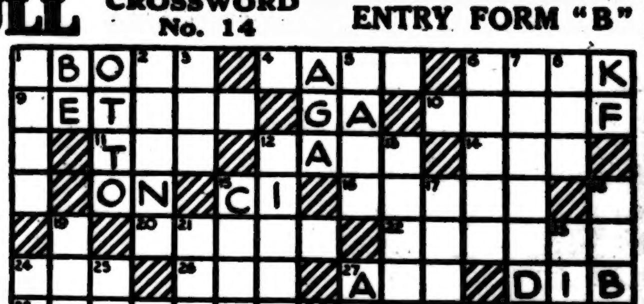
Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

—CUT HERE—

ENTRY FORM "A" **JOHN BULL** CROSSWORD No. 14 ENTRY FORM "B"



14.JB.



14.JB.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose 6d. P.O. No. ________

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED________________

ADDRESS________________

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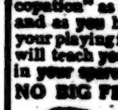

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"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

Is it Labour?—Police Flapdoodle Daily

Haig's Long Shadow—Party Rows

Tennis is his game

IN view of the result of our secret ballot, published on page 19, showing Labour to be the strongest Party, we are not making a wild guess in predicting Mr. MacDonald as the next Prime Minister.

But what will happen then? On the basis of our published figures, he will have 285 seats, against 168 Conservative and 162 Liberal.

• • •

In actual fact, however, he is likely to be in a less favourable position, for our ballot, in its course, showed a gradual swing in favour of the Conservatives, whose supporters are always slower to respond to a straw ballot than Labour supporters.

• • •

Whatever happens, it is quite certain that no one Party will have a majority over the other two. Which means either Coalition or Chaos.

Our C.I.D. Segraves

The centenary of the Metropolitan Police Force is being celebrated in a few London newspapers by a spate of remarkable reports concerning the equipment of Scotland Yard with special cars to combat motor bandits.

Pictures are drawn of a fleet of Golden Arrows camouflaged as taxicabs, "that can jump from ten to fifty miles an hour in ten seconds."

These, it is said, will be fitted with wireless, and the Yard's daily task will be to patrol the streets ready at any moment to pounce on the "smash and grab" men. Such stories are, of course, fantastic nonsense.

If the whole of the London detective force was solely employed patrolling the London streets in this fashion it would only be by pure luck that a motor bandit was caught in the act.

The most obvious purpose of wireless in cars is in case of civil disturbances, when wires might be cut. It is useful for crook-catching only in very isolated cases.

Going great guns

Here is the best news about the King since he "turned the corner" in the dark days of December.

His Majesty has ordered a new pair of guns.

This means that his doctors have told him that he can look forward to grouse-shooting once the twelfth of August comes round, and that he himself feels he will be strong enough to indulge in his favourite sport.

A pinprick

France charges touring Americans 8s. only for a passport visa. Our charge is £2.

If the "Come-to-Britain" movement is still in existence—very little has been heard of it of late—its chief task should be the abolition of that visa fee altogether.

The benefit to the Treasury is negligible compared with the prevention of tourist custom from which our hotels and restaurants suffer as the result of it.

His horoscope

It is accepted at the Home Office that these are the last days of "Jix" as Home Secretary, whatever happens at the General Election.

He has steered through many difficulties in this difficult job; but members of his Party cannot overlook his adamant attitude towards "Dora" and the clubs. His future is being discussed.

Even if returned to power, Mr. Baldwin cannot put him at the Treasury, Foreign Office, Board of Trade or Colonial Office. They are already earmarked. He has *been* at the Ministry of Health.

Of the big departments, there remain only the India Office, Admiralty and Ministry of Labour. There is a belief that he might become President of the Council, as a last resort.

What odds?

Speculation is busy in betting circles as to what system will be adopted by S.P. offices to accommodate clients who want to bet at Totalisator prices.

Such backers will be offered the chance to bet either S.P. or Totalisator. But under the latter system there is no likelihood of "no limit" facilities.

The "bookies" are not laying themselves open for a 400 or 500 to 1 turn up.

The majority of them favour a limit of 33 to 1 win and 10 to 1 place odds for everyday racing, and 100 to 1 win and 25 to 1 place for big events.

These last odds may be extended to 200 to 1 win and 50 to 1 place.

They still fear him

What mysterious forces are preventing the publication of certain private papers and extracts from diaries of the late Earl Haig?

The General has now resigned

Lady Haig is anxious to have these incorporated in an authoritative biography, but other people think otherwise. General Sir Frederick Maurice, who had been commissioned by Lady Haig to write the book, has now resigned the task.

Why should the truth not be known now? Can it be that Haig's private papers contain damning evidence against certain men who are still in high places?

So many false war-books have been written that the witness of one man who could not stoop to lies would be without price.

Doubtful deportations

There is likely to be serious friction between the Italian Embassy and the Home Office over the constant deportation of Italians who, resident in England for a number of years, are banished for reasons which the Italian authorities consider almost frivolous.

A case in point is that of Signoretta Rocca, who has lived here for nearly twenty years, during which time she has been associated with a number of catering businesses. She maintains that these have always been above reproach.

She has just received her "marching orders," and she has fought strenuously to secure an extension of time in order to appeal against the peremptory order made against her.

Her efforts have utterly failed.

So now we know

Mr. Arthur Henderson says that the issue of the General Election is Constitutionalism *v.* Socialism.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald says that the issue is *not* Constitutionalism *v.* Socialism.

The Home Secretary says that the issue is Socialism *v.* Constitutionalism.

Which makes it, of course, perfectly clear.

No telling

There looks like being a lively row over the big expenditures on propaganda by Party headquarters.

The law requires this expenditure in each constituency to be included in the candidate's expenses, but it never is.

We happen to know that a Parliamentary question to Sir William Joynson-Hicks on this subject was refused at the table just before the dissolution. But it will be raised in the new House, and once enquiry starts there's no telling where it will end.

Election expenses are a scandal, and as often as not the candidate's statutory declaration that a certain figure has not been exceeded is a farce.

Bottom dogs

Some hundreds of election candidates who have attempted to effect an insurance at Lloyds against the possible loss of their deposits have either been refused or have been offered such costly terms that it has not been worth their while to take out a policy.

The City experts expect a record number of lost deposits this year.

White waste-paper

The White Paper issued by the Government, about which Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald have raised considerable hullabaloo, has not been explained away satisfactorily by Mr. Baldwin.

Party propaganda at the public expense does not cease to be reprehensible when there is (as the Premier thinks there may be in this case) a slight profit.

And how can that profit come about? Such pamphlets cost a shilling each, but practically no one buys them.

We shall be very surprised if a couple of hundred copies of this pamphlet are sold even after the fuss that has been made about it.

It is extremely dull.

No rest for—

Several tempting offers have been made recently to Winston for further literary activities. One of the offers is for a European history since the declaration of peace.

None of our other politicians writes so well as Mr. Churchill on these sorts of subjects, and his industry is prodigious; but it is evident that the publishers think he is going to enjoy a lot of leisure in the near future.

We don't agree with them.

Out of his element

Big Bill Tilden is telling the world the story of his life, and one of his proud moments is three sets of tennis with the Duke of York.

Rackets, not pens, for him

He tells of a big white Rolls-Royce "so well known to all the English public" which the Duke sent to bring him to the Palace.

We have never heard of this particular conveyance. And we are perfectly sure that the faces of the English public did not register "far from flattering expressions of disappointment and disgust" as it observed the occupant of the car.

Big Bill is the greatest tennis-player the world has ever seen, but until he takes some coaching he will not be one of the greatest authors.

Danegeld

The safeguarding duties on gas mantles were supposed to put British manufacturers on their feet. Yet they are paying the German Cartel "compensatory payments" for refraining from exporting to England.

The only thing safeguarded here appears to be the German profits.

Still at it

Just before Parliament was dissolved the House of Commons passed without discussion a vote of £100,000 for Secret Service work during the next twelve months.

Why is so much Secret Service work still being carried on these days? And on whom are our agents spying? Is it disarmed Germany, or France, or our American cousins?

Spying on other nations would not appear to be worth much, and apart from the countering of Bolshevik Russia's espionage, it is doubtful if there is any work of this sort that can at present be justified in the eyes of the British taxpayer.

Guinea-pig tales

Directors of rubber companies are still complaining about the effect of the removal of restriction instead of trying to co-operate to put the industry on a sound basis. Meanwhile, American consumers have combined and buy as one man.

Hundreds of the directors of British rubber companies are guinea-pigs of the worst sort.

They must be cleared out if all the profits of a great industry built up by British labour and money in the past are not to go to America.

IF YOU SEE IT—*(Continued)*

Peril on the deep

Despite all the efforts of modern shipbuilding, the number of casualties at sea is on the increase.

The losses in the first quarter of this year, according to official figures compiled by the Liverpool Underwriters' Association, are the highest for three years.

More than 158,260 tons of shipping have been lost, compared with 120,180 in the first three months of last year.

In the whole of 1925 only 327,748 tons were lost.

This is a terrible record, and all the more so because the authorities express themselves as unable to explain it.

It is evident that much more still remains to be done to ensure safety at sea.

Red bogey again

It is a pity that Lord Londonderry does not make some new attempt to obtain a settlement of the stoppage at his Dawdon Colliery in Durham.

The men have now been out close on three months. It looks as if they will be starved into surrender, and the doggedness of their endurance shows how bitterly they feel about the lowered wages that they are asked to accept.

It is true that the men have rejected the advice of their local and county leaders in continuing the stoppage, but it is rather fantastic for Lord Londonderry to attribute their resistance wholly to Communist influence.

He puts it all down to Reds

Men do not starve themselves and their families merely to please half-baked Communist agitators.

A joke on Jack junior

Naval apprentice artificer engineers were recently supplied with jerseys to wear while playing games, and the cost was deducted from their wages.

This was admittedly done without proper authority, but the First Lord has refused to order the irregular deduction to be refunded.

He says their ordinary kit would have been worn for playing games and cost them money anyway.

Logical, no doubt; but pretty mean.

Fines are useless

Our continued exposures of cruelty to pit ponies have at last had their effect.

A batch of prosecutions against officials and others at Nixon's Navigation Collieries, Mountain Ash, South Wales, was recently heard by the local Bench.

The hearings dragged on for days. The company tried hard to wriggle out, to shift the responsibility, and to dodge conviction by legal arguments on "the meaning of the Act."

In the end, two colliery managers were fined £50 and £40 apiece, while more than a dozen other employees were mulct sums varying from 10s. to £6.

The Home Office is still busy in the district.

But if only the local Bench would send a colliery manager or so to jail, how rapidly conditions for pit ponies would improve!

Screened tragedy

Kinema workers are not protected by trades union legislation.

In the majority of kinemas, especially in the provinces, the staff works a seven-day week. The mornings are devoted to cleaning the theatres, and doing odd jobs, and the weary attendants do not get away till after the show at night. Moreover, the wages are poor.

Now that the General Election is at hand, kinema workers should tackle their local candidate with the view to obtaining better conditions.

Grunt and pay

Since our recent article on the tragedies of income-tax we have received numerous complaints against inspectors of taxes.

A typical case is that of Mr. W. Thain, of Croydon. He completed his return in the ordinary way, and heard nothing further until he received two demand notes for £2 8s. 6d., although he was exempt from tax.

He took up the matter with the inspector of taxes, who replied that he had lost trace of the return.

At the same time he received a final demand note stating that a summons was being issued.

Rather than appear in court, he paid the amount claimed. On returning home he received a letter stating that the tax assessed had been discharged.

Although this man is entitled to reclaim the tax paid, all his attempts to obtain his money back or letters answered have failed.

Mr. Thain has now secured the aid of our Income-tax Expert. Perhaps we can make them sit up.

We still breed heroes

Albert Willis was just a fifty-year-old Manchester riveter.

With his pal, Patrick Connell, he was trapped by fumes when working at Newtown Gas Works, near Manchester.

Helping one another, the two men crept to the entrance of the death-trap.

"Go first, Paddy!" coughed Willis, and pushed his friend before him.

Connell won his way to safety—and collapsed.

When help came, Willis lay dead among the fumes.

"Greater love hath no man——."

Shorthand snails

Our recent paragraph exposing the inefficient teaching of shorthand at evening schools has brought us this interesting information from an authority on the subject.

Only about 5 per cent. of the shorthand pupils at such schools become proficient.

There are at least two shorthand systems by which students of moderate intelligence can gain proficiency after one year of evening classes.

Why are these not used?

Because Government grants to such schools are paid upon attendances — not results. It pays better to keep large classes under tuition for three years than to turn out a batch of proficient pupils each year.

Sir Aubrey Symonds, the Board of Education's permanent chief should investigate

What a rotten system! Here's a job waiting for the next President of the Board of Education.

Rich man, poor man

Motoring in Cheshire is like travelling on a frontier train, where you carry your passport in your hand.

The Cheshire county police have suddenly acquired an uncontrollable impulse to look at motorists' licences. One driver recently was asked to produce his twice in ten miles.

The aspect that is causing annoyance is the official discrimination that is being exercised.

Comes the small man chugging along in his "tin Lizzie"; up goes the large hand and a demand for the licence. A purring Rolls-Royce approaches and there is a graceful all-clear wave of the uniformed arm.

Surely these are not the instructions of Col. Malcolm, the Chief Constable?

Good to know

The "Dole College" in South Wales, the work of which in fitting workless boys and girls to earn decent livings we lately described, is fast growing in importance.

The "old boys" are now at work all over the country, so that the usefulness of their training can be tested.

Almost without exception they are doing well, as mechanics, farm-hands, tram-conductors, electrical engineers, foundry-workers, and factory-hands.

Some of them, who had never known a good dinner, are amazed by their food — "a real cooked dinner with new potatoes and broad beans and lamb, all cooked" was more than one boy could get over.

They call him "Taffy"

"The hardest thing I've had to do to-day," wrote one lad settled as a page at a South-Coast watering-place, "is to clean thirty pairs of boots—and they call me Taffy."

How not to do it

Dr. P. C. Varrier Jones, Papworth Village Settlement's authority on tuberculosis, points out that the country spends millions annually on treating consumptive patients, but scarcely a penny on the prevention of this white scourge.

Good work carried out on sanatoria is thrown away by short-sighted economy of health administration.

The next Minister of Health, to whatever Party he belongs, must put this right. "Prevention is better than cure" may be a threadbare saw—but it's a true one.

They're forgotten

Parliament is dissolved and the employees of Parliament—the waiters, waitresses and other humbler-grade workers—are sacked.

If they wish, they can remain unemployed for several weeks until Parliament reassembles. But few can afford this sacrifice.

The salaries of these servants who minister to the wants of their magnificent masters have never been adequate. Perhaps women M.P.s might tackle this question when the election is over. It is worth their while.

Elusive agency

The Lionel Francks Advertising Agency, 37, Albemarle Street, Mayfair, does business on peculiar, if not original, lines.

It will find you a job provided you pay a guinea—though ten and sixpence will do if you are hard up—"for their trouble."

The trouble is to find the agency. The concern is not registered at Somerset House, and apparently another firm, called the Empire Service Bureau, acts as an accommodation address for the elusive agency.

Little can be discovered of Mr. Francks, since he appears to spend most of his time in the country.

Nothing is known of the agency in reputable advertising circles.

We strongly advise readers to have nothing to do with the concern.

His pennyworth

A boy aged ten snatched a piece of rock—value one penny—off the counter of a Bradford shop.

Not a very serious crime. But the magistrates of the Bradford Juvenile Court took a different view, and sentenced him to six years' detention in an industrial school.

We invite "Jix" to look into this case.

Let there be light

The Plymouth fishermen are badly in need of a light on the Shagstone to enable them to use the Channel to the eastward of Plymouth breakwater.

The Elder Brethren of Trinity House refuse to act because the light is not required for "general navigation."

If the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries was on the job it would have a word with the Brethren at once.

One-armed menace

Ernest Chadwick, dairyman, of New Mills, near Manchester, has only one arm. But he has also a motor-driving licence.

Driving his car when drunk, he collided with another car.

The magistrates fined him £3, plus £2 odd for witnesses' fees and expenses.

A drunkard at the wheel in such circumstances is an dangerous as a mad dog.

Chadwick should have lost his licence for ever.

Lightning their pockets

A particularly mean rogue is defrauding Liverpool wives.

His methods are simple and often successful.

He announces himself as an official of the Liverpool Gas Company with instructions to examine the gas-cooker.

Generally, according to him, there is something wrong with the cooker, which can be remedied by the company's new patent lighter.

He produces the lighter and pockets 2s. 6d. Its real value is 6d.

The Liverpool Gas Company has disclaimed all knowledge of him, and asks consumers not to admit anybody unless in uniform or producing official papers.

The police are also looking for him. We hope they catch him.

Cash for Dobbin

The export of horses to the Continent still goes on. A certain Mr. Cole, of 35, Reading Road, Basingstoke, inserts advertisements in the Press to the effect that he desires "a hundred thousand worn-out horses for foreign purposes."

"Best prices" is his inducement to those who are sufficiently callous to send their old friends to die in Continental slaughter-houses.

A catch somewhere

Miss Emily Pike was young and healthy when she became a V.A.D. in 1915. War service broke her health and she was granted a pension.

At present this grant amounts to 30s. a week.

The Ministry of Pensions has lately informed her that free spa treatment at Bath is available for her.

But she must pay her own fares to and from that city, and maintain herself there while receiving treatment.

A useful offer to an invalid woman, isn't it?

Transports, not of joy

Wages and conditions enforced by the Barton Transport Company, of Beeston, Notts, call for strong comment.

Conductors are working seven days a week for 6d. to 8d. an hour. The drivers are little better off at 10d. to 1s. an hour.

The company operates paying services in Notts, Derbyshire and Leicestershire. It should see that its servants are adequately rewarded.

Nothing for something

Alfred Bromley and Co., Ltd., of 4-5, Mason's Avenue, London, pose as "stock and share dealers," but they tout for custom through the medium of circulars promising big profits.

They do not explain why they should be so anxious to make profits for perfect strangers, nor do they think it necessary to inform prospective clients that the margin operations that they advocate have long been frowned upon in Stock Exchange circles.

We warn amateur investors.

The Truth about MYSELF

by "AUDAX"

Audax—back view. He won't let a front view be taken, because he wants to keep up his mystery

Sir George Lawson Johnston had a lot to do with planning Audax's mystery stunt. It was all cleverly done—and in the best of causes

HAPPINESS, for some peculiar reason, is seldom associated with riches. Perhaps that is because poets and philosophers usually are poor men. I am not poor. Rich? Yes—passably. But I am also very happy.

A well-known Socialist was once asked what he would do if someone left him twenty thousand pounds. He replied that he would be a victim of circumstances.

It was a good answer. A rich man is, in a measure, the victim of circumstances. His money gives him power. He can do good or inflict harm. He can make people happy. He can make himself very unhappy.

But the circumstances in every case are not entirely controlled by his money. They are controlled chiefly by his character.

If he was mean when he was poor, he will not be generous when he is rich. A penniless faintheart will never make an audacious millionaire. An unhappy beggar will remain miserable whatever his fortune.

Of course, the poor are seldom mean. They have suffered. They can feel for others. If a hundred poor men became millionaires to-morrow the first thing they would do would be to spend their money on other people.

They would be happy in making other people happy.

Why I'm happy

AND they would be right. Making other people happy is the chief reason why I am so happy. Service—what is the use of living to yourself? Most of us are what other people make us. Alone we are uninteresting and uninspiring; bad company for ourselves.

Service is such a splendid proposition. This is a commercial age, and quite a number of us refuse to do anything until we can see what we are going to get out of it.

Well, service brings material rewards. It is, perhaps, an incidental fact, and I should not mention it in the same breath as the word itself. But let us put the thing at its lowest. Who has ever suffered from service?

When I was poor, people often said to me that my service would one day put me in Queer Street. When I gave money away, for example, I was told that I was ruining myself. When I gave advice, I was told that it would be used against me.

But I never suffered. I gained.

Needless to say, the rewards of service are far higher and more satisfactory apart from the commercial aspect. I mention it because I know my world. I prefer to meet it on its ground.

"What am I going to get out of it?" I answer: "Everything."

A man would be a fool who denied that average selfishness was the rule of life. Average selfishness makes the world go round. It is the mainspring of almost every human action. It is the cause of progress. Life would come to a standstill without it.

Think of how we all work to improve our lot. Thousands of patents are registered every year. Why? To make our lives materially better, easier, happier. And the inventors do not work unless they see money or some other reward in their labour.

Every effort to remove this average selfishness from life has resulted in misfortune.

Take Russia as an instance. The Government asked the peasants to grow as much corn as they could. The peasants complied. The Government came and seized the corn and left the peasant enough for his own needs. The following year there was famine in towns. The peasant grew only sufficient for himself.

Average selfishness is the invincible rule of life. But intense selfishness is the exception.

To the intensely selfish I would say, "Fools!" They are the people we are all up against.

There is a man in England, possibly the richest in the land. His income is colossal; it runs to millions a year.

To give away a million pounds would mean nothing to him. One hundred thousand pounds he could give and scarcely notice it—unless his secretary cared to point it out.

He gives away next to nothing. That is to say, nothing proportionate to his means. Is he happy? I wonder. He may, of course, have other virtues about which the public know nothing. I hope he has.

There are others. I know them by name. I should like to rope them in to give. Possibly I shall. In giving they will bring happiness to themselves, and happiness, relief and help to thousands of their less fortunate fellows.

A great general happiness will be shared. The giver cannot lose. The mere act of giving would open up his life. It would be like pushing open a window of a dull and stuffy room and letting in the air and fragrance of a gracious summer afternoon.

Give and grow rich

FEW of us care to be critics and reformers of other people's lives. It is not for any of us to tell the man who has an income of millions a year how he should spend his money.

But it is tolerably certain that, by giving, his income would become larger. He will find it so, at all events, and he might consider the question from that angle to begin with.

And let him ponder on this suggestion, which could be addressed to all millionaires. The taxed—it must be horrid for millionaires to read this word—the taxed income of millionaires amounts annually to £56,000,000. Let them give 1 per cent. of this sum for seven years.

It is assumed that there are quite a number of unhappy millionaires who want to be happy. Seven years should be a reasonable period in which to cure a disease like unhappiness.

If there should be unhappy members in the next grade of wealth, which produces an annual taxed income of £450,000,000, let them also contribute 1 per cent. and produce £35,000,000 over seven years.

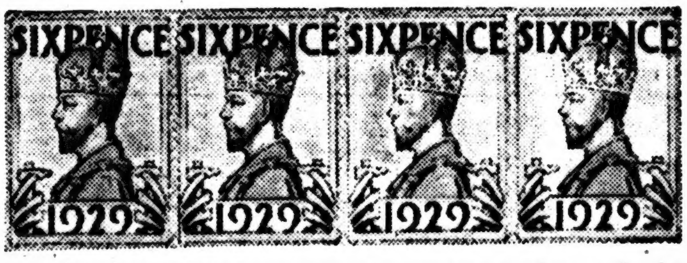
Tremendous figures these! And still more wonderful are they when it is considered what happiness they could bring to the world and to the givers.

Finally, if there are any unhappy members lowlier placed in the income scale than either of the two examples I mention above, let them give—anything. Let them give shillings.

Many, of course, cannot afford to give. It would mean a sacrifice. But a sacrifice that brings happiness is worth while. It is not the *cost* to us, but the *value* which counts.

Recently, to celebrate the happy recovery of the King, a fund was started for the benefit of a larger fund—the King Edward's Hospital Fund. I should like all readers of JOHN BULL to direct a part of their giving to this worthy cause.

It will make them happy, as it has made others, to give. And it will bring untold happiness to the lives of countless others.



"JOHN BULL" first suggested a national fund as a thank-offering for His Majesty's recovery.

"Audax" translated our proposal into splendid reality by his gift of 100,000 guineas.

We are proud to print "Audax's" article on his own philosophy of life. The occasion, too, strikes us as a fitting one for reminding the authorities of our second suggestion in this matter.

We proposed that everybody, rich or poor, busy or leisured, should be given an equal chance to contribute to the fund.

Here is a sixpenny stamp, designed by a famous artist, which might be sold for the benefit of the fund.

We ask the Postmaster-General to take up this idea; and to put such a stamp on sale at every post-office in the land.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The BYNG BOYS' Jamboree

Dawes Breeches—"Cat" for Slashers—Pulpit Politics
Draper Sobs for Sympathy

The MEMBERS of the METRO-POLITAN POLICE FORCE
(Each one of them)

PEELERS ALL,—On Saturday "the Force" celebrates the centenary of its birth by a grand parade in Hyde Park —and, I daresay, sundry private beanos afterwards.

I just want to thank you, on this occasion, for letting me sleep quiet o' nights, for your unfailing urbane courtesy, and for your wonderful traditions of duty and courage.

By the way, I am *so* glad that the powers that be are leaving you your helmets, and not tricking you out in fancy caps.

JOHN BULL.

The Very Rev. DEAN INGE and Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC,
Somewhere in Fleet Street

VERY REV. SIR *and* DEAR MR. BELLOC,—When are you both going to stop squabbling in the Press over the merits and demerits of the Roman Catholic Church?

Most of us have long ceased to be interested in the minor disputes of theological discussion.

Your brothers in Christendom are troubled with so many real and vital things that they have no time for matters long buried before any of us were born.

Do, please, shut down that ugly old coffin. JOHN BULL.

GENERAL DAWES.
Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

SIR, — When reporters enquired whether, as the new United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, you intended taking a supply of knee-breeches across the herring-pond, you replied: "That's my business—you can go plumb to hell."

The breezy vigour of your language is after my own heart.

A little more plain speaking in diplomatic circles would do a power of good. The courageous way in which you speak your mind will earn you a host of friends "this side."

JOHN BULL.

Sheriff BLAIR,
Glasgow

DEAR SHERIFF,—I am glad to see that you have protested against the mild sentences passed on the razor-slashers who infest the Glasgow area. But I do not think longer terms of imprisonment wholly meet the case.

Razor-slashers are worms who fear the "cat" more than imprisonment. The fear of a sound flogging would induce razor-slashers to slash their own faces, in the orthodox manner, instead of other people's clothes.

JOHN BULL.

The NAWAB of BHOPAL,
Bhopal, India

SIR,—I notice that a luxurious white bathroom, mounted on a motor chassis, has been built to your order by a firm of British engineers.

The interior and fittings are in white and blue, and water in a tap on the roof is heated by the exhaust. The design is ingenious.

But in view of the alarming conditions of poverty existing in Bhopal, the flaunting of this luxurious toy is not in the best of taste.

We hear a lot about the "enlightened rule" of the Indian princes which does not square with this act of senseless extravagance.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HERBERT J. FIRM,
Chelsea, S.W.

SIR,—I should like to congratulate you on your pluck. At the age of sixty-eight you gave a pint of blood in order to save your son's life. Blood transfusion is a trying ordeal, from which a man of advanced years might well shrink.

It is to be hoped that your example will inspire far younger men to deeds of self-sacrifice and courage.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. RHONDDA WILLIAMS,
Chairman Congregational Union

REV. SIR,—I note that you and various other Free Church ministers have issued a "call to Christians" urging them to vote Labour.

Might I suggest that it would be more in keeping with your sacred calling if you refrained from dabbling in politics at the present time?

The pulpit is—to quote a theologian —"a place set aside for preaching the Gospel of Christ." It is not for the broadcasting of political slogans.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. C. J. BUCKNALL.
Delabole Parsonage, Cornwall

REV. SIR,—You are another of those muddle-headed parsons who confuse Christianity and politics.

At Thaxted you achieved notoriety by delivering a speech smoking a clay pipe and standing between a red flag and a crucifix.

And now, at Launceston, you have aroused honest indignation by preaching the exploded tenets of Communism on the Castle Green.

It may have escaped your memory, but at the time of your ordination you solemnly promised to be loyal to the King and the Constitution. If you want to continue in your rôle as a disciple of Lenin do the right thing and resign from the Church.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HENRY BUDDEN,
Bournemouth

SIR,—In spite of Albert Edward Daisley's bad record and recent appearance in a police-court, you continue to employ him.

The Bournemouth magistrates, before whom Daisley appeared recently, referred to your "extreme kindness," which, while appreciating your motives, I think is a little short-sighted.

There are thousands of decent men seeking employment who, unlike Daisley, have not been imprisoned for child neglect, drunkenness, and theft.

Why not give one of them the chances Daisley has so wantonly thrust away? JOHN BULL.

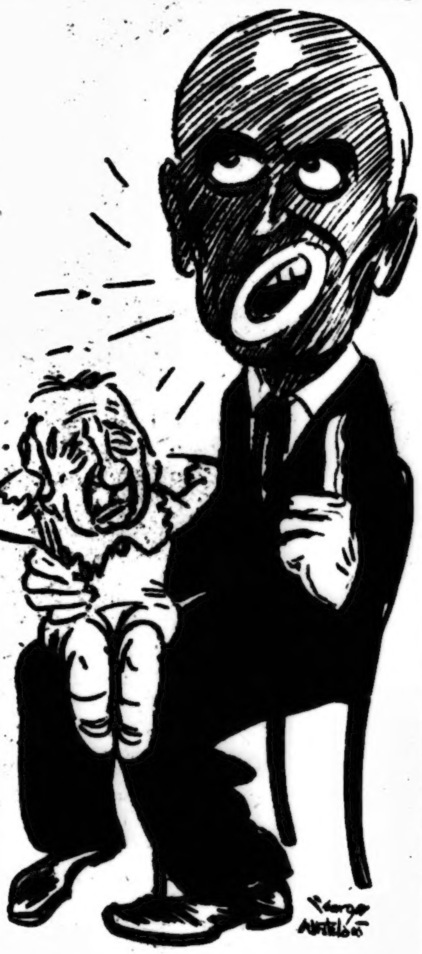
Mr. A. T. HANDLEY,
Draper, Southsea

SIR,—Evidently you lack a sense of humour. In a speech at the Drapers' Chamber of Trade you stated that the public have not the same respect for the draper as they have for the butcher and the baker.

You complain that they make fun of "extravagant statements—such as amazing sacrifice"—that appear in drapers' windows.

Have you forgotten that most women regard a visit to the drapers as something appertaining to a religious rite?

You mustn't be so thin-skinned. The plumber's lot is far harder than yours. JOHN BULL.



Mr. WALDRON SMITHERS,
Shellys, Knockholt, Kent

OH, SMITHERS, BOY!—The welkin—if they have such a thing at Tory meetings—rings to the strains of "Stanley Boy," a shocking bad parody on "Sonny Boy," which you have perpetrated as a Tory war song for the election.

Adapting the sentimental crooning which Al Jolson song-plugged in a talking film, "The Singing Fool," you hymn poor Mr. Baldwin as a sort of St. George, Baby Mine and Saviour of Society rolled into one.

I commiserate with your honest victim; I sympathise with Tories who have to show their loyalty by singing the stuff: but for you—well, what can I say to a man who wrote:

"When there are grey skies
We don't mind the grey skies,
You'll make them blue,
Stanley Boy"?

Your sin is beyond my vocabulary.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE SUMMERFORD,
Richmond Hill, Brighton

MADAM,—Feeling tired of housework after nine years of marriage, you left home, without informing your husband, and took your youngest child with you on a holiday.

While I sympathise with you for wanting a change, I consider that your action was grossly selfish. Your husband must have endured great anxiety as to your whereabouts.

By the way, doesn't it strike you that he, too, may want a change occasionally? JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the* Shoulder

SIR OLIVER LODGE: "The truth may not be so complicated as some people think."

It's the complications that follow telling it that are the worrying thing.

• • •

COL. JOHN BUCHAN: "The only way to produce a truly popular paper is not to follow public opinion, but to lead it."

You're late, John. We found that out long ago.

• • •

MR. J. H. THOMAS: "I do not subscribe to the view that the railways of this country are out of date."

Then obviously your spectacles need polishing.

NOT from 2 LO—The Hon. Rupert Keppel

Why can't they call me "Honourable" when AN "HONOURABLE" I AM?

I AM the son of a belted Earl—
Bow, ye lowly ones, bow!
My blood it is not of the common hue,
But an unimpeachable shade of blue,
And so to me is all deference due—
Bow, ye lowly ones, bow!

I have no coronet on my head,
And that's what's "getting my goat";
No badge to proclaim to the toiling mob
That their gaze is fixed on a noble nob,
So are you surprised that a choking sob
Should rise in my lordly throat?

You see my grievance, ladies and gentlemen? I venture to say that it is one to which no person in my lofty position should have to submit.

It pains me to have dealings with the mob or multitude, and vulgar publicity is abhorrent to my aristocratic soul; but I could not refrain from writing to the Press to draw attention to the scandalous injustice suffered by the younger sons of peers.

"Here am I, the Hon. Rupert Keppel, third son of the Earl of Albemarle, yet when people address me I am merely "Mr." Keppel or "Sir," like any confounded stockbroker or Prime Minister.

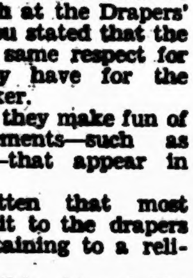
On the other hand, a mere baronet, who, as I pointed out in my letter to the Press, is my social inferior, is addressed as "Sir Marmaduke" or "Sir Jasper." And now, to make matters worse, the King has authorised baronets on ceremonial occasions to wear a badge.

This is the last straw calculated to break the camel's back or to give "Honourables" like myself the camel's hump. After all, what is a baronet? Admittedly, he is not an ordinary commoner, but neither is he a member of the peerage. In fact, he has ceased to be a "gentleman" without having become a "nobleman."

And these are the persons who are now entitled to wear badges like prize cattle, while the younger sons of peers can only wear an expression of deep disgust.

When a man is addressed as "Sir Ned" or "Sir Hec.,"
Then you know he's a Bart.
When he wears a fine badge from a chain round his neck,
Then you're *sure* he's a Bart.
Yet the son of a Marquis, an Earl or a Duke,
Just a "Mister" remains,
Unless some new title he gains by a fluke—
Or the use of his brains!

Of course, if I liked to fly to the North Pole, or enrich science by discovering a cure for housemaid's knee, or paint beastly Academy pictures, or write plays like that chap Barrie—a fellah without a drop of blue blood in his veins whom they call "Sir James"!

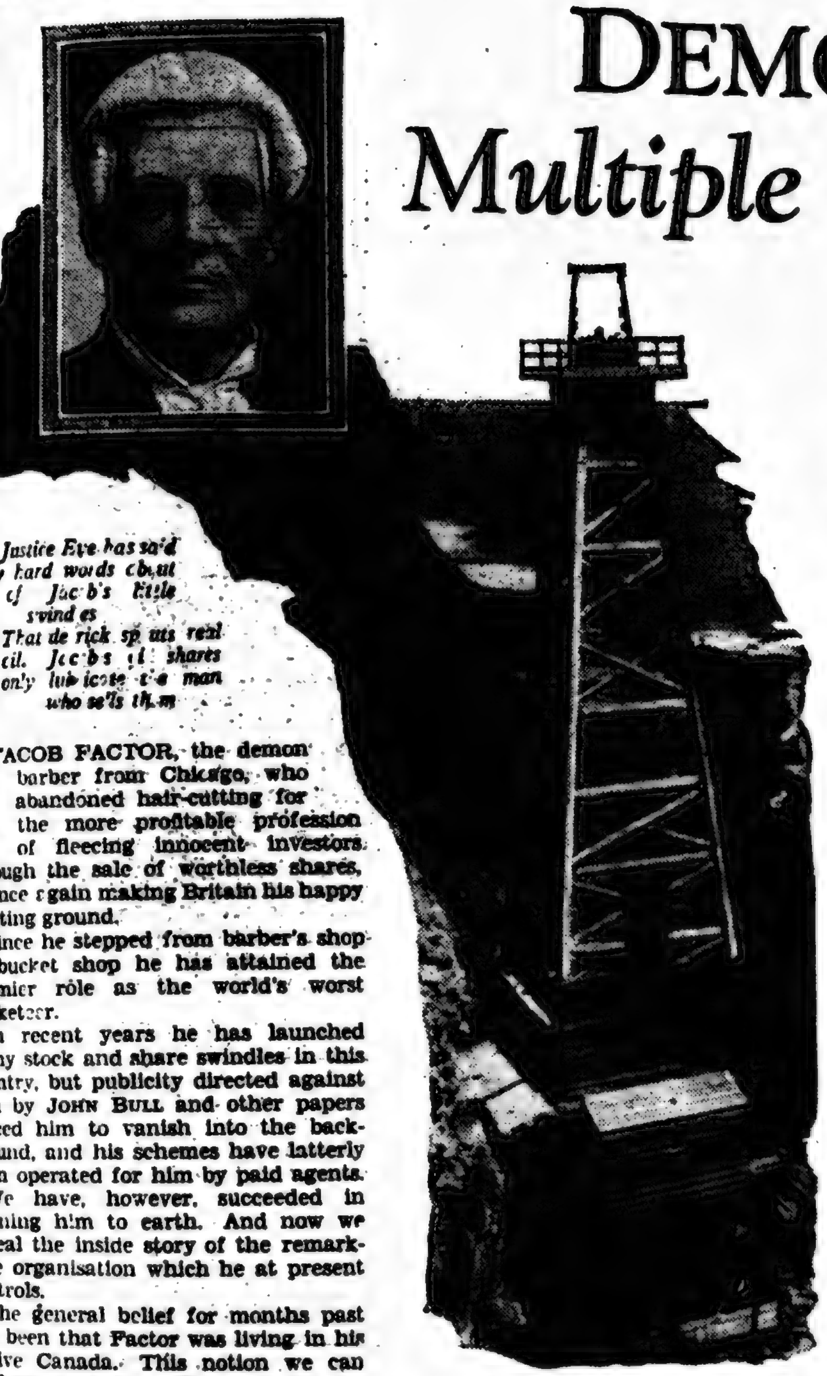


I admit that if I took the trouble to do these things they might give me a title of my very own. But fellahs of my class can't compete with chaps of that class. It simply isn't done!

What I say is,—What is the use of being the Hon. Rupert Keppel if the waitah from whom one ordahs a whisky-and-sodah simply says, "Yessir"? I maintain that he should reply, "Yes, Hon'able," and that when a commoner meets one, instead of enquiring, "How are you, Mr. Keppel?" he should ask, "How are you, Hon'able Rupert?" For, as I said before:-

I am the son of a belted Earl,
And the frown on my noble brow
Is caused because no one appears to care
If I have a bauble or badge to wear,
As long as of trousers I have a pair!
So bow, ye lowly ones, bow!

DEMON BARBER'S Multiple Swindles



Mr. Justice Eve has said many hard words about one of Jacob's little swindles. That derrick spouts real oil. Jacob's oil shares only lubricate the man who sells them

JACOB FACTOR, the demon barber from Chicago, who abandoned hair-cutting for the more profitable profession of fleecing innocent investors through the sale of worthless shares, is once again making Britain his happy hunting ground.

Since he stepped from barber's shop to bucket shop he has attained the premier rôle as the world's worst bucketeer.

In recent years he has launched many stock and share swindles in this country, but publicity directed against him by JOHN BULL and other papers forced him to vanish into the background, and his schemes have latterly been operated for him by paid agents.

We have, however, succeeded in running him to earth. And now we reveal the inside story of the remarkable organisation which he at present controls.

The general belief for months past has been that Factor was living in his native Canada. This notion we can explode at once. Factor is far too grasping to settle down in contentment with the ill-gotten gains he has already accumulated.

His present place of hiding is a luxurious villa in Paris, where he regularly emerges on brief visits to London, in order to keep his finger on the pulse of the extensive share-pushing business operated by his hirelings on this side of the Channel

Ever elusive

Factor has always been notorious for his elusiveness, and the London headquarters from which he has directed the coups brought off in England during the past five years have always been wrapt in mystery.

With characteristic guile he has assumed a cloak calculated to disarm all suspicion.

Who would imagine, for instance, that a considerable amount of his business is controlled from premises at 7, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C., occupied by a jeweller named Max Gerson?

Yet such is the truth. In the heart of the land dedicated to clocks and jewellery, Factor deals in dud shares, and Max Gerson, the jeweller, often visits him at his Paris retreat.

Mr. Max Gerson figures on the registration board at the Clerkenwell Road address as the proprietor of a business called "International Patents and Novelties—Financiers."

This strangely-named concern is not registered at Somerset House; and, in passing, we call the attention of the Board of Trade to this fact.

People who want to see Mr. Jacob Factor must first of all approach Mr. Max Gerson.

If the "business" contemplated is likely to commend itself to Factor, it is passed on to him by Gerson, either during one of Factor's visits to London or through an agent sent specially to Paris.

Mr. Gerson also runs a business called "Premier Jewellers," likewise housed at the Clerkenwell Road address, and supposedly dealing in diamonds and other precious stones.

"Premier Jewellers," we have discovered, is Factor's own business, and was formed by him only a few months ago during one of his London trips.

Its history, which we fully investigated, throws a remarkable light upon the methods practised by Factor and his associates.

After Factor conceived the idea of cloaking his real operations by running a dummy jewellery business, he entered into an agreement, in company with Max Gerson, to take offices at New House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Factor actually stood security for the rent, and the landlord naturally assumed that the business to be done by the "Premier Jewellers" would be confined to that usually conducted in Hatton Garden.

Imagine his surprise when, following a number of complaints, he discovered that Factor, whose record was unknown to him when he let the premises, was using the office, in company with Gerson and others, for share-pushing in connection with certain petroleum and mining companies.

This abuse of reputable business premises could not be tolerated, and Factor and his associates were told to go. They showed no inclination to comply with the request.

The bailiffs

It so happened that Factor returned to Paris at a time when the rent fell due, and, as the necessary payment was delayed, the landlord, determined to be rid of his undesirable tenants, put in the bailiffs. It was then that Factor and his cronies took the Clerkenwell office.

At the time when Factor launched "Premier Jewellers" he also rented a sumptuous flat at 91, Jermyn Street, where he was known as "Jack Davis."

This flat was originally let to Max Gerson, who sub-let it to Factor. When the owners discovered this they served Gerson with a notice to quit, and Factor had to find other refuge.

Factor has countless irons in the fire. It was he who founded the *Financial Recorder*, a bogus publication which, printed to resemble a genuine financial newspaper, pretends to "advise" unsophisticated investors concerning the safest shares to purchase.

Factor put another associate named Bowles in charge of this paper as a dummy proprietor, and then commenced to boom his own trashy stock—notably that of a Canadian company, Hecla Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

Bowles was brought over from Montreal by Factor for the purpose of running this paper, which he still continues to do from an office in the City.

His exit from Canada coincided with the exposure in the *Montreal Financial Times*—a perfectly reputable paper—of a "high-pressure" share-pushing venture.

Bowles ran this swindle, in conjunction with Factor, under the name of Robert Lyons and Company.

During the past few months the *Financial Recorder* has secured many dupes; and we are now receiving numerous complaints from disillusioned investors who have lost varying sums of money in the worthless shares it has boomed.

No denials

There are also good grounds for supposing that Factor has been behind the *City News*, another bogus financial paper, and at least one of his associates—a Mr. Klein, who was with him at Hatton Garden and is very friendly with Mr. Gerson—is connected with several of the companies that have latterly been boosted by this paper.

The *City News*, which is edited by a man named Osborn, has just roused the fury of an opposition financial "house," and the pair are busily "exposing" each other.

Although the incensed opponent has recently published and widely circulated the statement that the *City News* is really the property of the notorious Jacob Factor, neither he nor Osborn has so far thought fit to deny it.

Factor is an old hand at controlling bogus papers of this type, and, at one time or another, he has controlled *The Canadian Miner*, *The Oil Land News* and *The Arkansas Gazette*.

Now that we have revealed Factor's present headquarters, we strongly urge all readers who have been swindled by him to take legal action. It is preposterous that such a persistent plunderer should be allowed to continue to fleece the public indefinitely.

In the last five years it is computed that Factor has lifted £750,000 from British investors alone; and, unless he is called to account, he will go on at this game just as long as he has breath in his body.

Police powerless?

Is it really beyond the power of the police to stop him?

We are well aware that Chief Inspector Berrett, of Scotland Yard, has been making enquiries in the City about Factor and his operations. Mr. Berrett will put a feather in his hat when he can collect sufficient evidence against Factor to persuade the Public Prosecutor to act.

SCOTS LASSIE WINS *Our £500 Crossword*

ONCE again the £500 cheque offered in our weekly Crossword Contest No. 10 has been won outright.

The winner is Miss Isabel Hobson, a Glasgow girl of twenty-three, and the only member of her household at present in employment.

She was very shy when a JOHN BULL representative found her at home with her parents, at 6, Gloucester Street, Tradeston.

"I was at the bonded warehouse where I work when the good news came," she said.

"Mother told me about it when I came home.

"I did not think of taking a half-holiday. I was glad at my success, but I am the only one of the family in employment—and someone has got to work.

"I shall keep on at work until I get an opportunity to buy a business—perhaps a newsagent's shop—and then I shall give up the warehouse."

The Hobsons are registered readers of JOHN BULL and *The People*, and until recently it was Isabel's brother who tried the competitions. Once he had two mistakes, when a one-mistake solution won the prize. On another occasion he had one mistake, but correct solutions were sent in.

He married, and then Isabel began sending in the cross-word solutions.

• • •

"No. She's no' a lassie for the laddies," said her mother when the possibility of wedding-bells was mentioned, and Isabel chimed in, "Business first."

"I've never had a really good holiday," she continued, "but I don't think it'll be Paris this summer."

"We'll a' go tae Millport," said her father.

Isabel was shy

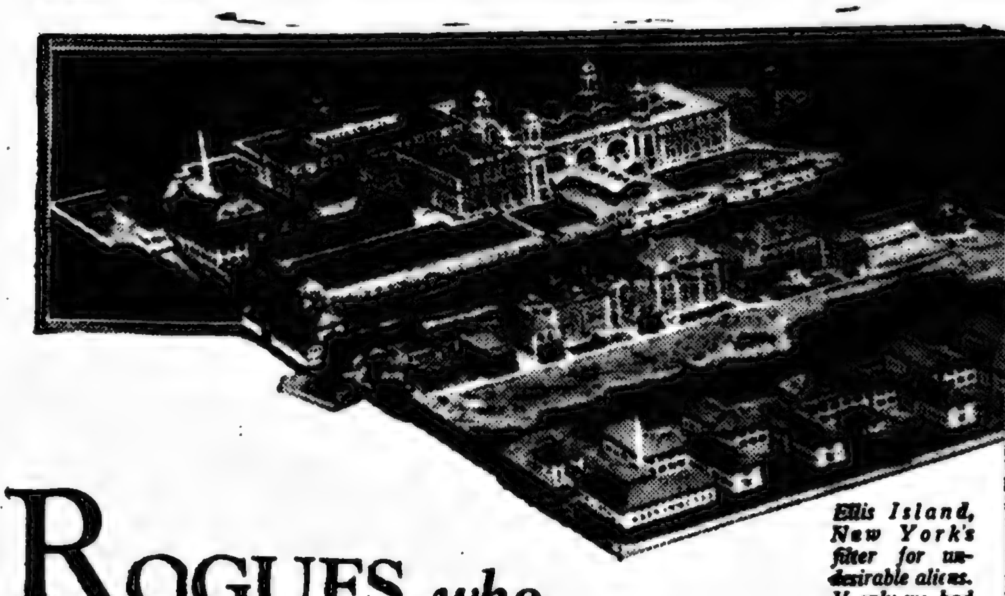
"Yes," put in Mrs. Hobson, "we've had our struggles in bringing up twelve of a family, but they're a' healthy and honest."

"I'm getting grey now," said Mr. Hobson. "I mayn't get a job as a carter again, but I could help in the newspaper business."

The whole family have forgotten the hard times that lie behind them, and dream of the competence that a business may bring to their home.

And Isabel is willing that they should all share in her success. Good luck to an unselfish girl!

Following Isabel's success, a single-reader has again won our £500. Turn to page 4 and find out all about it.



Ellis Island, New York's filter for undesirable aliens. If only we had such a place. . !

Sir Haldane Porter controls all aliens from the Home Office. He should "control" much harder

ROGUES who "See BRITAIN First" —Last and all the Time!

THERE is a complete breakdown in our alien and deportation laws. Why, we cannot say.

A special Aliens Department exists at the Home Office to deal solely with the problem, and its officials must find a solution at once.

Meanwhile, the police, under Chief Inspector Cooper, of Scotland Yard, are working overtime trying to trace alien rogues who not only come here without permission in the first place, but who return again and again whenever they are deported.

We recently dealt with Casimer Michaeletti, the "Assassin of Soho," and his threat, when deported, to return and wreak vengeance upon the officers who had arrested him.

How easily such threats may be fulfilled is proved by the case of Francisco Lazarus Casis, a ne'er-do-well Spaniard, who has been a source of trouble to the authorities ever since he first came to Britain as a "student," about three years ago.

Casis was a member of a gang of international white-slave traffickers, and was eventually run to earth a month or two ago.

Although his offences warranted a graver indictment, sufficient proof was not forthcoming, and he was put in the dock on the charges of stealing goods from a West End flat and of being an undesirable alien.

Deported in vain

An order for his deportation was made, and he was escorted to Liverpool and shipped to Spain.

A few evenings ago Detective-Sergeant Baker, of the C.I.D., was strolling along a Soho street, when he was astonished to catch sight of Casis—the man he imagined safe in Spain—openly walking through the streets, as smartly dressed and as truculent as ever.

Knowing that Casis habitually carried a loaded automatic pistol, the detective kept him under observation, and later, with the aid of other officers, arrested him.

On the way to the police-station Casis fought desperately. He has now been deported a second time.

How he ever got back to this country is utterly mysterious, though we are inclined to believe that he first travelled to France and then crossed the Channel on one of the day-excursion boats—and so landed without a passport.

Casis is only one of many who have laughed at the deportation laws. Large numbers of undesirable aliens are in Britain at the moment when, officially, they are supposed to be in their native countries.

Three of the worst offenders are Stephane Fizet, Josef Boyer and Jules Rizzo.

These men are all French and white-slavers.

They are the actual chiefs of an international gang which has netted a fortune by smuggling undesirable women from various parts of the Continent.

Some time ago, after weeks of investigation, armed detectives tracked the trio to their headquarters in a Thames-side house, where several other ex-deportees were in hiding.

The result was that Fizet, Boyer and Rizzo were all sent back to their own country—the latter for the second time.

This trio worked by persuading women to cross the Channel as innocent holiday-makers or as representatives of foreign business houses.

Once here they are quickly established in luxurious flats, to be exploited by the gang.

In many cases the women cannot be deported, as they have acquired British nationality by marrying dissolute Englishmen, mostly ex-convicts, hired by Fizet and his colleagues to go through a form of marriage.

It was never discovered how Rizzo got back after his first deportation,

Do We Need an ELLIS ISLAND?

though it is interesting to know that Boyer originally came here with a first-class one-day ticket. Fizet arrived armed with a forged passport in the name of "Antoine Marcel Blanchart."

Now all three of these scoundrels are lurking in London once again, and their return probably indicates a revival of their former dirty profession.

Tackle it!

Until lately they lay hiding in a house at Edenbridge, Kent; but, warned by their own private intelligence service that the police were hot on their track, they promptly disappeared.

In fact a squad of C.I.D. men raided the Edenbridge lair, only to find their birds had flown a few hours earlier.

While the police are doing their utmost to trace them, the Home Office must also set about tackling this problem seriously.

The abuse of day-excursion facilities must be stopped. This could be done if all travellers were asked to apply for their tickets a day or so before their contemplated journey.

This would not inconvenience the travelling public, and it would allow officials a sufficient interval in which to scrutinise applications before the tickets were actually issued.

Scotland Yard has portraits of all deportees; and there is no reason why every passport officer at our ports should not be provided with copies.

Special register

These could be kept in a special register so that the identification of any suspected traveller could be at once established.

We leave these suggestions for official consideration, but whether they are acted on or not, something must be done, and that quickly.

TRAGIC SUICIDES in a TREASURE VAULT

A FEW weeks ago an elderly man named William Henry Joyce, employed as a night watchman by the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit and Offices, Ltd., of London, was found dead at his lonely underground post.

He had cut his throat, and at the inquest it was hinted that he had been under a delusion that suspicion rested on him in respect of a recent robbery at the vaults.

It was officially stated that there was no foundation for this belief, and a verdict of "Suicide whilst of unsound mind" was duly returned. There the matter has ended.

Lost his grip

But what is the truth behind this tragedy? Why did Joyce, who was over sixty-nine years of age, suddenly lose grip of himself and take his own life?

He had been employed at the Safe Deposit for the past nine months, his hours of duty being from 6 p.m. to 7 a.m., in return for which a wealthy company rewarded him by paying him exactly 35s. a week.

Not only was his job, which he shared with another, a responsible one, but its nature was calculated to try the nerves of even much younger men.

It meant that for thirteen hours every night he was locked in the underground vaults, completely cut off from the outside world.

What thoughts occupied his mind, we wonder, as he patrolled those lonely, concrete-lined corridors in the dead silence of the long night hours?

Dread shadow

And if there is no foundation in the suggestion that he dreaded the shadow of suspicion, what was it that so preyed upon his mind as to drive him to end his life?

Doubtless the old man was glad to be in a job, but 35s. is not a large sum at the best of times, and Joyce had a wife to support.

And such a pittance is certainly no fair return for such nerve-racking duty.

Enquiry reveals that Joyce is not the first employee at the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit who has committed suicide.

Only a year ago a man named Allen Augustus Short took his life in exactly the same manner.

His wage was not more than £2 10s. a week, and when he died he had not a penny in the world, and would have gone to a pauper's grave had not the British Legion stepped in and provided a decent burial.

There may be some unrevealed circumstances, apart from their employment, which induced these two men to take their lives, but we respectfully suggest that the least the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit and Offices, Ltd., can do is to ensure that those employed upon such responsible duties in future are more adequately remunerated for their services.

Sir Vincent Evans is chairman of the safe deposit company. He can be trusted to revise the conditions at Chancery Lane

◆

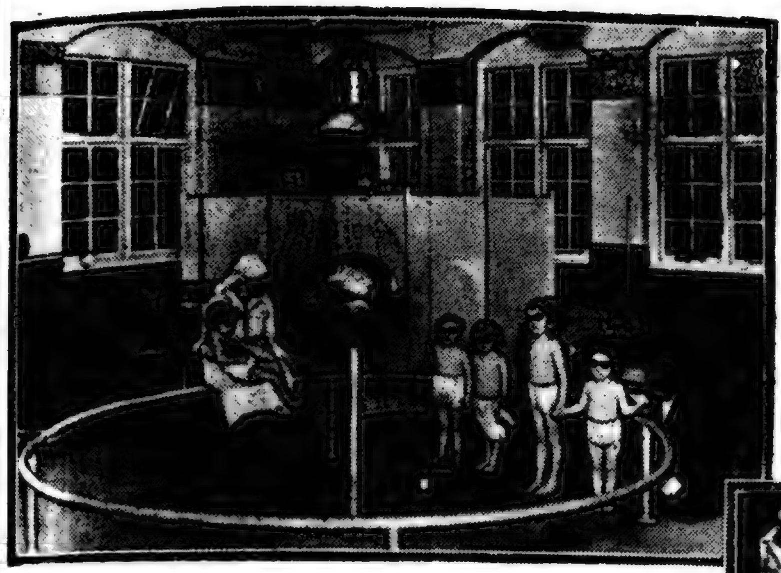
Do You Like DETECTIVE STORIES?

If you are fond of detective stories, be sure to read the exclusive series by Rene Cassellari, the world's greatest detective, now appearing each Sunday in *The People*.

Here is the real thing—the truth, which is much stranger than fiction.

Don't miss next Sunday's enthralling instalment.

Artificial SUN-BATH SCHOOL MYSTERY



A perfectly-equipped sun-ray clinic where patients are only treated by fully-trained experts

Mr. C. Roy Bay'ey with former menbers of his staff

ONE of the most audaciously ambitious men in London at the moment is Mr. C. Roy Bayley, principal of a new institution called the Graymonts' Sun-Ray School, of 280, Westminster Bridge Road.

He is a great believer in one aspect of sun-ray treatment—the financial aspect—and, in the goodness of his heart, he wants others to reap the benefit of sun-ray treatment—the financial benefit.

Perhaps Mr. C. Roy Bayley would hardly describe his ambitions in these terms, for he likes to maintain a certain dignity, and he finds a well-starched surgeon's smock and the professional aid of a pair of glare-goggles dangling from his neck of great value.

Touting for pupils

He also likes to advertise for pupils anxious to enter "A Great Career," and asks them to write or call for a prospectus.

From this document we learn that Graymonts' Sun-Ray School provides "special courses in sun-ray treatment" which represent the "latest development of scientific investigation by the greatest medical authorities throughout the world."

Mention is made of the "great future possibilities" and "wonderful openings" which will unfold themselves to pupils at a small expense.

Mr. Bayley undertakes to give a special training course, consisting of two lessons weekly over a period of three months, for £5 5s. Alternatively, for those who are eager to enter the profession with all possible speed, he has organised a "very special rapid intensive whole course, including all branches of Actino-Therapy," which will only occupy three weeks. But this accelerated course costs £15 15s.

At the conclusion of either of these courses he awards a diploma to efficient pupils; and no charge is made for recommending his students to suitable situations.

A typist who answered one of Mr. Bayley's invitations to enter "a great career" was asked to attend for a "trial lesson."

She did so, but though she discovered nothing about sun-ray treatment, she learnt from Mr. Bayley himself of the many advantages of taking up a course.

Procuring patients

In company with other applicants, she was told that, on completion of the training, it would be possible for her to set up in practice, and that, unlike a qualified doctor of medicine, she would be free to advertise for patients. Moreover, Mr. Bayley stressed the point that it was not necessary for sun-ray practitioners to take out a licence except in the London County Council area.

A few days after this interview our reader received a letter from Mr. Bayley offering her a position of "trained pupil on the staff" at £2 2s. weekly, rising to £4 4s.

Her duties

At a further interview she was told that the duties would be those of "secretary-assistant," and that she must invest £50 in the business—£35 of which would be returnable after her training fees had been deducted.

As "secretary-assistant" she would be required to make herself generally useful, doing office work, and finally training other pupils and giving lectures.

A 5 per cent. bonus on all pupils coming into the school was the means by which her salary was to be increased from two to four guineas.

Incidentally, Mr. Bayley mentioned that one of his ex-pupils was now earning £800 to £900 a year and running her own car. He suggested that those who intended to practise had better start by setting up privately in their home, with no more equipment than a treatment couch and a lamp.

The pupil, he advised, should have cards printed calling herself a "therapeutist," and should not charge less than half a guinea for one treatment.

Another lady applicant who was recently granted an interview by Mr. Bayley was advised that her best plan, after her training, would be to purchase a lamp and set up as a practitioner on her own account.

While there may be difference of medical opinion regarding the value of sun-ray treatment, it is unanimously accepted that it should only be applied by experts and under the direct instructions of a qualified doctor.

Yet Mr. Bayley clearly attempts to encourage any girl who can pay him £15 15s. for tuition to set up in practice after three weeks of instruction.

As a matter of fact, he himself only registered his training school in March this year, although his prospectus includes testimonials from successful pupils dated fully a month before.

It is safe to say that Mr. Bayley's "graduates" would find it impossible to obtain work in any hospital on the strength of his diplomas alone, and the dangers before them, if they should set up in practice on their own, hardly need stressing.

Public should know

The public should know, too, that his fees for an intensive course are more than double those asked by recognised training centres, which cater only for doctors, trained nurses, dentists, and registered masseurs.

Bayley is exploiting sun-ray treatment for his own gain. Sun-ray schools of this type are not wanted.

DON'T TRUST this TRUST

THRIFTY folk who wish to acquire a business of their own, but whose savings do not allow them to realise their ambition, should think twice before they listen to any offers of capital that come from the Abbey Trust, of 93 and 94, Chancery Lane, London.

One reader paid £8 8s. as preliminary expenses. Subsequently he was put off with countless excuses. When he became anxious about his money he was told that he could only secure an interview by appointment, and many appointments that he arranged were cancelled.

Finally, the unhappy man received a letter from the Trust telling him that as all efforts in one direction to secure capital had failed, his further instructions would be appreciated.

Months have elapsed since he parted with his £8 8s., but he is at present no nearer obtaining any financial assistance.

His experience has been shared by many clients of the Abbey Trust, which makes a practice of demanding fees ranging from £6 6s. to £8 8s. on the pretext that it is negotiating for some unnamed investor to secure the desired advance of capital.

When disappointed clients find that there seems no prospect of obtaining an advance, they have usually to write off the preliminary fees as a loss, because the Abbey Trust is careful to stipulate on its receipts that the money paid is in respect of a report of inspection, investigation and valuation of the business which it is hoped to acquire.

The Abbey Trust certainly furnishes a brief, single-page, typewritten report, so most clients imagine that they have no chance of redress.

But one victim recently called at the Trust's office without making an appointment, and flatly refused to leave until a refund was made. He was promptly handed a cheque for £6 6s.

The Abbey Trust, which was only registered in January this year, is simply the business title of a man named F. E. Williams.

It is significant that this same Mr. Williams previously operated on exactly the same lines, from the same address, in the name of the Business Exchange Corporation.

Cattle Rustling and HORSE SENSE

A CONFIDENCE man who works a novel line, and who calls himself Fred Russell, has just brought off a pretty little coup at Oldham.

He began by inserting a carefully-worded advertisement in an Oldham newspaper to the effect that a cattle dealer and corn merchant was anxious to secure a partner able to invest £150 capital in the business.

Mr. Russell's offer promised a regular salary as well as a percentage on the profits.

And as he also gave an address in Albemarle Terrace, Henrietta Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, it really seemed as if he had placed all his cards upon the table and that his offer would support the fullest investigation.

A young man who applied for the post was informed that he would only be required to undertake clerical work. Everything seemed genuine, and an agreement was drawn up in order to put the matter on a sound, business-like basis.

Mr. Russell, however, had not the slightest wish to hurry the other into taking any decisive step and suggested that perhaps he might like to accompany him to Hull, where he had to give his personal supervision to a deal in cattle.

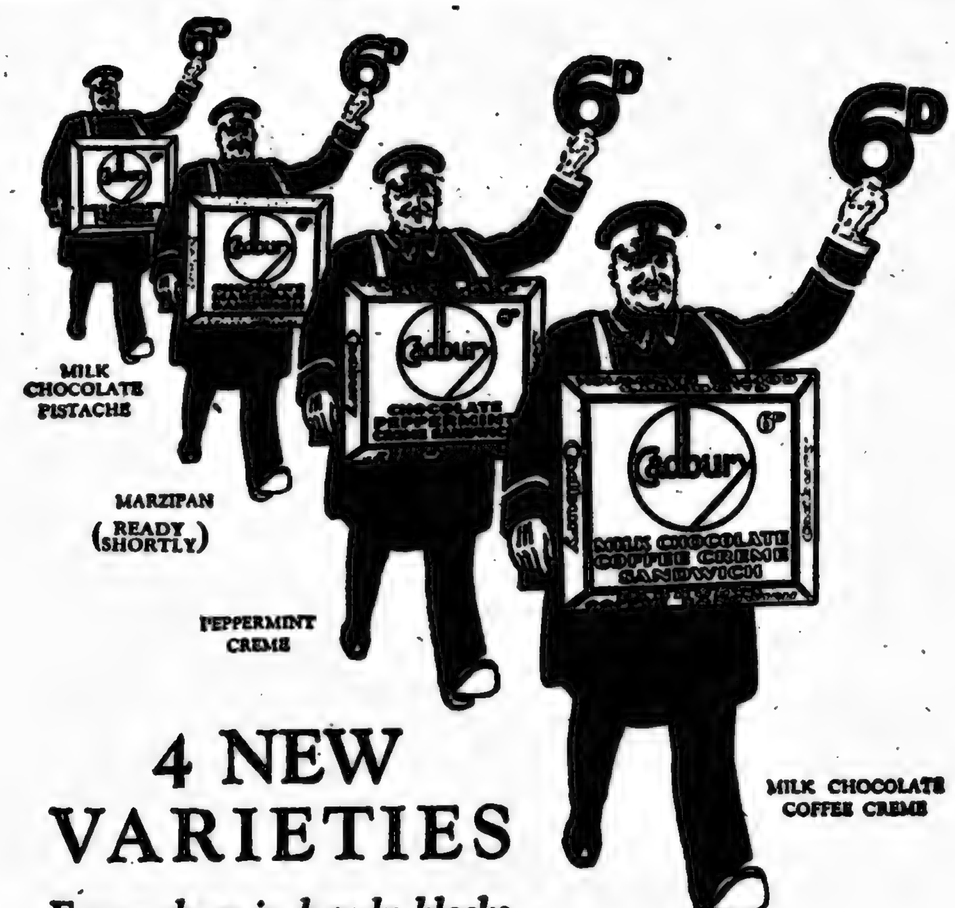
This proposal accepted, the two travelled to Hull, where the intending partner was introduced to a stranger, who represented himself as the son of a dealer with whom Russell did a great deal of business.

Amongst other things in the market Mr. Russell was very interested in some horses, and after making a thorough examination he handed the dealer's son what appeared to be six £50 notes.

On returning to Oldham, the young man, captivated by charming Mr. Russell, promptly parted with his £150 on the understanding that he was to be accepted as a partner on the terms already arranged.

With the money in his pocket, Russell disappeared, and the dupe has found out that the little jaunt to Hull was merely a cleverly staged bluff to gain his confidence.

His sad experience should be a lesson to others.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Cadbury
MILK CHOCOLATE COFFEE CREME SANDWICH
CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CREME SANDWICH
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MARZIPAN (READY SHORTLY)
PEPPERMINT CREME
MILK CHOCOLATE COFFEE CREME

4 NEW VARIETIES

Fancy chocs in handy blocks

Nothing succeeds like success. So everybody must have been expecting a sequel to the startling success of Cadbury's Chocolate Sandwiches. The sequel is four new Sandwiches, additional to the five original kinds. All the new ones have soft centres with specially delightful flavours. Cadbury's Chocolate Sandwiches are those big chocolate blocks which you break up into separate chocolates. You've probably already discovered that they're the finest sixpennyworth in the shops!

Now there are nine!

Milk Chocolate Coffee Creme, Peppermint Creme, Marzipan, Milk Chocolate Pistache, Creme, Truffle, Scotch Caramel, Almond Toffee, Nougat.

TESTED JB

CADBURY'S
CHOCOLATE SANDWICHES

Meet the M.P. for Coldmeet

At Question time in the House to-day, all parties were concerned about the "Military." The debate on disarmament was adjourned while the cold meat remained unemployed. And only Liberal "Military" measures could settle that with unanimous consent. When the question was put, the Minister's only doubt was whether "Military" supplies were large enough to go round. They knew that "cold meat and Military" was on every programme, because its promise of digestive approval was always carried out. "Don't be conservative with your cold scraps—'Military' will save labour and make you independent of cooked vegetables!"

HAYWARDS
MILITARY PICKLE

Of all Grocers 10½d., 1/6 per Bottle.

HAYWARD BROS., LTD.,
KENNINGTON S.E.11.

6/-

This is by far the biggest step in price-reduction since the War. Better value than ever

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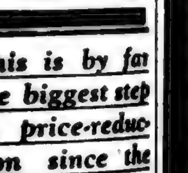
THE GRAVES "ROYAL SLEUTH" CYCLE SINGLE-SPEED MODEL, is a genuine 'thoroughbred' at a price never previously attempted. From start to finish it is of most dependable quality, every component part being of proved merit.



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Pump Tool Bag, Spanners Oilcan. Frame is rust-proofed, enamelled Black & Coach lined (or All Black if desired). Ladies' or Gent's Model same price. Carriage Paid. **£4:10:0**

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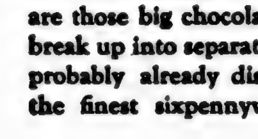

Hand-driven also Motor and Electrically propelled, from £12 Carr. Paid. Bath Chairs, Merlin Chairs, Stair Carrying and Folding Chairs, from 45/-
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1 Manvers St., Bath

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked— TESTED JB

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

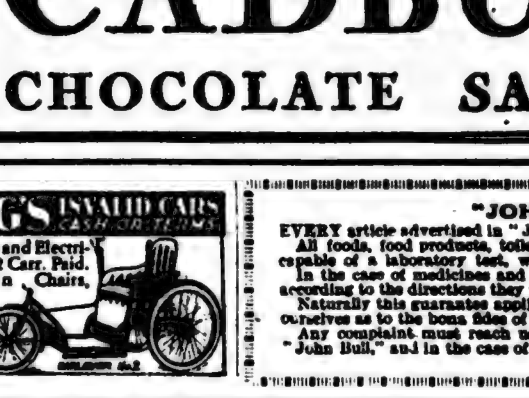
This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of "John Bull"

On receipt of P.O. for 10s. 6d. (Carriage 1s. extra), we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" Brusselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN

CARPETS (GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS),

suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c. Handsomely bordered in new Turkey patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets, with FREE RUGS, will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

F. Hodgson & Sons will send their Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Brusselette, Brussels, Axminster, Wilton, etc., Carpets and Hearthrugs, Blankets, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free to any reader of this paper.



10/6

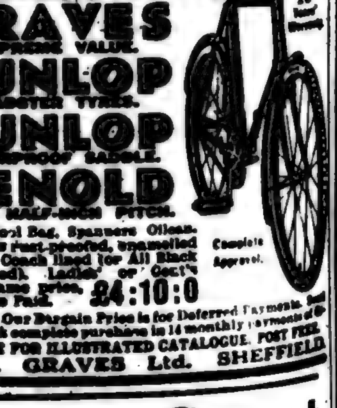
With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Manufacturers & Merchants, Woodsley Road, Leeds.

First Impressions Count

People judge by first appearances—use Anzora and your hair will tell them how smart you are.

ANZORA CREAM, for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows, and ANZORA VIOLA, for dry scalps, containing a little oil of violets are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles, by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.



ANZORA

Masters the Hair!

Manufactured by
Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

HOPE and GLORY —or DECLINE and FALL

by A. G. GARDINER

At the last Imperial Conference—Cosgrave, Churchill, Coates (New Zealand), Chamberlain, Mackenzie King (Canada), Baldwin, Bruce (Australia), Balfour, Hertzog, (S. Africa), Amery

IT was Joseph Chamberlain who implored us to "think Imperially." I fear the appeal was not very successful and that most of us think a lot more about the Derby, the Golf Championship and concrete matters of that sort than we do about the British Empire, what it is doing in the present and what is to happen to it in the future.

Yet it is much more important to us than most of the things that occupy our minds and deserve an occasional thought.

And the celebration of Empire Day provides the opportunity of thinking it. Let us therefore for a few minutes try to "think Imperially."

The British Empire is unique.

It is unlike anything else that exists in the world to-day, or has ever existed in the world before. Its nearest parallel was the Roman Empire of the ancient world, but the Roman Empire was small in comparison, and entirely different in constitution.

The Roman Empire was mainly a Mediterranean system. The British Empire is a world system. The Roman Empire rested on the power of the sword.

The British system rests on the principle of self-government.

It is not—leaving India and the Crown Colonies out of the question—an Empire at all, but a Commonwealth.

It is a confederation of free, self-governing peoples, bound together by the ties of common race, common language, common tradition, common sympathies and a common Crown.

Slow stages

This confederation has only been reached by slow stages, and often against our will.

It was a saying of Lincoln that "God never made one people good enough to rule another."

Perhaps he was right, but no governing people ever adopts the axiom without excepting itself, and we had to suffer some severe disasters before we learned the lesson.

If we had learned it earlier the United States of America would have been a part of the British Commonwealth of Nations to-day, and the whole history of the world would have been different.

But we lost America by insisting that we had the right to tax it from London for our own interests, and we nearly lost Canada half a century later by the same high-handed policy.

Dead as Queen Anne

Fortunately, thanks to Lord Durham, we drew back in time, and to-day there is no more loyal adherent to the British system than Canada.

"Imperialism" in the Roman sense is now as dead as Queen Anne throughout the Dominions. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, though they are parts of the Empire, are as independent in the administration of their own affairs as we are in the administration of our own.

No British Ministry would dream of dictating to them, and they would not listen to us if we were foolish enough to attempt to dictate. They could declare their independence to-morrow if they chose, and we should have neither the power nor the will to say them "Nay."

Let us keep this fact clearly in mind. The Dominions remain in the Empire, not because they cannot go, but because they can. They are bound to us, not by fear, but by affection, and in all human relations affection in the end is a more powerful emotion than fear.

Test of blood

We found the truth of this in the Great War. If we had been governing the Dominions by force and fear they would have seized that moment to "cut the painter," and Germany would have had allies all over the Seven Seas.

Instead, being free, they rallied to our side, and spent their blood and treasure without stint in our cause. That was the splendid harvest we reaped in the time of peril from our faith in the gospel of freedom.

The foundation of this great system of free States, with its accompanying idea of constitutional government, is the noblest achievement of our race. It has Anglicised the world, not only in language, but in feeling. And it is built to endure.

There was a time when it seemed doomed to disruption.

Even so late as 1853, Disraeli, writing to Lord Malmesbury, said: "These wretched colonies will all be independent, too, in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks."

He did not see that by becoming independent—that is, self-governing—they would not only cease to be a millstone round our neck, but a source of moral and material strength to us.

Moral even more than material.

On the material side it is probable that the Dominions have the advantage of the balance-sheet.

We almost alone bear the cost of the Navy that protects them as well as ourselves.

We offer them the greatest market in the world free for their foodstuffs, while our commodities are heavily taxed at their ports.

And we have loaned them unnumbered millions of pounds at the lowest rate of interest conceded to any nation. This fact has enabled them to develop with the utmost rapidity and economy.

But on the moral side our gain is as great as theirs.

We form with them a mighty chain of co-operative free States scattered round the globe, all consecrated to liberty, to constitutional government, and to the gospel of equal opportunity for all.

The dismemberment of this great community of nations would not only be a disaster to us: it would be a disaster to the world.

Bonds, but no restraint

It is a disaster we need not contemplate. We have taken our sons into equal partnership, and we all benefit too much from the relationship ever to dissolve it. There are those who wish to strengthen this union of hearts and sympathies by forging new bonds for it.

Let us, they say, have an economic zollverein, with Free Trade among ourselves and Protection against the world. The objections to this are many. The Dominions will not give up their Protection against our exports and we cannot give up the liberty to buy our food and our raw material in the cheapest market that offers.

Moreover, greatly as we appreciate and should encourage our trade within the Empire, we cannot live on that trade.

Finally, it is to the interest of no member of this community of nations that the outside world should come to regard it as an economic enemy to be fought with its own weapons.

Nor am I strongly impressed with the desire to federate these widely separated States under a single Parliament. It would be a colossal problem to solve, and it would create inconceivable jealousies and friction, which might easily destroy the whole system.

Mark time!

Better stick to the present elastic relationship, with its good feeling, freedom from interference and mutual trust, sustained by the closest intercourse and expressed through those Imperial Conferences which do not make laws, but invite co-operation for common ends.

If further developments on other lines seem possible in the future, well and good. For the present do not let us force things. It is enough to know that this mighty Anglo-Saxon tree that overspreads the world is flourishing.

There is no need to pull it up by the roots to see how it is growing. We have evidence of that in its splendid branches and their abundant foliage and fruit.

KILL PATRONAGE

and awaken the Church!

THE fact that a parish in Worcestershire has been without a vicar for over a year indicates that the whole system of patronage and promotion needs overhauling.

Any system of this sort is bound to reflect adversely both on parishes and the clergy.

One of the scandals connected with this system is the sale of advowsons to societies or individuals.

Neither private patrons nor colleges can be expected to know the most suitable men to place into vacant livings, and however much care they may take, the choice must be determined very often by recommendation of a personal friend, by favouritism or by selecting from those clergy who have applied for the position.

Many excellent men feel, and not without reason, that such procedure on their part is undignified, and in consequence remain inordinately long awaiting merited promotion.

• • •

A change from one diocese to another often acts hardly upon assistant clergy, who have to start all over again both to show their worth and get a place on the list.

Again, there are many difficulties to be overcome before a living can be accepted.

Large rectories or vicarages (often falling into decay), with small stipends to maintain them; churches badly needing repair; expenses of moving; more furnishing and legal fees; uncertainty of the full amount of the income being received when due; and perhaps a three months' wait for any income at all, make men hesitate before changing from one place to another.

• • •

How can these difficulties be overcome?

The Church Assembly, the Church's Parliament, should take its courage in both hands, and obtain sanction for the transfer of all patronage to one Patronage Board, which should make appointments as far as possible in order of seniority and after reference to the Church Council of the parish concerned.

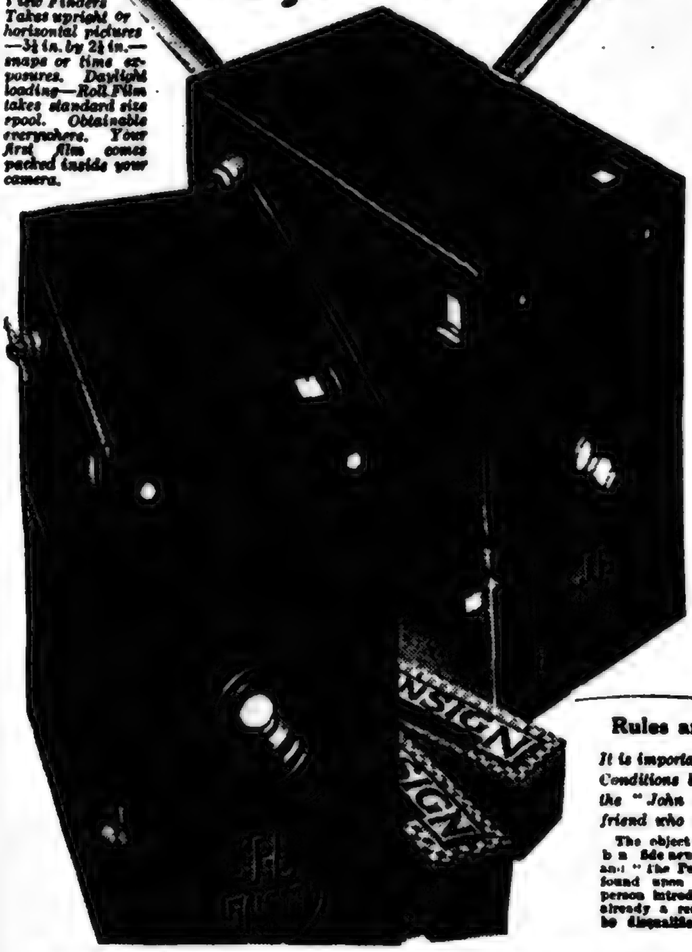
At the same time livings should be graduated according to the size of the parish, the upkeep of the parsonage-house, and length of service, whilst all such expenses as dilapidations would be taken into account.

This would remove the grievances under which many of the clergy suffer in silence.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT—ACT NOW!

A "J.B. ENSIGN" CAMERA FREE for both you and your friend

British Made. TWO View Finders Takes upright or horizontal pictures —3¼ in. by 2¼ in.— snaps or time exposures. Daylight loading—Roll Film takes standard size spool. Obtainable everywhere. Your first film comes packed inside your camera.



HURRY! HURRY!! HURRY!!! Otherwise you will be too late to share in "John Bull's" Great Gift of a "J.B. Ensign" Camera Free not only for yourself but for a friend as well. Applications are pouring in faster than ever—Hurry—or you'll be too late!

We make this great offer because we want to introduce the bigger and better "John Bull" and also "The People" to thousands of new readers. As "John Bull" readers know, "The People" comes from "the same stable," and just as the bigger and better "John Bull" is the finest weekly in the world, so is "The People" the supreme Sunday paper.

Both "John Bull" and "The People" offer to registered readers unequalled Free Insurance Benefits, and both schemes have recently been extended in order to make them more practical and more generous than ever. But we know that whatever we may say about "John Bull" and "The People" there is nothing so convincing as an actual trial. Therefore, we make the following unprecedented offer:

If you will—1. Give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks; 2. Find a friend who will give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks,

we will present both to your friend and to yourself a "J.B. Ensign" Camera FREE. It is a condition, of course, that the friend introduced by you is NOT already a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."

A trial that need cost nothing.

In giving these great national papers a trial, neither you nor your friend need incur any extra expense. In these days practically everyone takes a Sunday newspaper and also a weekly periodical. For the next thirteen weeks we ask YOU to take "The People" as your Sunday newspaper and YOUR FRIEND to take "John Bull" during the week and "The People" on Sundays. At the end of your trial you will not only each receive a genuine "J.B. Ensign" Camera, but we think you will agree that we shall have done you an additional good turn by introducing wonderful papers that you will wish to take regularly. As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for thirteen weeks, you are both asked to cut out and affix thirteen consecutive numbers from thirteen successive issues of both these publications to the Gift Vouchers, which will be sent to you upon receipt of the forms below. That is all. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed you will each immediately receive a FREE "J.B. Ensign" Camera. There is no "catch." The full conditions are published below.

Take the first step towards securing "John Bull's" Magnificent Gift by getting the form below filled in to-day. These forms reserve in your name and in the name of your friend two genuine "J.B. Ensign" Cameras. As soon as these forms are received "John Bull" will post to you two Official Gift Vouchers—one for your friend and one for you. At the same time two "J.B. Ensign" Cameras will be specially set aside and reserved—one in your own name and one in the name of your friend. Act at once.

Get the Forms below filled in to-day!

Rules and Conditions.

It is important that the Rules and Conditions below are read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is being introduced.

The object of this scheme is to get bona fide new readers for "John Bull" and "The People." If it should be found upon verification that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader both applicants will be disqualified.

A new reader shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for the past three months.

Gift Cameras will not be awarded unless applied for on the Special Gift Vouchers which are sent (one each for you and your friend) to approved applicants upon receipt of the forms below.

For your convenience and so that your gift reaches you ready for immediate use, we have arranged with the manufacturers to include with each Camera one 2¼ B "Ensign" Film which will take six pictures, size 2¼in. by 3¼in. When your Gift Voucher is complete and NOT before, all that you have to do is to see that it is sent in to me together with a postal order for 3/-, which covers the ordinary retail price of the "Ensign" Film which is included with your Camera and also the cost of actual postage and packing on your Gift. Your Camera thus reaches you completely equipped and ready to take photographs the moment you unpack it. Further films are obtainable at all local dealers.

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Set and no gift will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Copies of "John Bull" and "The People" must be paid for in the ordinary way, and no person may qualify by purchasing back numbers for either whole or part of the thirteen weeks.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

½d. stamp MUST be affixed by YOU in this space to cover return postage.

From: "JOHN BULL," Gift Department,
85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Name ....

Address ....

....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

——— CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS BELOW ———

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "A"

To be filled in by the reader of "JOHN BULL" who is introducing a new reader.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.9), 12-16, Wilson St., London, W.C.2.

IMPORTANT
Cut out the label on the left very neatly round the dotted line and enclose it with these Reservation Forms. This label, which will be used by "JOHN BULL" for sending to you both your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers, MUST be filled in by the "John Bull" reader with his name and full postal address written VERY CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. A halfpenny stamp to cover return postage MUST be affixed by YOU to blank space provided.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my undertaking to give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks and also for introducing a new reader who has personally signed Form B and who undertakes to give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."

I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

Please send me Official Gift Voucher for the Free "J.B. Ensign" Camera.

N.B.—Please also fill in your name and full postal address on the Label on the left, also affix halfpenny stamp on space provided to cover return postage.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....DATE **A 9.**

Give below name and address of Newsagent.

("John Bull") ....

....

*("The People") ....

....

*If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."

N.B.—If you are NOT already a registered reader you may, if you wish, enclose Registration Form which appears on p. 38, J.B. 25.5.29. Available until 8.6.29. Please write clearly.

Checked..........

N.B.—Do not separate these forms — send them to "John Bull" together with label on left in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST also affix halfpenny stamp to label on left to cover return postage on your Gift Vouchers.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "B"

This Form MUST be filled in and signed by the new reader personally—NOT by the "John Bull" reader who is introducing him.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.9), 12-16, Wilson Street, London, W.C.2.

Your special Gift Offer was introduced to me by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form on the left. **I hereby certify that I am NOT at present a reader of "John Bull" or "The People," and that I have not purchased either of these publications for the past three months.** I undertake to give them both a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) Official Gift Voucher for my "J.B. Ensign" Camera (*). I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

DATE ....

(*) Please note that your friend will hand you your Gift Voucher. It will be sent to him together with his own.

Give below name and address of your newsagent.

("John Bull") ....

....

†("The People") ....

....

†If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Checked..........

Cut out label very neatly—affix halfpenny stamp and send in with these Forms.

Make MARRIAGE MORAL!

The Irrational Knot of our Idiotic Divorce Laws

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Lord Birkenhead: "The poor ignore the law, . . . the rich evades it"

Lord Buckmaster works tirelessly to make our divorce laws human

Mr. Justice Hill: "If she had proved that her husband had committed a single act of misconduct"

SINCE politics ultimately mean legislation, and since legislation ultimately involves the everyday life of men and women, it is a little surprising that none of the Parties has so far pledged itself to a drastic reform of the divorce laws.

Yet here are laws, antiquated and tyrannous, that affect the lives of scores of thousands, that perpetuate nightmare unions, encourage immorality, and cause untold suffering—and not a single politician seems to care a jot.

Mr. Churchill made haste to throw the betting-tax overboard, and he did not scruple to adduce the moral side of the question as one of his reasons.

Judge's contempt

Yet neither he nor anyone else troubles about laws which are not only iniquitous in the hardship they bring, but which are openly winked at by public, lawyers and judges alike.

I assert without any fear of contradiction that collusion exists in 80 per cent. of the undefended divorce cases that come before the courts. Any lawyer would bear me out in that statement.

In a recent case Mr. Justice Hill poured contempt on the glaring injustice of the divorce laws in biting terms.

He was dealing with a Dulwich wife to whom, owing to the state of the law, he could only recommend a judicial separation.

"If," he said, "she had proved that her husband had committed a single act of misconduct, she would have been entitled to a dissolution of the marriage; but as she has only proved that he is a drunken beast who has treated her with the utmost brutality, the law does not allow her to have her marriage dissolved."

Short of refusing to administer such a ridiculous law, he could hardly have expressed himself in stronger or more contemptuous terms.

But for all his scorn that Dulwich wife remains tied to a husband who is "a drunken beast who has treated her with the utmost brutality."

No freedom

Neither judicial sympathy nor scorn can avail to give her the freedom she claims, and which is her obvious right by every humane and moral standpoint.

Here is a case recently given by Mrs. Seaton Tiedeman, of the Divorce Law Reform Union.

"The man married a girl who was in love with another man. Three months after the wedding his wife told him she was expecting to become a mother, and that the man she was in love with was the father.

"The husband left home, but although that was twenty years ago, and though the wife has not dared to apply for a maintenance order, the husband is bound to her for life."

Is there any ground of individual justice, public expediency or State policy that can warrant the enforced continuance of a marriage like that?

Boasts and trickery

There are plenty of people who imagine, or pretend to imagine, that the one object of divorce law reform is to destroy the institution of marriage.

It was once necessary in the history of mankind to remind certain hypocrites that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

An equally severe rebuke is needed to-day for those who insist that marriages should be incapable of dissolution no matter how great a mockery or sham they have become.

I have always been surprised that the experience of a friend of mine did not once and for all rend the veil of humbug that surrounds the Divorce Courts. There are plenty of my readers who will recall his case.

He forced the court to grant his wife a decree of divorce against him on the ground of adultery, though he was—and could easily have been proved—absolutely innocent.

He is a man who has held high office in the State, and who may well hold high office again. And his open trickery of the law, even his subsequent boasting of the way he had forced the law to his will, never affected his career in the slightest.

It is overwhelming evidence both of the absurdity of the law and of the way public opinion has advanced far and away beyond it.

Disaster ahead

"The poor," says Lord Birkenhead, a strenuous advocate of Lord Buckmaster's sane reforms, "ignore the law in one way and the rich evade it in another. The law must therefore be brought into some relation with the conscience of the people or disastrous consequences will ensue.

"For if certain people do things with the excuse of the intolerance of the law, why should others not do it without that excuse?"

It is intolerable that divorce cannot be obtained for deliberate desertion, for certified insanity, for cruelty which clearly endangers life, or for murder which has resulted in a commuted death sentence.

Until it can, the law will continue either to make life a literal hell for thousands or to encourage shame, hypocrisy and open immorality.

I doubt whether, outside unflinching religious dogmatists, there is any real body of opinion in the country that can be found on the side of the opponents of these obviously just proposals.

There are more than a million wives and husbands in England and Wales living in a state of complete separation merely because the law allows divorce only on the ground of adultery; but will anyone dare assert that all these million are living alone?

Human nature cannot be altogether outraged by legal conventions, and no one but a fanatic or a fool would pretend that those million separations have done anything except bring about "immorality."

Married and incurable

There are more than 60,000 married and incurable lunatics in our asylums. Are we really expected to believe that all their 60,000 partners are sitting patiently waiting until death dissolves a marriage that has only become merely a ghastly name?

I do not think anyone really expects us to believe that; but if we do not, then what case can be made out for the refusal to make incurable insanity a valid ground for divorce?

So long as adultery remains the sole ground for divorce, so long must the law continue to demand evidence of adultery—*and so long will that evidence be provided whether the offence has been committed or not.*

Tragic farce

The present laws openly invite thousands of people to commit perjury, and it is openly and commonly committed with the secret connivance of everybody concerned.

Such a state of things is not in keeping with either the dignity of our courts or the reputation for horse-sense we British are supposed to have. It is reducing morality to a tragic farce.

The Human Machine

FOLLOW THE GLEAM

IT is very easy to sneer at a man with ideals. The idea that this is a purely "practical" world that has no time for mere hopes and aspirations is one that is for ever holding back progress.

Yet it is a very good thing for the world that some men can always be found who persist in dreaming dreams and seeing visions.

"Where there is no vision the people perish"—it is as true to-day as when it was written.

The history of the world could be re-written as a tale of peoples who were too blind to see visions when they were pointed out, too busy grubbing in the dirt and the mud to catch the golden glimpse of dreams as they passed.

"A map of the world that does not include Utopia," said Oscar Wilde, "is not worth ever glancing at. . . . Progress is the realisation of Utopias."

If you look back through history you can trace how the despised dreams of one generation became the commonplace practice of the next.

It is one of the recurring tragedies of mankind that the prophet rarely finds honour in his own country.

Medicine is rich in these tragic instances. Almost without exception it has refused to follow the pioneer—until he was dead.

The dream and the idealist must of necessity come into conflict with the old-established conventions and traditions. It is the essence of dreams that they point away from the old to the new.

Nevertheless, it is the dreamers and idealists who have saved the world again and again—even if they themselves never lived to see their ideals realised.

Don't be afraid to dream nor to follow wherever the dream may lead. The reward of the pioneer is not to travel: the master joy is that he made the road.

And before the road can be made a trail must be blazed by someone. It may be by you.

Will she use the Vote

with that feminine discrimination which makes her delight in saying—

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

10 *for* 6d. 20 *for* 11½d. Also 5 *for* 3d.

N.C.C. 185

HEADACHE QUICKLY RELIEVED

Sick headache, nausea, biliousness, quickly relieved by Carter's Little Liver Pills. A doctor's prescription, they act gently and without pain. 1/3 & 3/-

There are many brands of liver pills, but there is nothing 'just as good' as the purely vegetable CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

50 Million Lemons

This is Sunny Sicily's annual contribution to England's greatest summer beverage—Eiffel Tower Lemonade. Doctors advise lemons as nature's ideal thirst-quencher, and Eiffel Tower Lemonade, the perfect summer beverage, is the most convenient way of drinking lemons.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

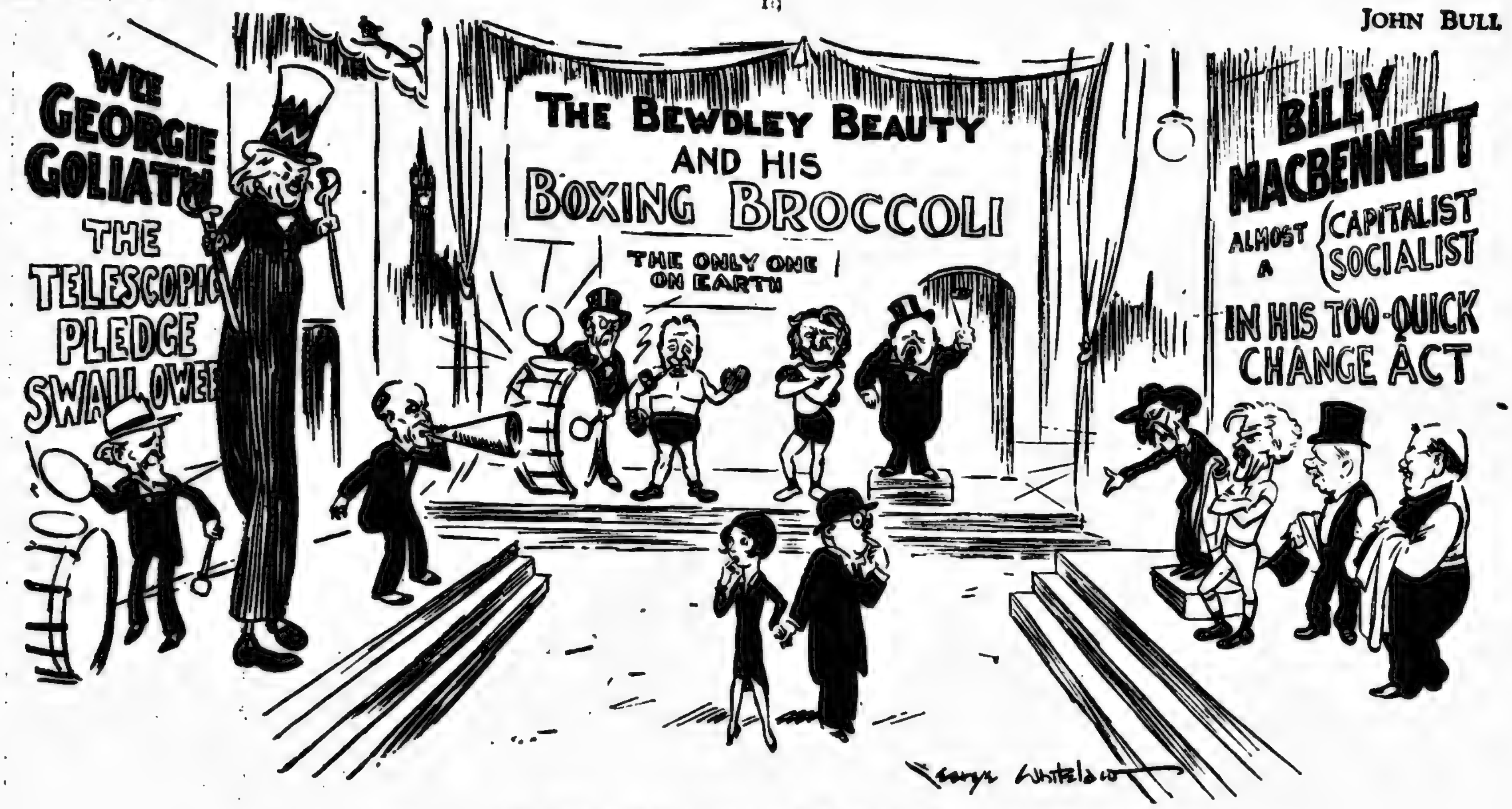
SUITS ON EASY TERMS

The Graves System of Deferred Payments enables you to dress stylishly and well on little outlay. We supply Smartly Cut, Carefully Tailored Suits in materials which are not only of thoroughly dependable quality, but also of handsome design and in popular shades. Suits 50/- 55/- 63/- & 70/- on the easiest terms of payment.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

A Post Card will bring you our full range of New Suit Styles & Patterns—Indigo Serges, Fancy Worsteds, Fashionable Saxony & Cheviot Irish Suitings in a wide variety of designs & shades, etc. Our self measurement form enables you to give your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a perfect-fitting suit. Write to-day.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



COME TO THE GREAT SHOW!

SHADOWS *of the* POLL

forecast by our readers

IT is now possible to sum up the results of the JOHN BULL Secret Ballot; and, despite the dangerous uncertainty of political prophecy, hazard some guesses at what the country is going to do on May 30.

Two things stand out with startling distinctness—the tremendous swing-over to Labour that is taking place, and the astonishing apathy of the woman voter.

OUR SECRET BALLOT

FINAL FIGURES

	Con.	Lab.	Lib.
Percentages ...	27.3	46.4	26.3
In Seats ...	168	285	162

(The proportion of women to men voters is 1 to 3.)

FIGURES IN OUR 1924 BALLOT WERE:

	Con.	Lab.	Lib.
Percentages ...	57·69	29.33	12·98
In Seats ...	356	180	79

Actual state of Parties when Parliament met:
Con., 415; Lab., 151; Lib., 44; Ind., 5.

Directly "The Times" Newspaper publishes the official return of the total number of votes cast on polling day, we shall announce the winner of the £500 cheque in "John Bull's" Great Election Forecast Competition, which was organised in connection with our Secret Ballot.

We give the figures here that resulted from our ballot at the last election, and the figures that the present election discloses. The comparison is interesting to a degree.

If these figures are reliable—and we shall deal with that point in a moment—it is obvious that the Labour Party is going to return more Members than any other Party. It is clearly probable that Mr. MacDonald will be the next Prime Minister.

It is clear, too, that the Liberal Party is going to poll far more votes than anyone would have thought possible a few months ago. Its aggregate poll will, we think, prove one of the surprises of the election.

But it will not return anything like the number of Members its poll warrants. Under the present electoral system it is the Liberal Party that is going to suffer most in three-cornered contests.

That the Conservative Party is going to lose a large number of seats is also clear—and we do not believe anyone thinks otherwise.

Its staggering majority in 1924 was a fluke that no Party will be able to repeat.

What does the apathy of the women mean?

Less than a third of the votes recorded in our ballot were from women—what does it portend?

We hesitate to draw any conclusion. Miss X still holds the secret of the ballot-boxes. She may be really indifferent—or she may be waiting, watching, and making up her mind.

Our own opinion is that, while there are tremendous numbers of women who will not trouble to vote, this apparent apathy is just a little deceptive. We fancy that more than one candidate is going to get a shock.

So much for our figures. The inevitable query will at once be raised that they are an unreliable guide. We do not think so.

They were a fairly accurate forecast of the unexpected reversal to Conservatism in 1924, and we think they will be near the mark in 1929, for the readers of JOHN BULL are representative of the whole country.

They come from all classes and all Parties. They comprise every possible shade of opinion.

While, for example, the Stock Exchange quotations and estimates are nothing but a gamble based on pure guesswork, the one fact that JOHN BULL *reaches one home in every seven* shows that our ballot must approximate very closely to reality.

Particularly, however, we think that our figures will prove more representative of the total votes cast for each Party than a reflection of how many seats those votes will carry.

Nobody reads JOHN BULL because it represents any one Party or any one point of view. It is read because it forms the only true independent platform in the country, unfettered and untied.

That is why no one who wishes to keep abreast of the situation can possibly afford to ignore the honestly expressed opinion of its readers.

THE North-East Coast Exhibition at Newcastle which was opened by the Prince of Wales points the moral to a tale we have often preached.

Self-help cocktail

Self-help is still the most potent reviver of trade and industry, and if you want people to know what you are doing and what you are capable of doing you must "tell the world."

The Prince himself rubbed the lesson well home. "Times of depression," he said, "often find the business community loath to spend money on advertising itself and its wares.

"Logically, that is the moment when a little bold advertising is most needed."

It is a profoundly true statement, and the Tyneside Exhibition is a welcome sign that the basic industries of the North, on which the whole prosperity of the country depends, have shaken off their pessimism and revived the fighting spirit that has for too long been submerged by a sort of industrial defeatism.

It has also for far too long been looking to Westminster for crutches on which to lean, in the mistaken belief that politics is a certain cure for mechanical backwardness.

Reorganisation, up-to-the-minute plant, intensive methods of world-wide salesmanship, are worth more than all the doctrinaire nostrums that ever came from Parliament.

LEGISLATION can hinder as well as help, as many an industry has discovered—when it was too late.

We in this country are only slowly learning to take our hats off to the past and our coats off to the future, and we are only just beginning to learn that tradition is something from which to learn rather than for one to worship.

It is not British quality or British efficiency that has fallen into disrepute; it is British prestige.

And we have very largely brought it on ourselves.

The Tyneside Exhibition is an encouraging sign that pluck and imagination have been recaptured.

We think it is more: we think it is a portent that those who have sneered at us as a nation down and out will yet live to regret that they spoke too soon.

"Are You Going

"If Only You'll Vote for Us, sirs," they said

Lady Astor . . . "no one knows what she will do or say next"

Lady Iveagh's husband is head of the Guinness clan. Already a Tory M.P., she seeks re-election

Mary Pickford . . . "does not come from Hollywood." But her motto is "Swiftly"

Miss Helen Schilizzi is one of the young candidates and she can call Venizelos, Premier of Greece, "Uncle"

NEARLY seventy women candidates are standing at the coming General Election. The Conservatives are nominating eight, Labour twenty-nine, and the Liberals thirty-one.

In this record number will be found duchesses and dressmakers, countesses and cooks, schoolmistresses and shop-assistants, doctors and domestics, mayoresses and miners' daughters.

And one notable absentee.

Her name is Nancy Stewart Parnell. She is a Liberal, twenty-five years of age, and a descendant of the great Charles Stewart Parnell, the fiery Irish Leader.

Nancy is responsible for the 2,000,000 extra women voters on the register.

When the Prime Minister was wavering about giving Flappers the vote, Nancy joined a women's franchise deputation and went to Downing Street. Many famous women were present. Nancy was almost unknown.

Her speech that day has made her famous. It persuaded Mr. Baldwin. The Flapper vote, about to be put on the shelf, was taken out and put on the Statute Book.

Mr. Baldwin congratulated Nancy. Later, on the same platform at the Albert Hall, he congratulated her again. Her eloquence fascinated him. Her passionate sincerity won him to the women's cause.

Defeat spells her ruin

Nancy, unfortunately, cannot stand as a candidate. Defeat at the poll would mean destitution at home. She has her living to earn as a school-teacher and she cannot afford the financial risk of resigning her job in exchange for the uncertain prospect of winning a Parliamentary seat.

If Nancy were returned to Westminster she would be one of the youngest women M.P.s. The oldest will be Mrs. Harrison Bell, if Luton decides for Labour.

Mrs. Bell at Westminster would be the Mother of Parliament. She was born in 1865. If her son, who is standing, is also elected, she will be the first mother to sit in the House with her child.

She is an original member of the I.L.P., and in spite or because of the fact that her first two Christian names are "Florence Nightingale," she rides a motor-bike.

Once upon a time she was a cook, so she is used to being in power.

"Her husband is wealthy Sir Arthur Crosfield"

The House—and especially the Kitchen Committee—is in for a very warm time when she arrives at St. Stephen's, with or without her son on the pillion.

But we ought really to have begun with Lady Astor.

Lady Astor is a wonderful woman. When she first took her seat in Parliament in 1919, a Tory Ancient Briton prophesied that she was the first woman M.P. and the last.

Her retort was: "I'm not the first: I shan't be the last. Otherwise he's right!" She was, of course, only the first woman to take her seat and the second to be elected.

Goody-goody precocity

Her character has been described as an adroit mixture of goody-goody and precocity, but in either aspect she is formidable.

Her politics are militant. She once held no less a Die-hard than Lord Banbury to his seat in the Commons by pulling at his coat-tails. No one knows what she will do or say next, her own family least of all.

Above Lady Astor in the list of women candidates looms the Duchess of Atholl.

She is a calm, clear-thinking and competent woman. She knows the exact figure of the education rate at Peckham, and the percentage of infant sickness in the elementary schools of Pudsey.

She is the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Education, and when she rises to discuss education the House sits as quiet as a mouse. Th[illegible]s no opposition.

She does her own election canvassing, and her return to Westminster, therefore, is assured.

Future Premier?

Installed an easy first in the list of Labour women candidates is Margaret Bondfield, J.P.

She is a possible Prime Minister at some future date—a certain Minister when and if Labour is returned to power.

She was the first woman to hold office as Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Labour in 1924 under Mr. MacDonald.

She used to be a shop-assistant. Before that she was a Board School supply teacher.

In a Party where all boast of their humble beginnings as a sign of merit and "Red" blood, she is a positive aristocrat.

She is made for affairs, and there is nothing which her busy brain cannot grasp.

Politics have never been the affair of Lady Bountifuls, and in this respect North Norfolk may consider itself unique.

A Mrs. Hoffman, who appears to live in all the historic houses in the county, has decided to come out into the open as a local Liberal candidate.

"I am descended from Anne Boleyn," Mrs. Hoffman says.

Anne Boleyn lost her head. We hope Mrs. Hoffman will keep hers.

She is an American lady who became a naturalised British subject nine years ago. The late Lord Lambourne heard her speak once and said, "Sister, you've said a skinful," or words equivalent, and advised her to go into politics.

"I love an active life," Mrs. Hoffman states, "and do not propose to sit by the fire and be an old woman for the rest of my life. I am against the Socialist Party because it is out to destroy what as a new country we appreciate so keenly, tradition.

"I am too much of an American to be able to swallow a Tory policy, so here I am, a Liberal!"

Succinct and simple! Mrs. Hoffman ought to go far, although, perhaps, not in politics.

What is the best name with which to go electioneering? Some of the most famous names in the land are among these seventy women candidates. Names attract votes which in other circumstances would be given to opponents.

How many votes is the name of Lloyd George worth?

Miss Megan Lloyd George is standing for Anglesey, in Wales.

Yet another Liberal candidate, Mrs. Wintringham, is putting up for Louth. Her husband was a locally famous man and once held the seat. When he died, Mrs. Wintringham succeeded him in Parliament.

Amazing Margaret

There is amazing Miss Margaret Beavan, who is standing for the Conservative interest in the Everton division of Liverpool. She was Liverpool's first woman Lord Mayor and J.P. What are the chances of anyone standing in Liverpool bearing the name of Beavan?

Who could hope to beat a Baldwin at Bewdley, a Sassoon at Hythe, a Harmsworth in Thanet?

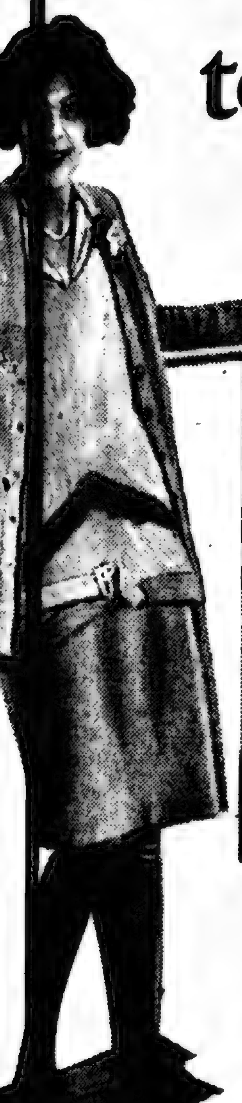
But when there is an industrial constituency to be fought somewhere in the backblocks of industrial England, where names count for less than Party loyalty, what is the best name a woman candidate could have to help her cause?

It is found. It is in the list of Conservative women candidates. The name is Mary Pickford.

Mary is going to fight the industrial constituency of Farnworth in Lancashire. On the face of it, it looks a walk-over unless Labour has a Douglas Fairbanks or a Pola Negri up its sleeve.

Mary, unfortunately, does not come from Hollywood, although there is a cute American flavour

to WESTMINSTER, *my pretty maids?"*



Miss Megan Lloyd George inherits a deal of that Welsh wizardry

Mrs. Harrison Bell . . . "was a cook, so she is used to power"

Among other things, Miss Ida Swinburne is an enthusiastic scoutmaster

Lady Cynthia Mos'ey—wife of Red Sir Oswald—is Labour candidate at Stoke. Here she holds hands with her daughter

Mrs. Hoffman—"I am descended from Anne Boleyn." She lost her head

Amazing Miss Margaret Beavan . . . "was Liverpool's first woman Lord Mayor"

about her family motto, "Swiftly." To live up to that motto one must have the hustle germ, zip, pep and so forth. Mary has all that.

And on her family coat-of-arms —she is the daughter of the late Lord Sterndale, Master of the Rolls —the lions all bear wheels. "Wheels or" is the official description. These wheels might be the spare parts of a "Talkie" outfit.

We feel that it is up to her agent.

Let him see that Mary's "Honourable" is dropped. "Vote for Mary Pickford!" Who could resist such an appeal made in the name of the World's Sweetheart?

Lady Crosfield is standing for Islington North. She is a Liberal who was born in Greece. She is the eldest daughter of Elie M. Eliiadi, of Southport and Smyrna, where the raisins come from. Her husband is wealthy Sir Arthur Crosfield, the prominent soap manufacturer.

To give up hunting the fox and be converted. in 1915. to Socialism was the happy experience of Lady Clare Annesley—pronounced "Ansley."

Lady Clare is the half-sister of the sixth Earl Annesley. She is out to win a Bristol seat for Labour.

Humdrum obscurity

What has happened to all the old suffragettes?

The majority of them appear to have settled down to a humdrum life of obscurity. They are possibly like most of us who say: "Why vote? It doesn't matter which Party gets in, things remain just the same."

But generalisations are dangerous. Consider, for example, Mrs. Corbett Ashby. She was a famous suffragette. She was secretary to the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

She can make political speeches in four languages on the slightest provocation, and her view is that equal franchise for women is but a mere *hors d'œuvre* compared with the real needs of the sex.

She wants peeresses in their own right admitted into the House of Lords, more women police, education for women voters and all sorts of delicate and drastic reforms to put women on an equal footing with men. She is also out to form a women's corps for election purposes.

The outlook for men will be very bleak if Hendon returns Mrs. Corbett Ashby. She thinks it will.

In the secret and strange hinterland of women's politics there lurk many political lionesses of whom the man in the street has never heard.

Who are Lady Stewart, Ida Swinburne, Mrs. Alderton, Grace Roberts and Dr. Betty Morgan?

Lady Stewart is the wife of the late Sir Francis Stewart, and she has seven children. She is one of the powers among women Liberals, and is standing for North Kensington. She had a distinguished public career in India, and is informed on all the leading political questions of the day.

Mrs. Alderton is a colourful woman who might get a lot of male votes. She knows a good oyster when she sees one. She has presided at oyster banquets with Royalty on her right hand. Colchester chose her for its first woman mayor.

North-West Hull fishermen are going to have an opportunity of sending her to Westminster in full sail. She will be heard all over the constituency. She is the most powerful orator in the whole Liberal Party. And she can sing.

The Baby of the House has always been a male. His age qualification has usually been his sole claim to fame, but if Dr. Betty Morgan gets Sunderland to support her, she should change all this.

She will not only be the Baby of the House but also the youngest woman M.P., a title now borne by Miss Jennie Lee, the Labour candidate for North Lanark.

Baby Betty

Betty is only twenty-three. She holds the gold medal of the Alliance Française, and is a Doctor of Literature of the University of Paris. In addition, she knows everything worth knowing about the seventeenth century.

Hence, she is well equipped for politics.

She is fighting Dr. Marion Phillips, the well-known Socialist, but luckily the seat is a double-membered one, so that both women can occupy it together.

Politics have done little for the cause of the miners, but perhaps things will be better if Caerphilly returns Miss Grace Roberts.

Grace is the first woman candidate to be adopted for a South Wales coal-mining area.

Tears in her voice

She has tears in her voice. There is enough misery in her constituency to put them there. She can talk Welsh, she is eloquent, and she has lived on the coalfields.

All told, the women candidates are no better and no worse than the male candidates.

Most of them have the stereotyped qualifications associated with women guardians and district visitors. Labour here and there provides an exception—especially in the case of Miss Ruby Davis, who was once a milliner.

Milliners in politics are rare, although many men have sat at Westminster who ought to have been milliners.

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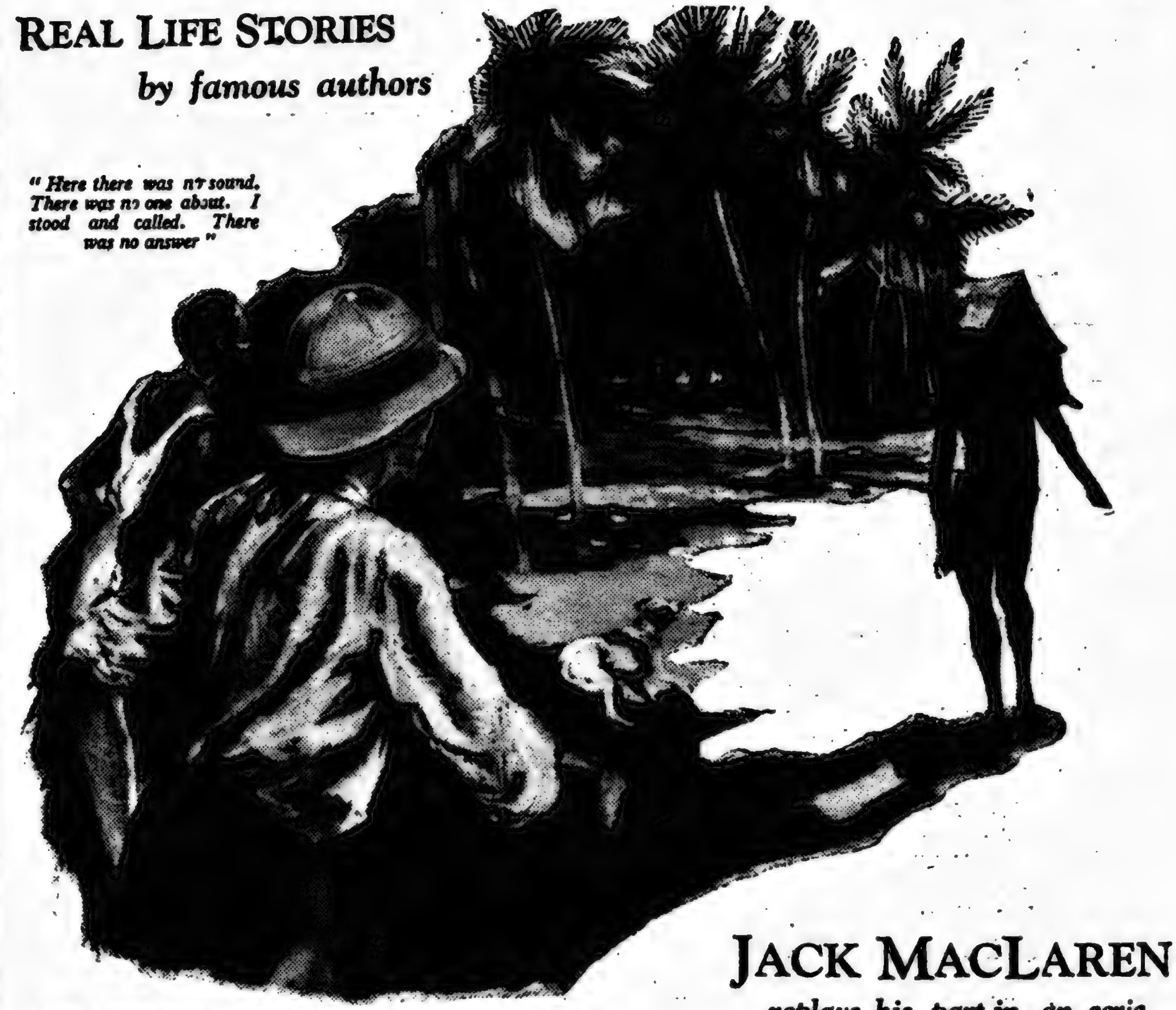

"Here there was no sound. There was no one about. I stood and called. There was no answer"

From a painting by Howard K. Elcock

The WARNING

JACK MACLAREN

replays his part in an eerie drama that was once enacted in the Southern Seas

NO doubt a remarkable fiction story could be made out of the idea of an inanimate object exercising a very strange and powerful influence on human beings; but no story could be so remarkable as the happening itself in real life.

I know this because I have experienced it.

It was in New Guinea, where I was running a small trading vessel, and the first hint of it came from a man who for the purpose of this account I shall call Martin, and who one day I came across in his cutter at an anchorage a little way from Samarai, one of the settlements.

Martin, whom I had known some years before, lived and traded at a remote island locally called Tuma, situated a full day's sail off the distant and little-known north-east coast, and he began by telling me he had left his island and was on his way to find another.

This surprised me exceedingly, for—not to put too fine a point on it—Martin was one of those shady characters, so common in certain parts of the South Seas, who have their own very good reasons for hiding themselves in remote and isolated spots.

In fact, without going into details, I knew that in leaving his own little-visited region he was running a grave risk of encountering a sea-patrol and being arrested on several serious charges.

BUT it appeared he could do nothing else.

"You see," he said (I give our conversation as well as I can remember it), "I just *had* to leave Tuma. Couldn't stick it another hour. This last few days it was just awful. I've been there six years, and it meant giving it all up and hunting for another island and risking being caught, and all that. But I couldn't help it. I just had to get away."

"Why?" I asked. "What happened? A row with the islanders?"

"Nothing of the sort. I know you won't believe me, but the truth is that I don't know what drove me away. I mean——."

"But there must have been something."

"There was. But it wasn't anything you could lay your hands on, if you know what I mean. The natives there could tell you. They felt it the same as me; got all windy about it. It started a fortnight ago, and got stronger all the time. . . . Are you superstitious, Jack?"

"No."

"Neither am I. Not the smallest bit. . . . Yet there it was. Nothing you could lay your hands on, like I've just said, yet strong enough to drive me off the island and risk looking for some other place. I wouldn't have stayed on Tuma another day for any money."

For quite a while he talked on in this fashion, giving me details of how the mysterious and impelling power had affected him, such as how it had awakened him at night, and at times driven him near to screaming.

All this I put down to a mental condition brought about by his having lived too long away from the society of his fellows, and when finally we parted I put the matter from my mind.

A week later, on the way to collect some copra on the north-east coast, I found myself near Tuma Island. It was late afternoon, and I decided to enter the island's lagoon and anchor for the night.

As the shore came nearer it seemed to me there was something peculiar about the island, though what it was I could not make out. In that it was covered with cocoanut-palms and had a fringe of white beach and a straggling native village of about thirty thatched houses, it was like a thousand other islands. Yet somehow it was different.

Presently, however, one of my Kroo-boys shouted in his own tongue: "See, master! There are no canoes on that beach!" And I saw that this was the reason for the island's somewhat strange appearance, for one of the chief characteristics of every inhabited South Seas island is a number of canoes drawn up on the sand.

We stared at it, that empty beach, as we sailed down to the anchorage, and speculated as to the cause, one of my boys suggesting that the canoes had been taken in a raid by other tribes, and the others making similarly dramatic surmises.

I DECIDED that this was certainly a matter for investigation, and as soon as the anchor was down I went ashore in the small-boat, taking with me my dog "Mainsail," a lively little fox terrier.

Now, I know nothing of psychic matters, nor do I know whether dogs are possessed of a power to see and sense things hidden from human beings, as some people claim. But I do know that the moment we landed "Mainsail" began to behave most strangely, sitting up on his haunches and venting a series of long-sustained howls, then whimpering and curving his tail between his legs, as though desperately afraid, and running back to the small-boat.

I looked at him in astonishment; so also did the two Kroo-boys who had rowed me ashore; and it was only after much coaxing from the three of us that at last he reluctantly followed us up the beach.

But "Mainsail's" peculiar behaviour did not engage our attention for long.

(Continued on page 24)

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Mr. Drage : Yes, and on payment of only 40/- now we'll deliver all the furniture to your home at once.

Mr. Everyman : That's fine. Then for 49 months afterwards I pay 40/- a month—£100 in all.

Mr. Drage : Yes, you see nothing is added to the £100 for the long credit you are taking.

Mr. Everyman : Good—you say you don't want references?

Mr. Drage : And I mean it. I don't want a single one, but I do want to give you your Drage Protection.

Mr. Everyman : This means if I can't pay through illness or unemployment I keep what I've paid for.

Mr. Drage : Yes, less a fair deduction for use and cartage. And your Free Fire and Life Policy will be issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co. and sent you at once.

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W. H. T., Colchester.

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Kruschen will make you fit, too, even though you may suffer from half the ills that flesh is heir to. Just a tiny, tasteless pinch of Kruschen crystals in your morning cup of tea. Why can so little work so much? Simply because each little "daily dose" of Kruschen is a scientific combination of six mineral salts that Nature ordained to keep you in perfect trim.

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PRUNING or cutting corns only makes them grow larger and deeper—and more painful.

Don't "prune" corns. Get rid of them—without troublesome—and risky—amateur surgical operations with a razor or sharp knife.

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As it is Radox (in the pink packet) which releases most oxygen, you must insist on Radox to get the best results. At all Chemists, ½ lb. Pink Packet, 1/6d. Double quantity, 2/6d.

"The Warning"

—*Continued from page 22*

On reaching the village another matter claimed it.

Ordinarily when one comes to a South Seas village one is greeted by a great barking of dogs and the grunting of pigs. But here there was no sound. There was no one about. I stood and called. There was no answer.

My boys looked in the nearest of the houses. It was empty. They looked in another and another, with the same result. The island was so small that from where I stood I could see right across it, through the palms; but there was no sign of people.

The whole place was completely deserted, and even the pots and other utensils which should have stood about the cooking fire-places before the houses were gone. The absence of the canoes was explained. The population had departed *en masse*.

The thing was: Why?

My boys looked from one to the other in alarm and began in their superstitious way to whisper of strange happenings. There was about the place something they did not like, they murmured.

"I was afraid there in the houses," said one. "Very much afraid."

"I was glad to be got again in the open air," said the other.

I paid them little heed. I was looking at Martin's house, which stood a little way from the village, and thinking of how he, too, had left the island. Knowing him for the shady character he was, I wondered if he had lied to me, if he himself had been responsible for the exodus of the people.

It came to me that perhaps he had killed one of them—maybe more than one—and the rest, fearing for their lives, had fled; whereupon Martin had also fled, afraid that a report of his misdoings would reach the authorities and bring the patrol in search of him.

It came to me that perhaps the position was the other way round, that the islanders had tried to murder Martin—they were a pretty wild lot—and that he had run away to escape them; whereupon the islanders fled before the fear of punishment by the authorities. Either theory seemed feasible.

It was sundown now, and the trunks of the palm-trees all about cast long shadows on the thatch of the houses, somehow making them seem more deserted than ever. "Mainsail" was cowering at my feet, now and then looking up at me appealingly, and the two Kroo-boys were still whispering together.

PRESENTLY one of them called to me that it was time to return to the vessel, and the other murmured that there was no sense in staying in this place, and that it was an evil place.

In the solitude their voices had a curiously unexpected and unreal sound, so much so indeed that I almost jumped. I told them I was not ready yet, that I wished to stay a bit longer and investigate the strange circumstances of the people's departure, but that they could go if they wished.

They went at once, and I was glad to see them go, for their whisperings and frightened faces were beginning to irritate me. "Mainsail" watched them reach the small-boat and board it, and twice made to follow them, and only came back when I spoke to him sharply.

With the poor little creature trembling at my heels, I went along to Martin's house, to search it for possible clues, deciding, if I found nothing there, to examine the houses of the village. If there had been violence of any kind there would be evidence of it somewhere, I thought.

But there was nothing in Martin's house except the discarded rubbish to be found in any vacated dwelling. A little disappointed, I came out on to the veranda which fronted the house, lit my pipe and stared out across the darkening sea and gave myself to wondering which of my two theories was right—or if either was right.

It was growing on me (I cannot tell how) that those theories were merely the blindest of blind guesses, miles from the truth.

Meet him next week:

"SANDY"

"... His cap was often at the back of his head and a cigarette in the corner of his smile ... a reddish-headed youth, who groused over-much, a British private soldier."

in

"The Souvenir"

by GEOFFREY MOSS

I smoked out my pipe and knocked it against the rail. "Mainsail" jumped at the sound, just as I had jumped at the sound of the Kroo-boys' voices, and yelped as though something had hurt him.

I picked him up, spoke to him soothingly, stroked him; and he lay in close to me and seemed grateful for the comfort. But his terror was in no wise decreased. At last I put him down and began to refill my pipe. But suddenly I stopped.

A strange feeling had come over me, a feeling that I must leave the house.

It was almost as though someone was telling me it was dangerous to stay, that I must go at once. I remembered what the Kroo-boys had said about being afraid to stay in the houses in the village, and a kind of panic laid hold of me.

I STROVE hard to put it from me, told myself I was a common-sense white man, no mere superstitious Kroo-boy. It was of no use. The feeling persisted, and grew stronger with every moment. I went down the steps to the ground, ran almost, "Mailsail" bounding down after me and racing as hard as he could for the beach.

On the ground I felt better; the strange feeling was gone; and I called "Mainsail" back to me, the while thinking I had been a fool. Then I turned to go up again on to the veranda.

But as soon as I laid foot on the steps the feeling returned, more intensely than before, and I went no further. No doubt a man of great courage would have gone up on to that veranda and stayed there, ignoring such a thing as a strange feeling.

But I am not a man of great courage; my life in the wilds has taught me to dodge danger all I can; and I am not exaggerating when I say I know nothing which would have induced me to reascend those steps.

This second experience shook me somewhat, and for a little while I just stood there before the house, looking up at it, collecting myself. Then I went along towards the village.

It was quite dark now, but clear, with the vessel's riding-light showing against the sky like a low star, and the houses of the village a line of grey-black blots.

I went to the first of the houses. It was not in my mind to enter it—at any rate just yet—but to discover if it would repel me as the white man's house had done.

It did. Indeed, the strange influence was at work before I came even within touching distance. I went to the next, then skipped a few and tried two more. The same thing happened. The influence seemed to have grown stronger with the darkness.

I sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, to think the matter over, to puzzle it out. "Mainsail" had run to the beach again, and this time I did not call him back. But I could not think.

The thing that had happened was too extraordinary for mere thought. I am a most practical person, but my practicability was of no avail here.

Suddenly I felt I could no longer sit on the tree-trunk. I must get up and go away. It was dangerous to stay. I had no inkling of what the danger was, nor whence it would come. But that didn't matter.

The influence that had driven me out of the house was driving me off the tree-trunk.

I stood up and looked about me, and took deep breaths of the warm tropic air. A dreadful fear came to me that perhaps I was going off my head, that I had had a touch of the sun that day, although I knew that I hadn't.

I had a profound desire to run to the beach as "Mainsail" had done. I felt that something was ordering me to go.

I resisted it and started to walk along, parallel with the beach, not going anywhere in particular, but making what I thought was an effort to collect myself.

But the influence persisted, seeming to object to my walking as it had objected to my entering the houses and sitting down on the tree-trunk.

It went further. Once I stopped and leaned for a moment against a palm, and had a feeling that the palm was pushing me away. And from the sand beneath my feet there came peculiar sounds, as of warning.

SANDS that give forth sounds when walked upon are fairly common in the tropics. They are called "musical sands," and the sounds are said to be due to peculiarities in the shape and arrangement of their particles.

It may have been that this was the cause of the sounds that came from beneath my feet that night at Tuma. I say it *may* have been, but in view of the rest of the happenings I doubt it.

And so, for I know not how long, I walked among the palms of that deserted yet strangely undeserted island.

Then suddenly the intangible influence took more concrete shape, and, as it were, became like a voice which echoed and re-echoed in my brain, a voice soundless and wordless, telling me to get off the island, get off the island, repeating and repeating it, till at length I could endure it no longer, and turned and ran to the beach and sent shout after shout across the water, with "Mainsail" barking beside me as though his little lungs would burst.

• • •

And that was the end of my strange experience on Tuma, and soon it was the end of the island itself, for when in due course I came to a settlement and reported the fact of it being deserted, the sea-patrol went out to investigate, finding on the way the people of Tuma established on another island, but of Tuma itself no sign.

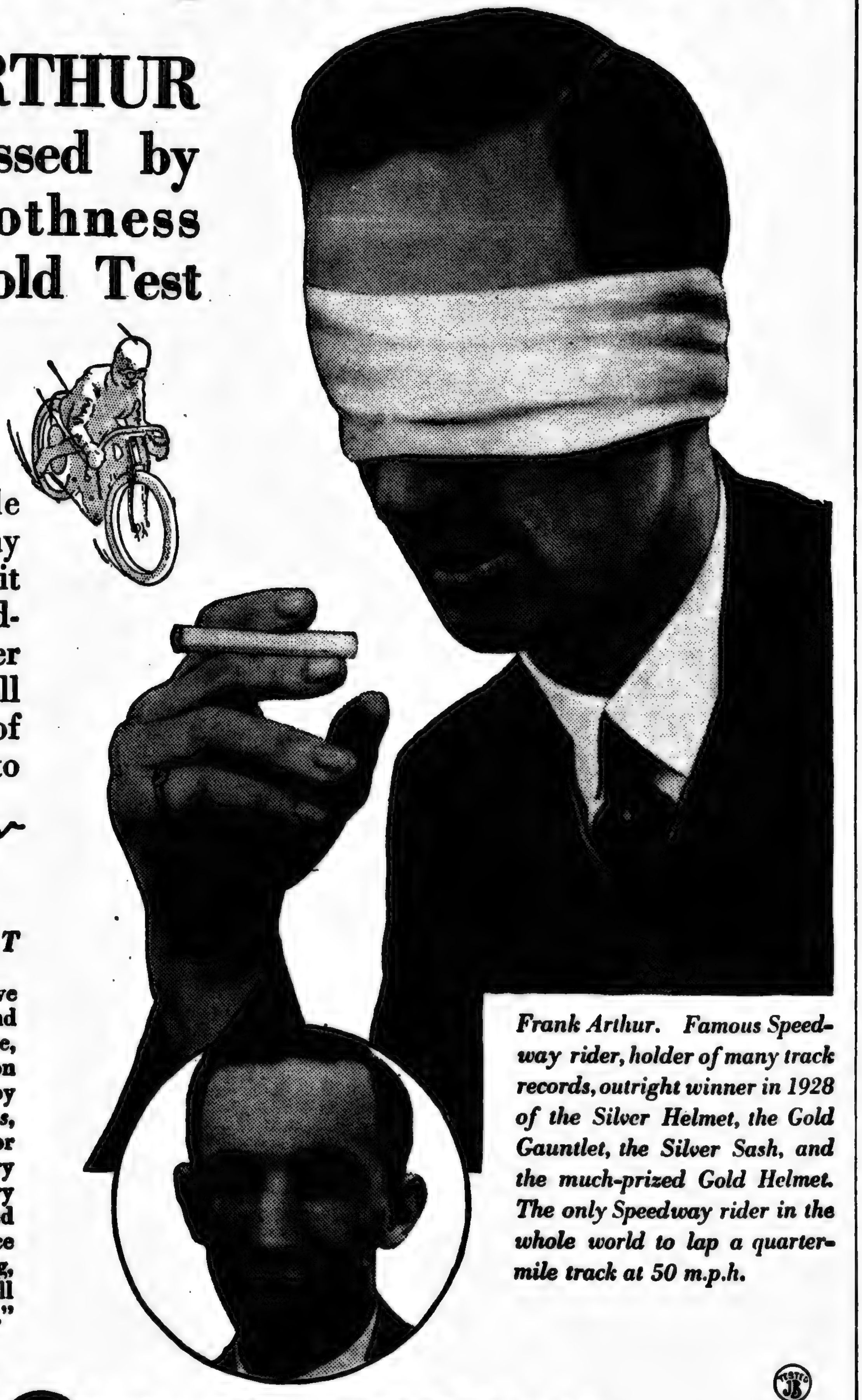
As sometimes happens in regions such as this, where the sea-floor is volcanic and given to subsidences, it had vanished beneath the sea.

And the explanation of that strange influence? I can only give the one given to me by Tuma folk with whom I have often talked since. Like most natives, they believe that Nature is a living thing which can see into the future and is much concerned for the welfare of mankind.

Believing this, they declare it was the island itself warning us to go away

Famous Dirt-Track Star, *Blindfolded*, picks SARONY

FRANK ARTHUR greatly impressed by Sarony's smoothness during Blindfold Test



"It was the noticeable smoothness of the Sarony which made me give it first place in the Blindfold Test . . . The other four cigarettes were all pretty good, but none of them came quite up to the Sarony."

Frank Arthur

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Test No. 48. 17.4.29.

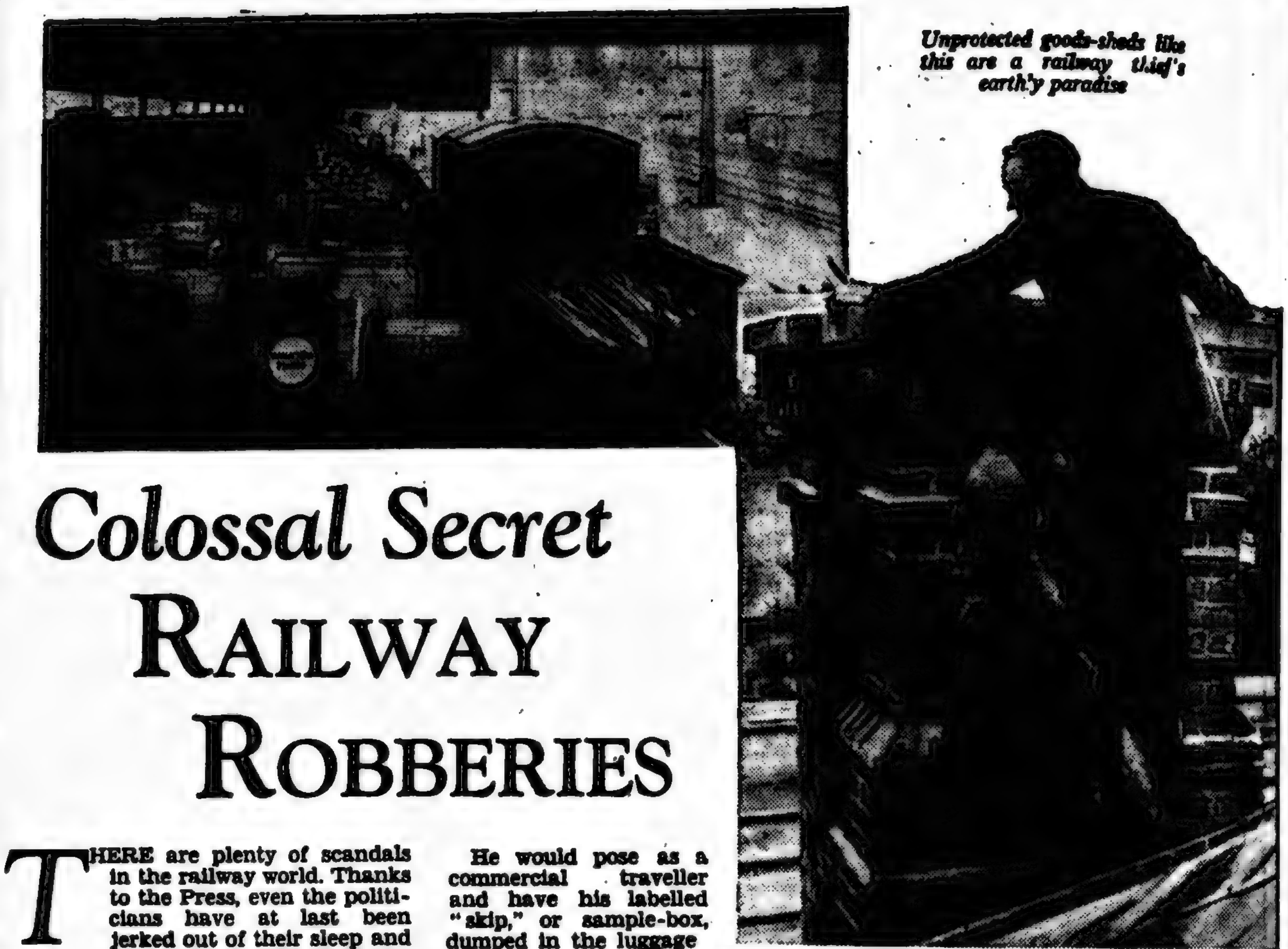
The blindfolded smoker tries five leading brands. Fresh coffee is at hand to be sipped between each cigarette, to clear the taste. Only one question is asked: "Which did you enjoy most?" Sarony's famous *smoothness*, and complete absence of bite or parch, is obtained by extraordinary care in tobacco leaf selection. A very careful blending of only picked leaves from a group of certain choice tobaccos gives Saronys their soothing, fragrant smoothness. So, "you can tell the difference, even blindfolded."

Frank Arthur. Famous Speedway rider, holder of many track records, outright winner in 1928 of the Silver Helmet, the Gold Gauntlet, the Silver Sash, and the much-prized Gold Helmet. The only Speedway rider in the whole world to lap a quarter-mile track at 50 m.p.h.

10 *for* 6d. **Sarony** **20 *for* 1/-**

YOU PICK OUT SARONYS FOR THEIR SMOOTHNESS

Issued by United Kingdom Tobacco Co. (1929) Ltd.



Unprotected goods-sheds like this are a railway thief's earthly paradise

One of Major Richardson's famous police dogs catches an escaping thief just in time. These fine dogs are increasingly used to guard railway sheds

Colossal Secret RAILWAY ROBBERIES

THERE are plenty of scandals in the railway world. Thanks to the Press, even the politicians have at last been jerked out of their sleep and made to realise that things are not all they might be.

High fares, high freights and inefficient organisation shriek for attention. So do the various items that, under many headings, appear in the companies' balance-sheets as "running costs."

None of these has shown any marked decrease in the last few years, but there is one of them that steadily maintains such a high figure that it is time the limelight was specifically directed to it.

The annual amount paid by the four railway groups in compensation for theft and damage to goods in transit has averaged over £650,000 annually for the last five years.

And, big as this sum is, it does not include the loss of goods that are conveyed at their owners' risk.

Theft represents by far the greatest part of this figure. The railway companies show a not unnatural reluctance to disclose the exact truth, but the loss due to pilferage is certainly not less than £10,000 per week—half a million sterling every year.

This is a scandal indeed, and it looks as though the Big Four needs a Big Five to put an end to it.

We are not blaming the railway police. They are a body of men as intelligent, well-equipped and efficient as the ordinary police.

Yet there is clearly something wrong, for every week the railway thieves walk away with goods that represent in value almost the cost of the entire railway police service.

Hard on the sleuths

The trouble is obviously the antiquated organisation of the railway companies. If they deliberately set out to hamper the police and help the thieves they could hardly improve on their present methods.

Look at the way goods are sent in open vans. Go and watch the loading and unloading sheds, and see how accessible they are. Look at the way freight-vans are shunted and left in unattended sidings owing to the congestion caused by the thousands of "toy" waggons in use. It all makes a perfect paradise for the determined thief.

It is perfectly simple for the pilferer to take advantage of these openings, as the following instances will show.

In the first case, the thief showed considerable coolness and enterprise. He would board a London-bound corridor-train at a large North Country station, always choosing a train having its luggage-van sandwiched between two sections of carriages, with passage through from one portion to the other.

He would pose as a commercial traveller and have his labelled "skip," or sample-box, dumped in the luggage van.

When the train was well on its way he would leave his seat in the carriage, pass into the luggage-van, unlock his "skip," and then, watching his chance, dump therein all the suitcases or other portable property on which he could lay hands or his "skip" conveniently hold.

He was caught by the merest accident. A train servant who handled the "skip" twice, to make way for luggage being put in at an unscheduled stop, noticed the difference in its weight.

In another case an astute police constable on several occasions noticed a plain Ford van at a large goods-shed.

Without having any very definite suspicions, he nevertheless enquired at the goods office what was its business there.

He found that the consignment note showed two cases of books.

Looking into things

Going to the goods "deck," he was sufficiently doubtful of the contents of the cases, by reason of their weight, to prise up a corner of one of them. They both contained dirt.

He knew that there recently had been a large crop of consignments which the company had been unable to deliver, because the addresses on the labels were apparently fictitious. When he went out to the shed again to question the driver of the van, it had disappeared.

Pursuing his investigations further, he discovered that the van had taken out two packages.

It was the custom at this yard for ingoing vans to produce consignment notes to the gatekeeper, and at the same time to announce what was being taken out.

The officer kept observation, and next time this particular van arrived he noticed that it brought four cases and handed in a consignment note for two, announcing the other two as "out."

He followed the van and saw its occupants leave four labelled cases. Then shortly after they lifted in two other cases from the goods deck.

No illegal corkscrews

They were immediately detained. The four dumped cases again contained rubbish.

The gang's headquarters were traced and an enormous amount of stolen property discovered, proving that their operations had gone on for a considerable time, and only the lucky presence of a singularly intelligent and alert constable had led to their undoing.

Such instances could be multiplied without end. Thefts from the old-fashioned type of open van in sidings reach tremendous figures. Large users of railway traffic, like the whisky distillers, for example, have been compelled to adopt their own measures for protection.

Whisky now travels in sealed vans and arrangements are made by the railway police whereby the seals are examined at various places on the journey.

But why should it devolve on the public to protect their own goods? It is outrageous that the railway companies cannot take adequate measures to safeguard the things that have been handed to them for safe transit.

Doddering system

It simply amounts to the fact that the public pays for a protection it does not get—as well as paying for the compensation it receives in the shape of extortionately high freightage charges.

Obviously, drastic remedies are needed to end losses that persist in recurring on such a large scale. If one of these remedies is a bigger police force, it is the clear duty of the companies to provide it.

But obviously the proper course is to re-equip the rolling-stock that goods are incapable of being tampered with and are only accessible to authorised persons.

These scandalous losses provide another and little-known argument for the long-overdue reorganisation of the entire railway system.

We commend the idea to those who are working for the modernisation of a shockingly out-of-date business.

◆

WILL YOU BE THERE on Election Night?

Tens of thousands will be watching the JOHN BULL Election Results as they are flashed on the screen outside the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, W., on Thursday night, May 30. Will you be there?

Elaborate arrangements have been made to ensure rapid and continuous service, so that the results will be shown on the screen as soon as they are received.

Look out for surprises!

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A CARAVAN of CARE

Ailing and Starving

Nancy

THE idea of living in a gipsy caravan spells enchantment for many youngsters. But the reality, as experienced by the little Montgomerys, would disenchant the hardiest.

Their caravan is one of many standing on the Belvedere marshes, in Kent. In wet weather the rain pours through the roof, soaking the beds.

The father was twice wounded in the war, and suffers with enteritis and ague.

He has a devoted wife and mother of his children. Unfortunately, she has been under treatment for tuberculosis, and when her seventh child was born last August the doctor stated that she was suffering badly from under-nourishment.

The baby lived only three weeks. The same year the woman lost another.

Practical help needed

Her daughter, Nancy, is attending the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, in London, as she suffers from tuberculosis, rendering her blind in one eye.

The boy, aged ten, is also under the T.B. dispensary. "He is constantly ill during the winter," says his mother. "The children can't help getting their feet wet. The mud is terrible."

The next boy has been discharged from hospital, where he had been for months. The two youngest boys are aged four and two years.

Their mother's ambition is to buy a small bungalow. For this she would need to pay £2 down and 8s. 2d. per week for eight months—when the home will be their own.

Here is a chance for some real practical help from our readers, which will brighten the life of a mother who has suffered much.

◆

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities' Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

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(*Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.*)

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AND THE CHOICE OF A CAREER

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The Greatest Man on Earth

by his Son

EDSEL FORD, now in England organising the new Ford works at Dagenham, writes of "Pop"—the man who made and sold 15,000,000 *tin Lizzies*

I HAVE never attempted to work out anything in the nature of a business philosophy for myself, and I see no reason why I should. I cannot imagine a better one than that held by my famous father, and it would be sheer presumption on my part to try and go "one better."

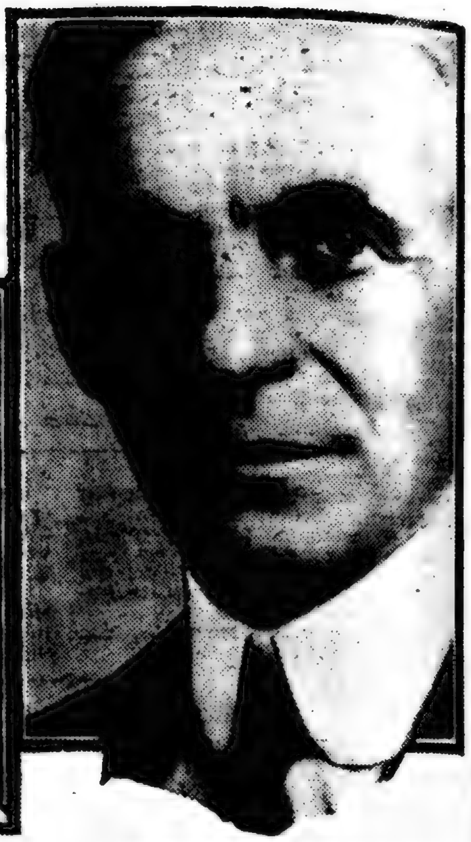
Besides, I have had all the advantages of his thought. Thanks to his success, I went to the Detroit University on leaving the elementary school. And in my student days I was allowed to have any automobile I wanted—in fact, I had every new model that came out.

These must have run into money—although more than likely my father would have bought them anyway, for he has always made a practice of buying all kinds of cars and eventually taking them apart to see how they are made and of what they are made.

But my father has never thought of money as money. He has always seemed to have enough for what he wanted to do. I have never heard him talk about having too little or too much. In fact, *he does not talk about money at all.*

I have mentioned my own start in life purposely to contrast it with my father's. He started as a mechanic, and it was his practical experience that helped him to work out his invention.

"I have had all the advantages"



"He started working from the bottom"

BUT while he started working from the bottom, devoting his brain to studying every detail of mechanical construction, he was at the same time developing his natural talent for administration.

He is a many-sided man. For instance, he can go into the most intimate mechanical details—not only of the cars, but also of the machinery necessary for their production. Yet, at the same time, he can, and does, maintain a detached perspective of the whole great business.

When I graduated in 1912 I was eager to go right into this business, which, of course, followed my father's hopes. But, being a believer in the school of experience, my father advised me to get all the experience I could.

He said that I ought to learn everything that was going on in the place. At that time we had just acquired new plant, after making only one model for four years, and our real business had just started.

In fact, in 1912 we produced 70,000 cars. Up till then no one would have dreamed it possible to bring mass production up to such a pitch.

My father told me that I would not learn all I ought to know just by working in the shops, but that I would do better to spend two or three years wandering around, seeing how everything was done and getting acquainted with the men.

HE said that I would learn more in that way than in any other.

And so, in his off-hand way, he put me to learning what had to be administered, instead of doing what some might have thought the obvious thing and letting me learn a lot of jobs.

Then he began to put responsibility on me. Here, again, his method was unique. He hardly ever tells a man *how* to do anything. He just tells him what is to be accomplished and leaves the man to work out the matter for himself.

Of course, there are inevitable mistakes, but my father is the most patient man in the world in that respect. He lets a man make mistakes even when he himself knows in advance that a mistake is going to be made.

Naturally, if the results of the mistakes are going to be too disastrous and are likely to affect the public, he steps in at the right moment. But otherwise he will let the man go ahead and find out for himself that he was wrong.

That is what he has done for me; and it is his general policy. He holds that it is the only way to train a man into accepting responsibility, which is the hardest thing in business. He says it is easy enough to get men who will carry out orders.

PERHAPS the chief factor in my father's philosophy is his principle of paying high wages and selling at low prices. In time, any employer who does not follow his lead will be considered far more odd than he was when he first blazed the trail.

Everyone now knows that high wages provide high buying power, and that in order to sell one must provide buying power.

And everyone *ought* to know also that high wages are not expensive wages, for it is up to the management to see that organisation makes high wages low wages so far as the cost of the product is concerned.

I have no idea how high wages can go or how low the prices of products will go. These things have to be worked out and adjusted as one goes along; but I doubt if there will ever be another great increase like the one in 1914, when my father doubled the average wages.

But all the time he is making slight increases as and where they seem deserved.

MY father was working on his first car a year or so before I was born. He had it running when I was about three. He has told me that I rode in it, but of course I cannot recall anything about it.

His first product of which I have knowledge was a racing car called the "999," which he built in a little brick shop.

He was building it to win a race at the Grosse Point track, and that was all our family talked about.

The "999" had four cylinders and developed 80 horse-power. The engine was never covered, the chassis had no body—only a seat, and it never boasted a silencer.

I remember that car in the race—a flying cloud of dust—belching forth fire and smoke and making the most terrifying racket any human being ever heard. *But it won the race!*

And I reckon my father's won his race, too.

HE lives twenty-four hours a day; he collects antiques; he builds odds and ends of things just for his own amusement; and, in general I'll bet he has more fun than many a man who turns himself crazy running around and trying to have "a good time."

The MYSTERIOUS MEMORIAL

ELEVEN years have gone by since the Armistice, but the inhabitants of Moreton, near Birkenhead, are still in a quandary concerning their local war memorial.

Back in 1924 Moreton was presented with a piece of freehold land by Lady Compton Vyner, and it was decided that a local war memorial, known as the "Victory Hall," should be built upon it with funds raised by public subscription.

Such a hall was actually built, but it has never been formally opened.

After standing empty for some time the Cheshire County Council took it over at a rental of £125, to cope with the overflow from the local infants' school. The generous souls who had subscribed towards the memorial scheme were not even consulted.

In 1928, the hall was taken over by the Wallasey Education Authority at a rental of £150 a year, but once again the public were not consulted.

Meanwhile, the contractor who built the hall is still owed £360, and has received no money for three years.

Such a state of affairs is utterly unsatisfactory to bereaved relatives of war victims, who, all told, have contributed £750 towards the memorial.

The authorities responsible for the administration of this money must give a satisfactory account of their stewardship without delay.

‘It’s mixed in no time, Mum’

—says Mrs. Rawlins

“I can well remember the days before we had Robin Starch, Mum. It’s what you might call a real bit of progress, an’ no mistake! It’s no trouble to mix, and, what’s more, you get results—smooth, easy ironing and a finish that satisfies you. It’s me that’s telling you, Mum—Mrs. Rawlins, and I’ve had a lot of experience. You must ’ave two things by you if you’re ’oping for any success. One is Reckitt’s Blue. That’s for keeping your white things really white like they should be. And the other is this Robin Starch for doing the work in ’alf the time and doing it better.”

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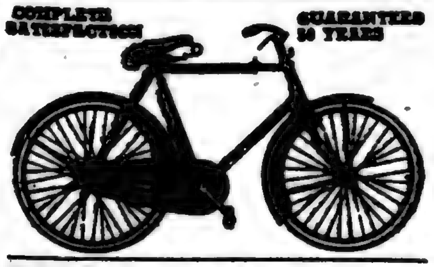

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Well then! Milk is a baby’s natural food. But many babies — perhaps yours — can’t digest ordinary milk. But almost any Baby can digest Nestlé’s Milk. And so when you give your baby Nestlé s you are giving him rich full-cream milk in a form in which he can take it and keep it and turn it to gain and growth. That is why Nestlé’s Milk brings so many babies round the critical corner and sets them on their way.

NESTLÉ’S MILK

NESTLÉ’S MILK FOOD Later on will come the time when Baby requires a follow-on food—something more than milk. And it is here that Nestlé’s Milk Food comes in. Nestlé’s Milk Food will carry on the good work which Nestlé’s Milk has begun. Send a card to Nestlé’s, Infant Welfare Dept., 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, for full particulars of Nestlé’s Milk Food.

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ON REMAND—*they* JAIL HIM FIRST—

and Try Him Later

Innocent—but remanded in custody, and branded for life as a jail-bird. This fine picture is actually taken out of a British-made film—"To What Red Hell"

THERE are thousands of men in this country to-day who can never forget that they have been jail-birds, despite the fact that they have never been convicted of a crime and have never been sentenced to a single day's imprisonment.

They give the lie to that proud national boast that an Englishman is innocent until he is proved guilty.

For they will retain to the end of their days cruel reminiscences of days spent, convict-like, in a remand jail.

The whole system of arrest and remand in this country demands overhauling.

Recent enquiries, commissions and controversies have touched only the fringe of the problem.

They have brought notoriety to certain nonentities; they have awakened unjustifiable distrust of the police force, and have made young couples afraid to venture into Hyde Park after dark.

Only a single, trenchant minority report touched the heart of the matter. And this has been wasted, inasmuch as it is rapidly being forgotten.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary, has laboured hard and earnestly on behalf of the convicted man, and has striven to ease his lot while in jail.

"Jix's" helping hand

Perhaps, after reading the revelations below, he will stretch out a helping hand to the man who needs it even more—the innocent jail-bird, whose only "crime" was to be wrongly suspected.

Listen to an unvarnished human story of what can happen to an innocent Englishman in this year of grace 1929:

I was a man in a fair way of business. My record had been as clean as the rest. I had not a single conviction against me.

It chanced that certain people with whom I had been doing business chose to imagine that I had been guilty of sharp practice. They complained to the police.

I was suddenly arrested after ten o'clock one Saturday night.

I was kept over the week-end in the cell of a police-station, charged on the Monday morning, and spent a week in Brixton on remand before I could arrange for bail.

In the end I was acquitted on all of the five charges of false pretences brought against me.

Stigma and loss

But, although I was perfectly innocent, I had suffered the ignominy of arrest, the stigma of jail, loss of valuable time, and damage to my business, when the cause of justice could have been just as successfully upheld if the magistrates had refused a warrant for my arrest and the police had resorted to a summons.

Magistrates, particularly in the provinces, where it is imagined that a shopkeeper can be converted into a magistrate by putting "J.P." after his name, are far too casual in granting warrants.

It should be their duty, in all cases, to assure themselves that there are excellent reasons why a man should be arrested and not summoned. There are far too many cases similar in principle to my own.

That fact is proved by the number of persons who are remanded on their own recognisances—on bail that is so trifling that it amounts to nothing but a confession that, although there was a fair case for trial, the arrest has been superfluous.

In my own case, I might mention, the money involved was not considerable, and I had my own house and business.

After arrest

Intelligence alone should have guided the police and the magistrates in knowing that I should not attempt to run away.

Later I was, for twelve weeks, on bail in my own recognisances of £10. How, in face of this, can my arrest be justified?

But this angle is only one of the many that are insufficiently studied.

Assuming, for instance, that a man has been arrested and removed to the police-station, he should be given immediate facilities for communicating with his family and legal advisers. And not only should he be furnished with adequate writing materials, but he should be permitted the use of the telephone under supervision.

It was not until the evening of my arrest that I was allowed to write letters, so that they did not reach their destinations in time, and I was forced to go to Brixton instead of being bailed out.

Reasonably decent food should be provided free of charge. The money in the possession of an arrested man may be needed for food at home.

A check should be placed on the casual manner in which, after sometimes weeks of enquiry, the police demand a remand in order to pursue further enquiries at their leisure.

Excusable in the case of serious charges, it is a tyrannical procedure in the case of minor offences.

Then, from the bottom of my heart, I pity the man who is unable to find bail, and is hustled off to a remand jail, where, innocent or guilty, his experiences are a punishment in themselves.

Incidentally, a remanded man should always be taken to and from the remand jail in a Black Maria, or by plain-clothed police officers or warders.

Handcuffed!

It is hard to believe, but it is true, that I was actually forced to stand between two uniformed warders for nearly an hour on a familiar station platform, handcuffed, where I could be seen by both friends and acquaintances.

I, an innocent man, against whom nothing had been proved!

At the remand jail itself there should be some attempt made to classify prisoners. It is revolting to a man of breeding or refinement to have to mix with the dregs of society.

Nor should the daily exercise take the form of marching round a jail parade-ground in the same manner as convicts. This alone is a form of punishment.

And why should such exercise be compulsory? In the winter-time many may be too thinly-clad to stand the cold. If they ask for clothing they are offered prison garb.

Apart from legal interviews, two friends may visit a prisoner daily for fifteen minutes. This time limit is frequently quite inadequate. A business man, for instance, needs much longer if he tries to keep a grip on his affairs.

The taking of finger-prints is supposed to be optional. But is it?

The police can always oppose bail if a prisoner should refuse. Under no circumstances should finger-prints be taken until a man is convicted.

There should be greater facilities for reading. The two books at present handed to a prisoner on remand are usually unsuitable, and pages are missing.

Papers may be obtained at the prisoners' own expense, and may be kept for one day. When finished with they should be distributed to those less fortunate and who lack money.

Attendance at divine service should not be compulsory; there should be better and more private lavatory accommodation; there should be better facilities for washing and cleaning.

Temporary convicts

A man may have a mug of beer sent in. Why not an occasional cigarette for those who do not drink?

The present system makes a temporary convict of a man who is held to be innocent until he is proved guilty, and who often is innocent.

In my own case, my terrible experience in Brixton cost me £200 in wasted business opportunities and personal and legal expenses.

Yet it is still said that an Englishman is innocent until he is proved guilty.

◆

Going—GOING—G——!

HAVEN'T you sometimes visited a friend who has been the proud possessor of a camera? He has taken you aside, fetched out his album and showed you wonderful snaps of his holidays.

Wouldn't you like a camera to take away with you this summer? JOHN BULL is offering to every reader a "J.B. Ensign" Camera free, not only for himself (or herself), but for a friend as well.

This may be your very last chance. The hammer is falling on one of the greatest offers ever made. Applications by their tens of thousands have been pouring in and soon the very last camera will be gone.

While there is still time, turn to page 16 and get the forms filled in to-day.

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Merry kiddies whose health is protected by Gibbs Dentifrice.

Gibbs Dentifrice guards their birthright—happiness—by guarding their health. Sound teeth mean health. All Gibbs Dentifrice does, helps to preserve teeth. Decay-causing matter is swept thoroughly away. Teeth are polished to pearly lustre—no foothold for germs.

Gums are toned up. The whole mouth refreshed. Thus Gibbs Dentifrice guards those Ivory Castles. Fragrant cleansing foam; gentle, yet sure, polishing agent; tonic properties—all do their part. The wonder is that such a handy little case holds so much good. But it does.

Buy your case of Gibbs Dentifrice to-day.

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

Large size - 1/-
De Luxe - 1/6
Refills - 11d.

Popular size, 7½d.
Tubes, 6d. and 1/-
These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles
defend them with Gibbs Dentifrice
Gibbs Dentifrice

G.D.14S

YOU will overcome Anaemia if you take Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

If your blood is thin and weak, every drop of Hall's Wine you take will do you good. This wonderful tonic nourishes and increases the red corpuscles and makes the blood rich—healthy—vigorous. The reinvigorated blood carries new health and new life to every part of the body, overcomes weakness and restores the bloom of health to the cheeks.

Large Bottle, 5/6. Smaller size, 3/3.

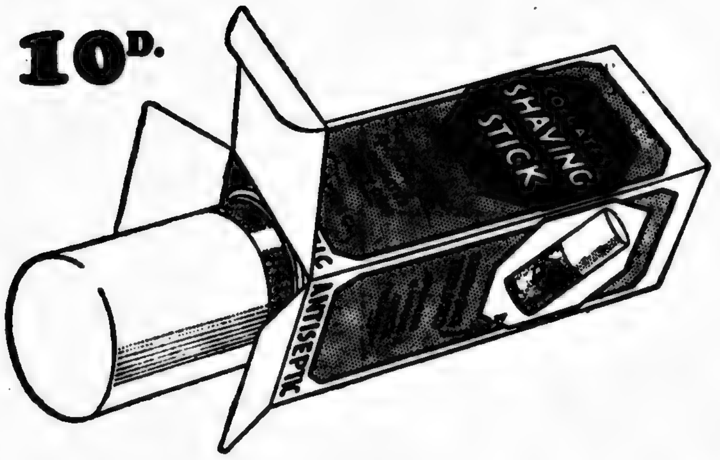
716

Lather that's lavish!

Shave in luxury! Colgate's helps your razor by making copious lather, clouds and clouds of it! Helps by lathering freely at the first touch of the brush. Helps by holding the hairs up to meet the blade. Use Colgate's daily to make the beard soft and the face smooth. You can get it from any Stores, Chemist's or Hairdresser's. Your own will recommend it.

Shaving Stick & Refill 10d.
In bright nickel box - 1/-
Handy-Grip Stick - 1/3
Rapid Shave Cream
Large Size 1/6

10D.



COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

Mrs. M. Tate, 8, Latimer Street, Southampton, whose ulcerated varicose leg is now quite healed.

"Healing is Believing"

Tormented with an ulcerated varicose leg, Mrs. Tate found complete relief in Clarke's Blood Mixture. To other sufferers she recommends the remedy that has been famous as a Blood purifier for more than 70 years. She *tried* it and proved its worth. Benefit by her experience. Just as good for Abscesses, Swollen Glands, Piles, Eczema, Sore Places, Boils, and Eruptions.

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When outward application is also required Use CLARKE'S MIRACULOUS SALVE.

Banish drabness

YOU will be surprised to see how easy it is to brighten and beautify with a glossy coat of Aspinall's Enamel. Quick-drying. No distasteful smell. Non-inflammable. WASHABLE GET A TIN TO-DAY and make your home spick-and-span.

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If your cigarette bill is on the long side—roll your own next week. Zig-Zag Cigarette Papers save you 3½d. in every shilling—and you get finer, fresher cigarettes.

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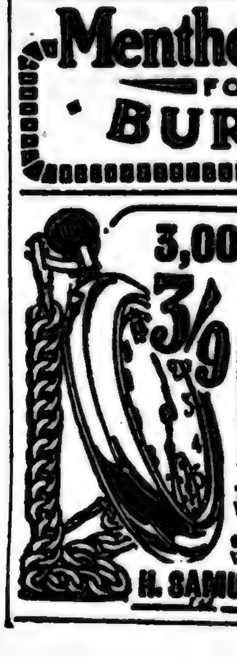
Mentholatum FOR BURNS



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H. SAMUEL Ltd. (Dept. 190), Market St., Manchester.

How can she frustrate

HER MANIAC MOTHER-IN-LAW

who plots the death of her unborn babe?

THE bride of a year, I love my husband dearly. As we are expecting our first baby in the coming autumn we should be full of joy, but instead our lives, mine in particular, are one long round of misery.

The cause is my husband's mother, with whom we came to live owing to the terrible shortage of houses.

She began to torment me before I had been married a fortnight. My father-in-law, trying to make me feel at home, had shown me some small kindnesses, and these were instantly interpreted as evidences of "lewd carryings-on" on my part.

Nasty tales were spread about, so that I could feel the neighbours' eyes on me and hear them whispering as I walked out.

For the sake of peace, my father-in-law stopped noticing me and I went out of the way as much as possible while my husband was at work.

This was used to try to poison his mind with hints that I "got my smart clothes by going about with other men."

Threats of violence followed, for, finding she could make no impression on my husband, my mother-in-law swore she would herself "spoil my game" by throwing boiling carbolic on my face or giving me an unlucky blow "where I least expected it."

I became so terrified that I asked a magistrate about it, with the final result that she was taken away for treatment in a mental ward.

She could not be actually certified, and before the end of the winter she came home again.

The moment I was alone with her hell re-started. Learning of my condition, she laughed fiendishly and swore "she'd see to that." Since then, by every means in her power, she has tried to carry out her threat.

In the great frost she threw cold water on the steps at night in the hope of seeing me fall on the ice next morning.

Seeing that I was careful, for I do want my baby, she loosened the lino from the top to the bottom of the stairs, and a tragedy was narrowly averted.

My father-in-law, who tried to take her in hand, was cut in the face by a picture she threw at him.

My husband then took up the matter so angrily that he has been bound over to keep the peace. This is another part of my trouble. My mother-in-law, with the cunning of the half-sane, does not exhibit her worst tantrums to strangers, who always think we exaggerate.

So what can we do? My husband trudges himself weary trying to find a house. But all those to let are at rents we cannot possibly pay, and no one will let rooms to a couple who have a baby coming.

"HUMANIST" says: Report your mother-in-law's conduct to the authorities once more. But, failing her re-admission into an asylum, you must leave her.

If you cannot find accommodation within your means, ask the guardians to receive you into the infirmary for your confinement, your husband contributing to the cost.

It is his bounden duty to find you any refuge rather than leave both you and his unborn child at the mercy of a maniac.

MUST LOVE

oust friendship?

MY first three desires, a commercial degree, congenial employment and a real male chum, I have fulfilled.

My chum is a real pal. He cheers me, and helps me to lead the life I know a decent fellow ought to lead.

This feeling of loyalty to my friend was in no way disturbed when suddenly I fell in love.

I met a girl who struck me as the sweetest thing I have ever encountered, and then and there was born my fourth desire—to possess her for my wife.

She seemed to reciprocate my feelings, and we became engaged. This was more than a year ago.

It added to my happiness to know my man pal approved my choice, and that my fiancée accepted him as a brother.

But after a while I discovered that the real feeling of my fiancée was, and is, that a man has no need of men pals once he becomes engaged.

Her mother and sister back her up in this attitude, and when I am with them in their home it is painful to hear their sneers.

It is ridiculous, they say, for one man to get such a hold over another.

Finally, my girl has grown so cold and distant, refusing even my kisses, that I begged her to tell me the reason.

She replied in a burst of spiteful temper that it had come to this—I must either give up my pal or part from her.

When I pleaded with her to be less hasty her fury increased, and finally she tore off her engagement-ring and flung it in my face, saying that as I could not choose between her and my chum, she would.

This was a week ago, and I don't know what to do. I love my pal and cannot see what harm his friendship could possibly do our married life.

Yet I can't give up the girl, for I cherish a really deep affection for her still.

"HUMANIST" says: Then you are both short-sighted and foolish. A girl capable of acting in so petty and unreasoning a manner will make a sorry wife.

"If thou hast a friend, grapple him to thy soul with hooks of steel" is a maxim that still holds good; but love of the hectic kind that shuts out all the world is not of that enduring stuff that carries married folk to a peaceful eventide through all the storms of life.

Think twice before wedding a bundle of jealousy.

HIS PARTY

v. his job

FOR four years I have enjoyed a steady, well-paid job. My hobby is politics, and I am a fervent supporter of the Party which I believe to be the right one.

This is also true of the head of my firm, but the trouble is that he supports a Party the exact opposite of mine.

Now, as the election approaches, he has become an absolute political bigot.

He lays down the law on every occasion, and holds everyone who maintains the opposite view as no better than a traitor.

None of his employees dares openly discuss, much less express, any political opinion other than that held by the boss. They feel instinctively that should they do so dismissal would follow.

And so, as jobs are hard to get, they play the safe game—and always agree with their employer's opinions, whatever their private thoughts may be.

This infuriates me.

I hold my own opinions strongly, and in previous years have exercised what I feel is an Englishman's right at election times, to work as hard as possible for the chosen candidate of my side.

This time I feel a terrible hypocrite. In all respects save this my employer is a just and temperate man. He treats me as a trusted employee.

But when he talks politics I seem to agree, though my private opinion is far otherwise.

He expects me to vote his way, and I cannot summon up courage to undeceive him.

Am I justified in playing a double game, or should I risk my livelihood in blurting out the truth?

"HUMANIST" says: Discretion is the better part of valour. Don't commit yourself, and remember the ballot is secret.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

Homely Wisdom *By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

BEST SIDE UP

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER speaks of "the special seasons, known to most of us, when those who have come back from the gates of the grave combine the pathetic sacredness of the dead with the sweet familiarity of the living, and we feel that we can never be angry with their faults nor irritated by their follies any more."

In a similar vein I once heard the late Principal Fairbairn say in a sermon: "If we thought of the living as we think of the dead, cared for the living as we care for the dead, reverenced the living as we reverence the dead, how much happier and sweeter would our earthly life be."

But people seldom do act in this way.

THEY forget, or become fretful and impatient, or resent trifles, or think they are receiving less than their due or are being slighted or put upon, and before they know it they are saying and doing hard and cruel things that spoil and ravage daily life.

I am convinced from what I know of my fellow-creatures that nearly every man is better than he seems.

You might never suspect that the person who annoys you by his rude or offhand manner of speech is in reality a humble, kindly soul, who wishes you well and is sorry when he hurts you—when he thinks about it at all.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler

You little know how a bad-tempered or overbearing individual may be reproaching himself for his outbreaks or telling himself in the watches of the night what a fool he is and what a poor thing he is making of his life.

You laugh at the idea? Well, look into your own heart.

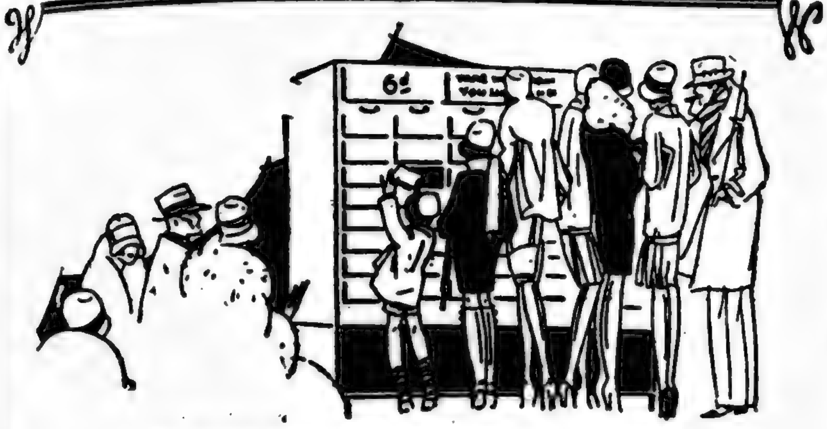
Are you what you seem to your critics or even to your best friends?

I believe you want to be better than you are; you regret your failures and mistakes; you wish you could put matters right with those who misunderstand you.

But are you going to say so? Oh, dear no. You couldn't; you are tongue-tied; you conceal your real feelings under a demeanour that often conveys an impression of the very opposite.

BREAK through it. Try to see and treat others as you would if death were knocking at the door.

Down with the barriers of constraint. Let your true self appear. Don't be ashamed to be kind. If you owe a debt of love, pay it freely; and if you don't, go on loving all the same.



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Dear Sir,—I was taken seriously ill with RHEUMATISM and eventually lost my work. I had it in every part of my body. My feet, hands and wrists swelled enormously, and I had a temperature of 102. When the pain went to my head I thought I should lose my senses. Doctor's medicine and liniment gave me no relief. After taking two boxes of Urace Tablets every trace of Rheumatism was cleared out. Within five days I was out of bed and able to stroll in the open. I have never been without Urace since.

Yours faithfully, W. THREADER.

URACE RELIEVES & RELIEVES QUICKLY

URACE, and URACE alone, can relieve Rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—and expels it from the system, and prevents its reappearance. That is why it RELIEVES and RELIEVES QUICKLY. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box, from Boots, Timothy White and Co., Taylors, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 82, St. Thomas's Street, London, S.E.1.

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The Acknowledged Relief for
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Best for all small buildings; clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. [illegible] Heavy grade [illegible]. Every roll guaranteed. Used under lino on concrete prevents rot.

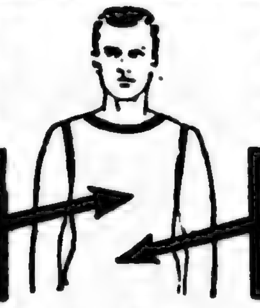
LASTS LONGEST! Of Ironmongers everywhere

ZAM-BUK *Is The Best Healing Ointment*

INDIGESTION YIELDS TO CICFA BECAUSE

(1) it supplies the right ferments
(2) at the right time
(3) in the right place.

IT IS a popular fallacy that digestion takes place only in the Stomach. Actually, digestion begins in the mouth with the action of the saliva on the food; it is continued in the Stomach by the action of the digestive juices, and completed in the Bowel. Albuminous foods, such as meat, eggs, etc., are digested in the Stomach. Starchy foods, such as bread, potatoes, beans, bananas, etc., are digested in the Bowel.



If the PAIN IS HERE your trouble is Stomach Indigestion, and the symptoms are:—

(1) *Gasses in the Stomach with eructations;*
(2) *Sharp neuralgic Headaches;*
(3) *Acid in Stomach, with Heartburn;*
(4) *Tongue coated white all over;*
(5) *Complexion blotchy with redness of nose;*
(6) *Disinclination to eat, and nausea;*
(7) *Stabbing pains in chest; and*
(8) *Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.*

It is obvious that incomplete digestion at any stage must upset digestion further down the tract. Failure in the supply of digestive juices in the Stomach causes Acidity and distressing fermentation. The fermenting food, entering the lower part of the alimentary tract, makes trouble there. As the food is passed along it is formed into little hard, dry masses, or "starch balls," which block the passage, causing Constipation, with its attendant misery and embarrassment. The Bile Circulation is affected, Fermentation continues, and Acids and impurities find their way to the liver. **Thus the "liverish" symptoms complained of are really caused by Bowel Indigestion.** The blood becomes impure, affecting the joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

Read the following remarkable tribute to the efficacy of Cicfa.

"To Cicfa Coy.,—Will you please let me have samples of your Cicfa to distribute among my patients? Myself and family have used them for years and are never without them. I am continually praising them and recommending them to my friends. You may use my letter as a testimonial. Wishing you every success.

Yours gratefully,
(signed)
NURSE P. SQUIRE."

If the PAIN IS HERE it is Bowel Indigestion, and the symptoms are:—

(1) *Flatulence;*
(2) *Dull Heavy Headaches;*
(3) *Acidity, causing Gout and Rheumatism;*
(4) *Tongue coated Yellow at back;*
(5) *Complexion Muddy or Pasty.*
(6) *Serious Loss of Appetite;*
(7) *Biliousness and bad taste in mouth;*
(8) *Pains in Bowel and Constipation.*

CICFA restores digestion throughout the entire alimentary tract (i.e. the whole of the digestive system) **BECAUSE IT SUPPLIES THE NECESSARY DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.** because Cicfa aids digestion in a natural way that its effect is lasting. Purgatives—rhubarb, ginger, soda, etc., may give relief for a short time, but are often followed by even more acute Indigestion.

In view of the fact that thousands of British Doctors have taken up Cicfa, you should have no hesitation in giving it an immediate trial. Every Chemist knows Cicfa, and can supply it in tubes at 1/3 and 3/-.

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Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful

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Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample

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John Bull, 25/5/29.

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Our Letter Parliament

Where My Candidate Fails

How I Lost Love

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject above, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters on this subject must reach us by first post on Tuesday, May 28.

LIKE many more Members, my candidate is just a figure-head. He never makes a speech, never asks a question, and his name is rarely mentioned in debates.

Half the year he is abroad looking after the interests of his big business, instead of being at Westminster to do what he promised.

But now we will have plenty of bowing and scraping and other sob-stuff to get our votes, and probably he will organise a "bun-rush" on his estate to catch the flappers' and old women's votes.

As an employer, he has deducted—robbed, I should say—10s. per week from the wages of his workers who are drawing the old-age pension.—*Independent, Sussex.*

The Wrong War

A good man for the job, my candidate takes up too much time talking about the horrors of war, and that we should see to it that there are no more wars.

Yet he does not seem to understand that the war is still on, a war against starvation and unemployment.

So until he forgets about war with guns and gets on with the present one, he will be in my mind a failure.—*George Wilson, Fifeshire.*

Too Historical

He talks too much—and does not know it. He knows too much—and does not realise it.

When answering a question, he takes audience and questioner back to the Middle Ages in his endeavour to give satisfaction.

By the time he has landed in the thirteenth century, most of his audience are either asleep or have gone home.

Heaven help us if the next Parliament is composed of Members of his verbosity.—*E. E., South Wales.*

Mud-Slingers

My candidate, as every other candidate, whatever his Party, fails by abuse, both political and personal, of his opponent.

Everywhere we see posters designed to vilify other Parties' candidates. They are vindictive, grossly exaggerated and misleading.

For years the country generally has been going forward to better things. Surely this has not been brought about by the so-called wrong-doings of the various Governments we have had in the last half-century?—*F. Ryde, South Coast.*

Only Fit for Marines

While standing up to my knees in Flanders mud, with "Jerry" opening rapid bursts of fire at me and Bairnsfather making rapid sketches of me, for the amusement of the dear ones at home, my candidate assured me he was making England fit for heroes to live in.

He now tells me he can solve the unemployment question. I've referred him to the "Marines."—*R. A., Kent.*

He's Bashful

His failings are many and he cannot remedy them. Once he is heckled, blood comes to his cheeks and weakness gets into his legs.

When he gets up to speak he searches his pockets for his notes, giving ruffians a chance to poke fun.

After beginning his speech he finds that the pages are not in order, and while he tries to find the needed sheet hecklers start a pandemonium.

His grounds for expecting votes are his acquaintance with local geography and the fact that he has never lived outside the constituency.

He forgets the Party's programme.—*Southwalian.*

Faded Away

He thinks more of the name he bears than of the constituency he represents. Seventy-seven votes saved him from defeat at the last election, but he never visited his constituency again.

Small wonder, therefore, that this anti-democratic M.P. should devote much of his Parliamentary energies to turning out democratically-elected guardians by legislation that Mussolini would envy and installing his own dictators in their places.

Having funked another fight and "retired" to a safe seat, my candidate has failed in every attribute of manliness and sportsmanship.—*H. Green, Warwickshire.*

Plain John

Although my candidate represents the most popular Party in his division, I predict that his young debonair opponent, representing the views opposing the people's convictions, will be successful.

His ever-present smile creates a favourable impression on the minds of youth and age alike, and behind it his views are hidden.

My candidate, good, sincere, whole-hearted, and representing the people's convictions, lacks the personality which touches the multitude.—*Leslie Oliver, Devon.*

Ambling Moses

Right at the start and all the time is the exact spot where my candidate fails.

He ambles backward and forward on the platform, telling how he is the Moses of the twentieth century and how he will lead the people into the promised land, which is flowing with milk and honey.

This little Moses story would be all right for students who are studying for foreign missions, but it cuts no ice with me.—*A. J. S., Renfrewshire.*

Just All Wrong

He's a retired Army officer and would vote for war: he's a solicitor, therefore ambiguous; he isn't a miner, proving he will never understand my working conditions; he has plenty of money and doesn't know what a hungry belly feels like; he belongs to a generation that once governed and still thinks Britain is as of yore.

If he saw this letter he would instantly have me shot, as he has no sense of humour, and if an Englishman hasn't that, he's no candidate at all.—*Chas. Wood, Durham.*

Baby Talk

My candidate fails because she is a woman with a woman's outlook.

In an effort to attract the votes of the new electors she dwells unduly on points of interest mainly to her own sex. Man apparently has an insignificant position on her political horizon.

Unemployment is skipped over, and talks on how to bathe babies monopolise her addresses.

Tactically the candidate is foolish, because men voters in the constituency outnumber the women.—*W. Leece, Lancs.*

Bedtime Stories

He believes in fairies. At least, this is the one charitable explanation of his continuous assertions that if he and his Party are elected to office, the wings of the Angel of Peace will enfold the world, the purse of Fortunatus will be open to every industrial worker, and the outskirts of London will become the place of many mansions at an average rental of six shillings per week.

The magic wand which is to produce all these desirable items of our modern civilisation is an oblong piece of paper marked with a cross—for him.—*H. J. Reynolds, S.W.*

• • •

Letters in Little

He will persist in rushing off to another meeting, leaving a substitute to answer questions.—*Staffs Miner.*

My candidate fails because he mixes up hymns and Winston Churchill.—*L. M., Neath.*

He fails when he tries to make me believe that he is an angel from heaven and his opponent a devil from hell.—*J. H., Lancashire.*

As a "Miss X," I think my candidate fails in his fastidiousness regarding personal appearance. Perhaps time will teach him that "flappers" prefer a politician to give more time to studying the trade barometer than the wardrobe mirror.—*D. M. S., Huddersfield.*

I hope that JOHN BULL readers will pledge their candidates at the General Election to the cleaning-up and reform of industrial assurance.—*D. H., Glam.*

If there was as much enthusiasm put into a scheme to make lasting the world's peace as there is spent on the Cup Final each year we should see some results.—*V. McLean, Bolton.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

CAN KOPI DO IT?

Here's Mr. Joel

IT is not necessary for me to put up my 1, 2, 3 for the Epsom classic until next week, and, as anything might happen in training, I shall leave it until the last minute.

Cragadour and Walter Gay have been indicated already, and, for the benefit of JOHN BULL readers who hope to win the umpteen thousands offered by those newspapers running Derby competitions, I suggest Kopi as a likely one to figure in the leading flight.

My Irish friends tell me that it is all over bar the shouting, and point to their amazing record this season.

Elton, Parwiz, Athford, Mr. Jinks, Taj Mah, Royal Minstrel and First Flight—practically all of the big-race winners—have been bred in the Emerald Isle.

• • •

Kopi comes from Colonel Loder's Old Connell Stud. I do not share their rabid enthusiasm, but the son of the 1920 winner, Spion Kop, is a first-class stayer and may reach the first four.

Kopi should consider himself lucky to be alive, let alone taking part in the world's greatest race. As a foal he was a particularly lively specimen, and this nearly led to his sudden death.

On one occasion he escaped from his stable and incurred the displeasure of some cattle. They set about him, but fortunately Kopi was too quick and escaped with a badly gnawed tail.

The maltreatment did not add to the foal's general appearance, and no doubt it was for this reason Colonel Loder disposed of him.

At the Ballsbridge Sales the ragged youngster changed hands for 350 guineas. Later on Mr. Sol Joel acquired him for the round sum of 1,000 guineas. Either sum is a mere bagatelle for a horse with Derby prospects.

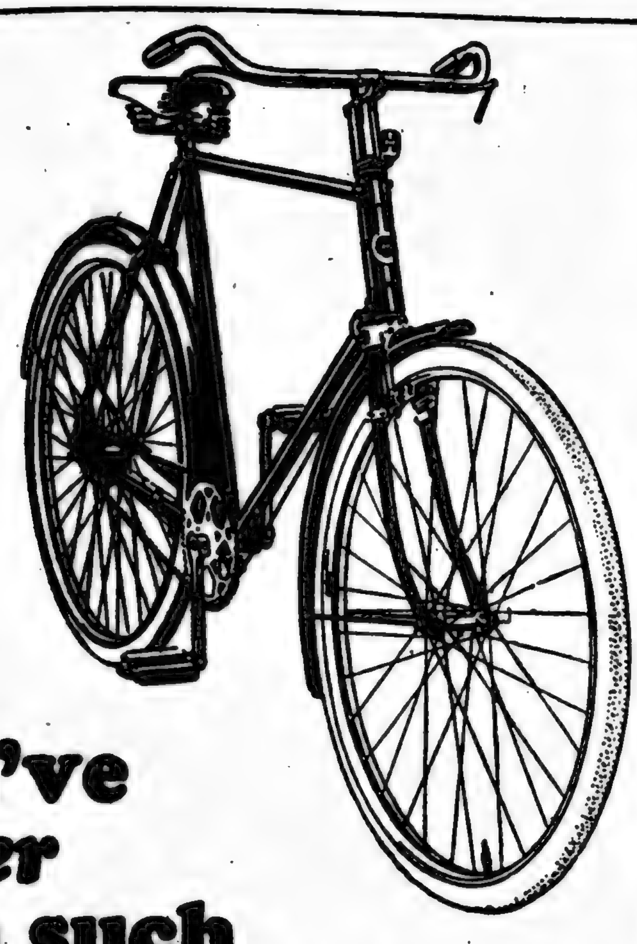
JOHN BULL'S CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 23, to Wednesday, May 29, and will then be revised.

C Y G H P W F M O T 3 8 L Z Q
B 5 X V 7 J D E K 9 A I U R N

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. J3U9MZX35 would read WALTER GAY.

"SILVER RING."



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C.F.H. 79

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IMPORTANT!

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Nonn is obtainable in tablet form:

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FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

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FOR

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INDIGESTION,
DEPRESSION,
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN,
EXHAUSTION,
LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.**

YOU want health! Nonn will give it to you in abundance. You want self-confidence! Nonn will give you a greater confidence than you have ever known before. Take Nonn for even one day and you feel its uplifting action, and day by day that feeling grows stronger till radiant health is yours.

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No drugs, no narcotics—therefore not harmful. That's how Nonn works. Not merely a nerve stimulant but a rich nerve nourishment, flooding the whole system with a lasting supply of nerve energy and force.

The actual substances of Nature!

All nervous ills mean a deficiency of the gland substances with which Nature feeds the nervous system. Nonn is composed of these very substances. Therefore, it cannot fail to remedy all nervous ills. Try it and you will see!

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Because Nature feeds the nervous systems of men and women with different nerve foods. Therefore Nonn appears in two distinct and separate forms—one for men and one for women. See how in every point Nonn is identical with nature!

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Starved nerves mean indigestion, headache, sleeplessness, lack of confidence, depression, fears and worries. Feed your nerves with Nonn. It's the only sane way—the only sure way to banish every nervous ill. Start taking Nonn now—know the joy of health, know the joy of living, and know how to smile your way through life.

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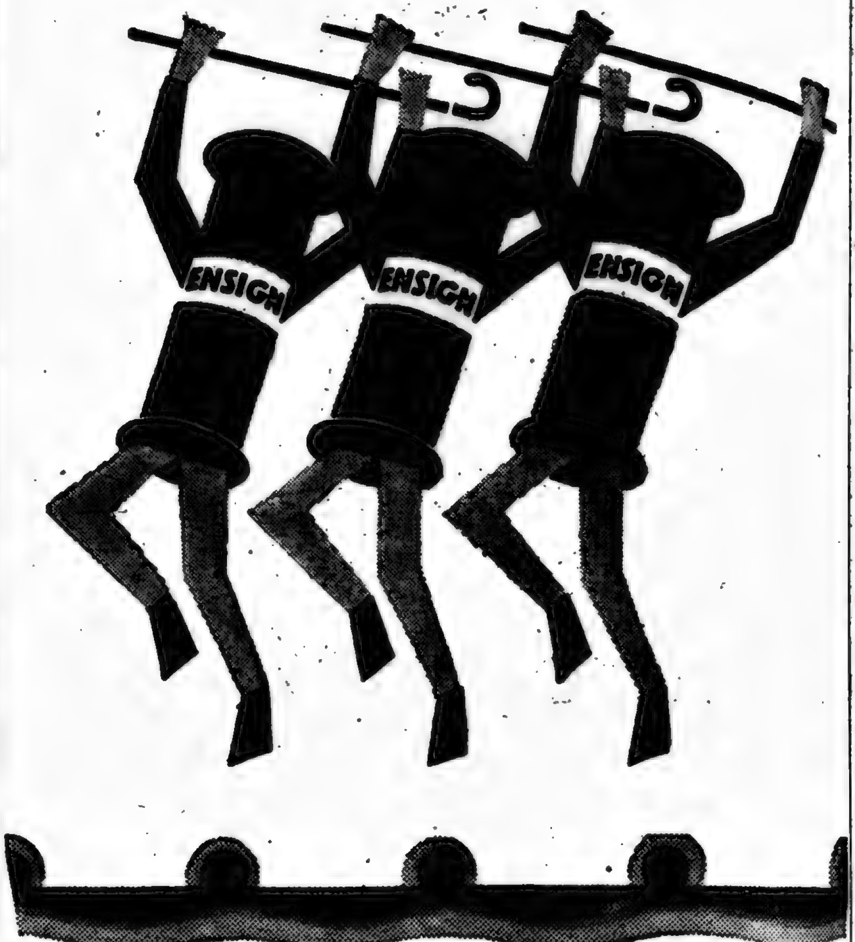

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Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

D. J. (Kidderminster).—"Mr. Baldwin is Frank." You're wrong, he's Stanley.

K. P. (Maidstone).—"My fiancée is as pretty as she can be." What girl isn't?

L. V. (Wotton).—"The average girl uses too much make-up." She hasn't the face to go without it.

O. C. (Dulwich).—"The play made me think." That wasn't a play, it was a miracle.

K. R. (Sutton).—"A woman's true character is in her mouth." And usually her friend's as well.

E. L. (Ealing).—"I now own a racing stud." We also have to chase ours every morning.

F. P. (Oldham).—"I told them I couldn't sing, but they made me do so." So you proved it.

G. W. (Southampton).—"I've spent half my life in Chicago." Let's see your bullet wounds.

Bert (Hackney).—"I never re-light a cigar that has once gone out." You are lucky to find them still burning.

A. T. (Preston).—"My hobbies are angling and growing vegetables." We trust you get plenty of fish and chips.

B. E. (Hastings).—"I am going to marry a pretty girl and a good cook." You can't. That's bigamy.

J. M. (Hebburn).—"Musicians are not generally business men." But many a man has been successful through blowing his own trumpet.

F. B. (Cromer).—"A business man's time is always valuable." That's why so many of them move to a house nearer the golf course.

A. K. (Lincoln).—"My wife spends too much on unnecessary clothes." Don't be absurd. Unnecessary clothes are out of fashion.

S. K. (Lancaster).—"Domestic service nowadays is a matter of give and take." Yes, take offence and give notice.

F. O. (Kendal).—"Girls seem to prefer the kinema to whist-drives nowadays." Well, they have to hold hands in the light at the latter.

F. B. (London, N.).—"I would have been engaged to her, but her father came between us." That was better than him coming behind you.

Alice D. (Chiswick).—"I wish to give my friends a real Indian supper. If I start off with curries, rice and chutney, what should come after?" Indigestion.

Bertha (Woodford Bridge).—"Next month I am to be married in China." Try silk or satin. It is more comfortable and becoming.

R. T. (Purley).—"I spent months trying for a Government job, but am still doing nothing." You evidently got the job.

S. D. (Wood Green).—"The modern girl's hair looks like a mop." That doesn't worry her. She doesn't know what a mop looks like.

G. R. (Sunderland).—"When I was at a political meeting the other night the speaker had a lump of wood thrown at him." Someone must have lost his head.

F. J. (Mayfair).—"Actors are indifferent motorists." There is bound to be trouble if they regard all the road as a stage and try to keep to the centre of it.

W. U. (Chester).—"The doctor has ordered me to take a very simple diet, but I can't stick to it." Well, it's not worth starving yourself to death just to live a little longer, is it?

P. R. (Drayton).—"The only way for a man to learn anything about women is to get married." Yes, he can then listen to what his wife has to say about other women.

C. D. (Westcliff).—"I hate eggs." Are you on the stage?

F. R. (Selmere).—"I simply can't stand the heat." Then lead a good life.

A. N. (Sunbury).—"What is love?" The eleventh word in a telegram.

R. N. (Epsom).—"Many young men prefer a motor-cycle to a wife." Whichever they choose, they get a silencer.

C. T. (Kettering).—"He pressed a £5 note into my hand. What do you think I did?" Clenched your fist.

J. N. (Edmonton).—"The modern domestic servant is broadminded." Of course. Travel broadens the mind.

C. R. M. (Caithness).—"I cleaned my shoes until I could see my face in them." It wasn't worth it.

G. P. (Rochester).—"To learn anything one must start from the bottom." That's a queer way to learn how to dive.

L. J. (Sevenoaks).—"No two persons think alike." You've evidently never seen a collection of wedding presents.

P. R. (London).—"What is the best way to prevent water coming into the house?" Don't pay the water-rate.

J. D. (Brecon).—"He wants to know how old I am." Tell him. Every minute makes it worse.

Miss H. (Retford).—"He says I am never out of his mind." Make sure that he isn't out of it.

G. A. (Melton).—"Two inmates of an asylum got married on being discharged as cured." Were they?

O. W. (Lancing).—"Why do so many women attend boxing matches?" They are always attracted by a ring.

G. D. (Parkhurst).—"You may think that I am stupid." We should have done so even without your permission.

G. L. (Varley).—"She threw herself at my head." She was determined to make a soft landing.

S. B. (Worksop).—"Can you give me a good tip how to travel in comfort?" Give a good tip.

Madge (Richmond).—"Lots of girls wouldn't be a man for anything." But they get as near to one as they can.

C. L. (Chelsea).—"I spend most of my evenings in the company of one I like best in the whole world." Don't you sometimes get tired of being alone?

F. D. (Glasgow).—"What do you think the doctor did when I consulted him about my loss of memory?" Made you pay his fee in advance.

Publican (Cobham).—"I sell twenty barrels of beer a week, but would like to sell twenty-five. What do you advise me to do?" Fill the glasses properly.

C. K. (Clapham).—"I sent you a long poem on the 12th of last month." Appropriately enough, we received it on the 13th.

F. G. (Kettering).—"I tossed up whether to do some gardening or go to the Oval." How many times did you toss up before it came right?

N. V. (Sleaford).—"What do you do with your old clothes?" Wear them.

T. T. (Bridport).—"Drink is going down." Where did you expect it to go to?

W. G. (Malvern).—"In times of trial, what is it brings most comfort to a man?" An acquittal.

L. B. (Liverpool).—"I haven't spoken to my wife for two weeks." Don't worry; your turn must come soon.

N. D. (Chiswick).—"How can I stop my neighbour from saying that he lives next door to an idiot?" Move.

M. J. (Hammersmith).—"I am trying to work out a scheme to abolish sleep." A baby could do that.

R. N. (Mitford).—"My wife has commenced her spring-cleaning offensive." And is it?

L. D. (Epsom).—"Love makes the heart light." And keeps the parlour dark.

Elsie (Yeovil).—"He kissed me on the forehead." You should wear higher heels.

J. A. (Edgware).—"I always feed the wild birds." We've just been putting down some lawn seed, too.

A. Mac. (Edgware).—"Have you got tiles in your bathroom?" No—we use the ordinary hatpeg downstairs.

H. K. (Hackney).—"I often sing to prisoners." You deserve to be clapped in jail.

A. N. (Goole).—"Fashionable clothes make a difference." They do—especially to one's bank account.

J. O. (Prestwick).—"To me wedding bells sound like an alarm." Well, they frequently terminate love's young dream.

G. V. (Walton).—"Not so very long ago wedding-rings were made of iron." But those, of course, were intended to last a lifetime.

C. F. (Grantham).—"Over a thousand new laws were passed in the United States last year." That ought to leave a margin for breakages.

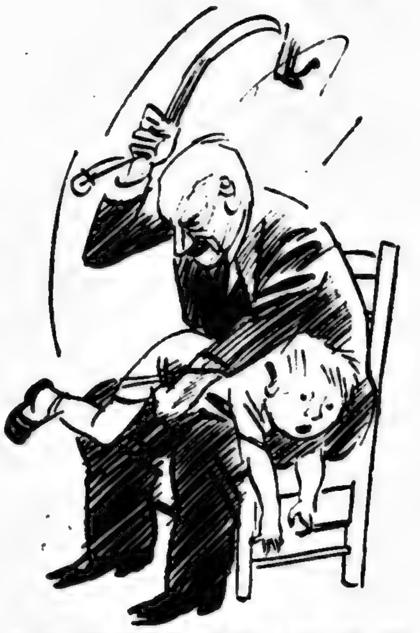
D. G. F. (Manchester).—"Do you know where my wife said I could go?" We can guess, but you will have a wider choice if you win the £1,000 *Bullets* First Prize this week.

P. M. (Nuneaton).—"I made a mistake in choosing my second wife." Then you didn't deserve to lose your first.

S. P. (Queenhithe).—"If I win the Calcutta Sweep I will give £1,000 for the National Debt." No doubt Winston would be pleased to get rid of it at that price.

Mrs. S. (Whetstone).—"There will be little change in women's clothes this year." Let's hope this means there will be more in men's.

P. C. (Esher).—"I have been on the stage for twenty years, although as a young man my father offered me £1,000 not to become an actor." What did you do with the money?



Y. P. (Shanklin).—"I have a belt that has been in our family for years." We're not surprised; most of them descend from father to son

C. P. (Leeds).—"A husband of mine would have to be tender." He would have to be soft.

P. B. (Darlington).—"Her husband ran away with the maid." The brute—and servants so scarce, too!

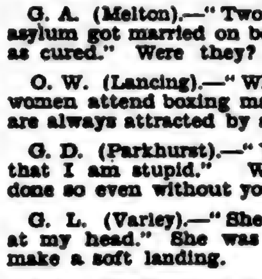
J. D. (Bedford).—"I have been married thirty years, but have never uttered a hasty word to my wife." You evidently stutter.

H. Y. (Colindale).—"He has the disposition of a mule." Then we should think that it would be dangerous to say anything about him behind his back.

J. N. (Penge).—"He told us tall stories of his travels in foreign lands, but I know for a fact that he has never been out of England." He evidently wanders in his mind.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side Slips



Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

Mexbro and Swinton Times:—"He was found stealing bedsheets and a BACKYARD."

Manchester Evening News:—"Holmes was found drunk in charge of a motor-car. When put through several tests at the POST OFFICE he failed to do them."

The Church Standard:—"Miss Sparkes, a FORMER DAUGHTER of the rector."

The Thriller:—"Walking easily until within SIX FEET of his adversary, he hit the man between the eyes with a LONG LEFT."

Sunday Chronicle:—"Her compassion, tinged with her other tenderness, KNELT BY THE FIRE AND WAITED."

Fun and Fiction:—"He saw Victor flinch suddenly and put his HEAD to his CHEEK."

Daily Mirror:—"The skipper, MRS. KNOWLES, is a WOMAN."

The Wizard:—"But he SOON DISCOVERED he had not been KILLED."

Evening News:—"I was not racing and was surprised to hear that Blenheim had been EATEN."

Edinburgh Evening News:—"Of the 92,000 ODD people who attended the Cup Final."

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With your meals.

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Nervousness arises from malnutrition of the nerves, and to overcome it you must supply nourishment to your starved and overtaxed nerves. This you can readily do by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills, for these pills supply to the nerves the very elements they need, one ingredient in them being absolutely essential if a strong nervous system is to be maintained.

Not only do Dr. Williams' pink pills strengthen the nerves, they revitalise the whole system, because there are important elements in them that give new energy and life. So start taking Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE.—Practical advice for nerve victims is contained in "The Nerves and their Needs," sent free to all who write to C.F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

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Instant Relief for all Skin Sufferers.

You can stop that awful itch from Eczema or other skin disease in just two seconds. This seems too good to be true, but it is true. A few drops of D.D.D. Prescription will instantly stop the most terrible itch or skin irritation. This discovery of Dr. D. Dennis has become famous throughout the world as the most wonderful and reliable remedy for skin Diseases, for it sinks deep into the pores, kills the disease germs, washes them away, and leaves the skin clean and pure. D.D.D. Prescription Cures Eczema, Psoriasis, Bad Leg, and all other Diseases of the Skin and Scalp. It never fails to give relief. Then why delay? A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO ALL SKIN SUFFERERS WHO WRITE TO THE D.D.D. LABORATORIES, M.N.25, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

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269 Benefits Paid this Week

OVER 41,000 Readers have already received cheques under JOHN BULL's Great Free Insurance Gift.

This week alone JOHN BULL announces the payment of 269 benefits.

Week after week cheques are being dispatched to readers in every part of the country in respect of benefits paid on account of Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, and Accident.

Don't think that accidents always happen to someone else. You never know when fate may pick you out as a victim. If anything happened to you, your family, or your precious belongings, would you be qualified to share in the wonderful benefits that JOHN BULL offers you FREE?

If you are not already Registered, delay no longer. It costs you nothing but two minutes of your time to fill in the forms below. Register Now! It is better to be safe to-day than sorry to-morrow.

Owing to lack of space we give below only the names of a few of those who benefit this week.

Fire, up to £400.

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Sickness, £5 5s. each.

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To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address ....

Date ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 25/5/29.

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POST THIS COUPON TO

"John Bull," Registration Department,
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age ....

Address ....

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Name and address of Newsagent ....

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.... Date ....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 25/5/29.

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How Anybody Can Have It.

Practically all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble are due to or accompanied by an abnormal condition known as acidity, which causes fermentation and the formation of gas. Correct this condition and all pain and distress instantly disappear. For this purpose the best thing known is to take a little Bisurated Magnesia. This instantly neutralises the acid, stops the fermentation and formation of gas and permits painless normal digestion. Get a 1s. 3d. package of Bisurated Magnesia (tablets or powder) from your chemist to-day and take after eating or whenever pain is felt; you'll be astonished at the results—pain, distress, discomfort, and fullness all gone as if by magic. Nothing else relieves as quickly and surely as Bisurated Magnesia. Try it to-day.

HAVE YOU "TAKEN A RISK"?

Even if no symptoms appear and a risk of venereal infection has taken place, go at once to a doctor or attend at one of the Free Treatment Centres for advice.

There MAY be nothing the matter; but if there is, the earlier the treatment is begun the quicker and surer is the cure.

Advice and treatment may be had both free of charge and under conditions of secrecy. False shame is sheer folly. The real shame is to remain uncured and thus to risk passing on the disease to an innocent person.

Full information free (in plain cover) may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated, Dept. P, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 6.30 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 8d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1/3 the set. All post free in plain cover.

Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Influenza, quickly relieved.
4/6 a tin at all Chemists.

Himrod's ASTHMA CURE

Your very own for 2/6 down

In a few days you can be the proud possessor of a Mead—the perfect cycle. Easy Terms from 2/6 deposit and nothing more to pay for a month. For sheer out-of-the-ordinary qualities the Mead has no equal. Sent direct from factory carriage paid to your door on 15 DAYS' TRIAL. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full. Write for free Catalogue.

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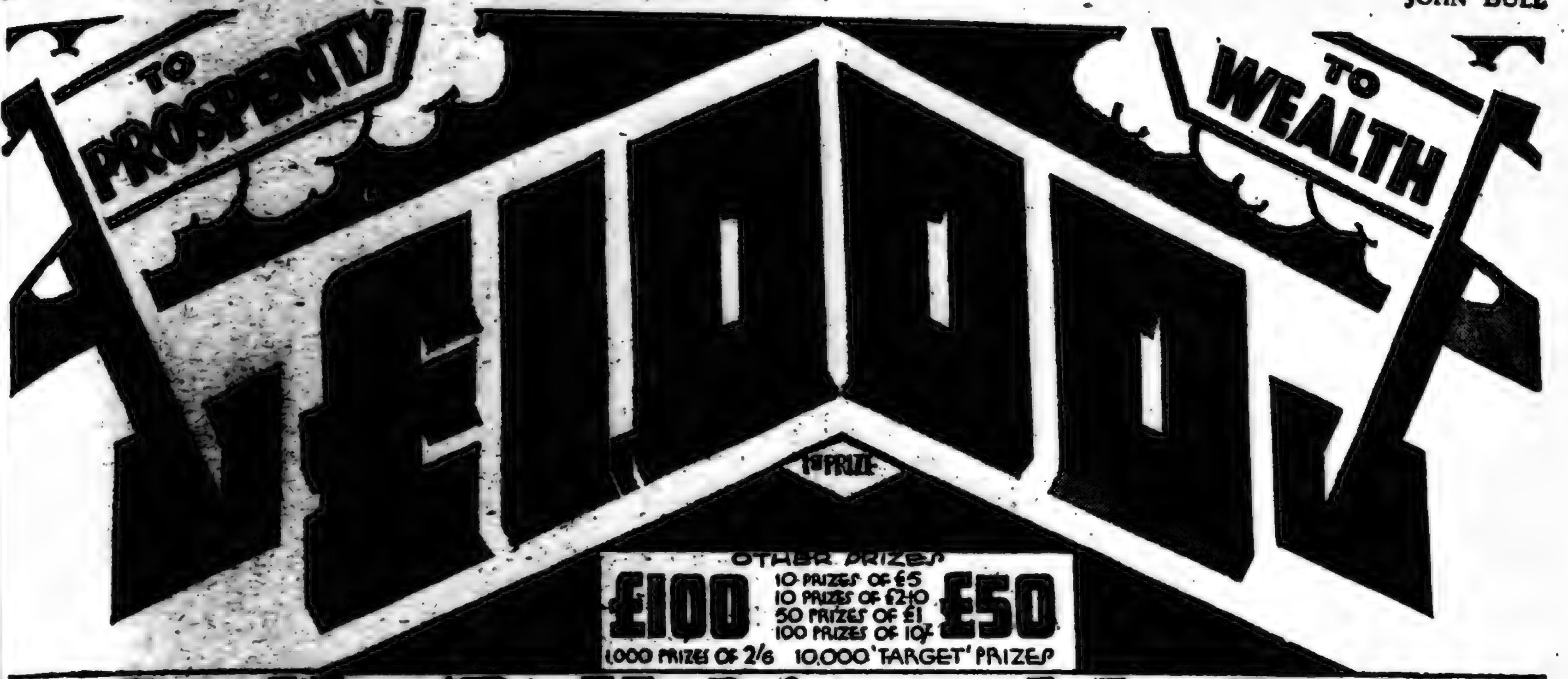
(Dept B750) BIRMINGHAM



Take the 'Bullets' road to Fortune

THE WAY TO WIN £1,000.

THIS *Bullets* road to fortune is only open for a short time and a First Prize of £1,000 awaits the successful traveller. The way is plentifully sprinkled with cash signposts from £100 down to 2/6. There are 11,173 prizes in all. he journey to success is neither long nor tedious—it is no more than an interting half-hour spent on making up a few good *Bullets.*

All you have to do is to choose one of the *Examples* on this page and add some t and original comment of TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS. For instance, re you to choose the Example IN LIFE'S CINEMA and add the words "TITLE" MAY OLLOW "DEEDS," that would form a complete *Bullet.*

WOMAN READER WINS £2,500!

"BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE-WINNER, COMPETITION No. 714.

Mrs. GERTRUDE A. SMITH,
The Corner House, [illegible] Hill Road, Woodford Bridge, Essex.

Example :—IF EVERYBODY HAD WORK
Bullet :—ONLY *One* "POOR DEVIL."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

. J. FEARNLEY, 22, [illegible] [illegible], [illegible].
mple :—THE GOVERNMENT
let :—THE WHAT? WHAT THE—!

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

. JAMES HILL, [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], S.E.
mple :—OUR JUDGES
let :—"GRANDFATHERS" ENFORCING GRANDMOTHER'S LAWS.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 Prizes of £5 each:

E. BENTLEY, 28, Holly Park Road, New Southgate, N.
APPY WARRIOR—"OLD-[illegible]" PROMOTING OLD TIMES.
. CAMLIN, 107, Belmont Road, Belfast.
AKES NO DIFFERENCE—[illegible] PRINCE *Is* DIFFERENT.
FRANCIS, 24, Long Deacon Road, Chingford.
HE SUN MAY SHINE, BUT—[illegible] THEN PLEADS DROUGHT.
. GIBBINGS, 35, Norfolk Road, [illegible].
LUCK—DARING TO BE [illegible].
E. GOLDFINCH, 42, Cromwell Road, Whitstable.
F EVERYBODY HAD WORK—VIEWS BROADEN—HORIZON BROADER.
HILL, 64, Vancouver Street, Darlington.
HE BEST MAN—WORST PARTY—MY DILEMMA.
T. MORTON, 20, Hill Street, [illegible].
HE GOVERNMENT—"[illegible]"—[illegible] NOT.
PATTERSON, Granville, [illegible] Bay, Belfast.
USTICE DEMANDS—ALL MAGISTRATES "TRIED MEN."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
SWANN, 39, [illegible] Park, Bath.
HE BEST MAN—[illegible]—[illegible] AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS.
TATTERSALL, 235, [illegible] Street, Manchester.
HE GOVERNMENT—ON [illegible] "REVOLTS."

10 Prizes of £2 10s each:

MRS. C. COLBECK, 15, Prospect Road, Scarborough.
OUR JUDGES—KIDDIES—WATCH YOUR "SENTENCES."
T. COLLINS, 15, Sweetman's Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin.
REJOICING—MOTHER CRIES—SUFFERING, TEARLESS.
T. S. FRAKING, 32, Hambrough Road, Southall, Middx.
BEGINNING TO THINK—COUNTRY—SHOWS ELECTOR'S UNREST!
O. GRAVES, 192, Leleham Road, Catford, S.E.
REALM OF SPORT—CLEVER MUMMY MAKES BATHROOM.
Mr. H. JONES, 212, Married Quarters, R.A.F., Martlesham Heath, Woodbridge, Suffolk.
THANKS TO HER—WORK—SHE'S NO "SLAVE."
H. LINNER, 84, Zante Cottages, Wick, Littlehampton.
HAS BALDWIN SUCCEEDED?—HASN'T UP TILL YESTERDAY!
J. McCALLUM, 24, Mount Street, Belfast.
MADE OF MONEY—WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM.
J. McLEAN, 62, Cedar Road, Aintree, Liverpool.
THANKS TO HER—CLEVERNESS—HER SIMPLICITY ADMIRED.
O. MASON, 10, Ashford Road, Maidstone.
JUSTICE DEMANDS—"OPENING" BEYOND PRISON GATES.
W. [illegible], 125, Rhyd-y-penau Road, Llanishen.
JUSTICE DEMANDS—STUDYING ASSISTANTS—AND PUBLIC.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 25 £1 and 50 10/- winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 1,000 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

☞ Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 13 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" RULES.

. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the nion of the judges in consultation with the Editor he best Bullet received, and the other prizes in r of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and ality.

. Only two attempts may be written on each pon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the e of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. mpetitors must write their names and addresses the date of sending the order on the back of postal order, the number of which must be duly ed on each coupon submitted. Coupons must be mutilated.

. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received ll have careful consideration by a competent staff qualified judges.

. The Editor's decision in any matter of dispute ing in connection with this competition must be pted as final and legally binding in all respects, acceptance of this rule is an express condition entry.

mployees of Odhams Press and their families not eligible.

Advance Details for "Bullets" Competition No. 719.

1st Prize, £300—2nd Prize, £50—3rd Prize, £30. Big Holiday Prizes of £25, £24, £23, £22, £21, £20, £19, £18, £17, £16, £15, £14, £13, £12, £11 and two of £10. 25 of £1, 50 of 10s., 500 of 2/6, 3,000 "Target" Prizes.

Premier's Problem—Trade Competition—Now He's In Parliament—Ever Since—Like A Holiday—Upon My Word—Nobody—Making His Fortune—In Harness—If Promises Were Kept—Chequered Career—A Landslide—Adding Insult To Injury—When Emigrant Returns—An Honest Penny—Tongue-tied—"You Worm!"—Essence of Folly—Bad Management—Brighter—Heard On The Sands—We Gave Our Votes, But—Quite Likely—Now's The Time—Sun-bathing—Riding For A Fall—Worries—It's Our Own Fault If—Out Of Her Depth—I'm Afraid—Blackpool, Brighton Or—What Will It Cost?

(Closing Saturday, June 15.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 718

"GOD SAVE THE KING!"
BRITAIN'S WORD
STRUGGLE OF GIANTS
NEW MEMBERS
BACK TO WESTMINSTER
OPENING CHORUS
WITHOUT QUESTION
SURPRISE FOR HER
LOVE'S LESSON
IN LIFE'S CINEMA
SENSE OF SECURITY
ENGAGED
ONCE IN A WHILE
STILL ALLOWED
THE LATEST VICTIM
OUR CORNFIELDS
EVERLASTING
WHY HE'S UNPOPULAR
NOW IT'S ALL OVER
BEST BRAINS
PROMISES AND PERFORMANCES
WE'LL STAND A LOT, BUT
UNFINISHED
VOICE OF REASON
AFTER ANOTHER
"WATCH ME DO IT!"
KING OF THE CASTLE
COUNTING HIS WINNINGS
ON THE GREEN
TOO LONG TO WAIT
DRIVING POWER
IN A CLOUD
EARLY HOLIDAYS
RETURNED
LOST AGAIN
FROM THE FIRST
WE LIVE AND LEARN
REMAINS UNMOVED
TAKING HER PLACE
WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW?

Example ________ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 8.
Bullet ________
Example ________
Bullet ________
(718) P.O. No. ________ Signed ________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address ________

Example ________ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 8.
Bullet ________
Example ________
Bullet ________
(718) P.O. No. ________ Signed ________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address ________

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example ________ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 8.
Bullet ________
Example ________
Bullet ________
(718) P.O. No. ________ Signed ________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address ________

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example ________ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 8.
Bullet ________
Example ________
Bullet ________
(718) P.O. No. ________ Signed ________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address ________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ **Address Coupons:** "Bullets" No. 718, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 718 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

WHICH IS YOUR Side of Life?

"NERVY"?

EXHAUSTED?

SLEEPLESS?

"NERVY"?

—Irritable, Fidgety, Unable to CONCENTRATE, RESTLESS in Mind, and UNEASY in Body; suffering from continual SPLITTING HEADACHES or Wearying, Worrying NERVE PAINS

OR

BUOYANT?

—brimming over with the VITAMIN VITALITY of Yeast-Vite; revelling in the SHEER JOY of Health; Aches and Pains unknown; every ORGAN OF THE BODY in perfect HARMONY.

EXHAUSTED?

—OVERWHELMED with that ALARMING Inertia and sense of WEAKNESS and ANXIETY which speak of POOR BLOOD and ILL-NOURISHED NERVES. Utterly Tired-Out at the end of each Day.

OR

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—every drop of blood in Arteries and Veins PURIFIED and ENRICHED by Yeast-Vite Vitamins. "Fit As a Fiddle." BODY, BRAIN and NERVES Stored with abounding RESERVES of Vitality.

Great 'Yeast-Vite' Offer!

Why continue to live on "The Dark Side of Life"? Why not enjoy NOW that Vital Vitamin Vigour which can be so easily and cheaply YOURS for the asking? Accept TO-DAY our Great Health Offer of NO CURE—NO PAY, described below! Every word of our claims for Yeast-Vite we stand by to the utmost, and publish to the entire British Nation.

OUR HEALTH TIME-TABLE.

FROM	*TO*	*TIME*
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINUTES
HEADACHES	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINUTES
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINUTES
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINUTES
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINUTES
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINUTES
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINUTES
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 1/3 HOURS
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS
ANÆMIA	*Richer Blood*	In 36/48 HOURS

NO CURE NO PAY!

"Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite from any Chemist, and if after actual personal test you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of its wonderful Tonic Effect, simply return the empty carton with the Government Stamp attached, and the purchase price will be refunded in full without quibble or question."

OUR SECRET

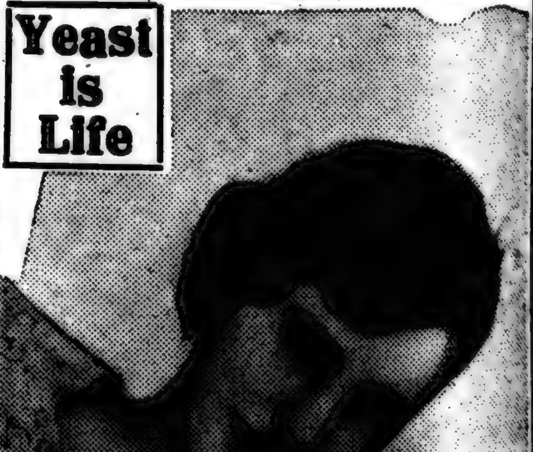
Irving's Yeast-Vite is composed of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiæ) Vitamins (especially Vitamin B) and other Tonic ingredients.

Yeast is Life

OR BUOYANT?

Yeast is Life

OR VIGOROUS?



Yeast is Life

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IRVING'S Yeast-Vite TONIC TABLETS

From All Chemists, Price 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Per Bottle.

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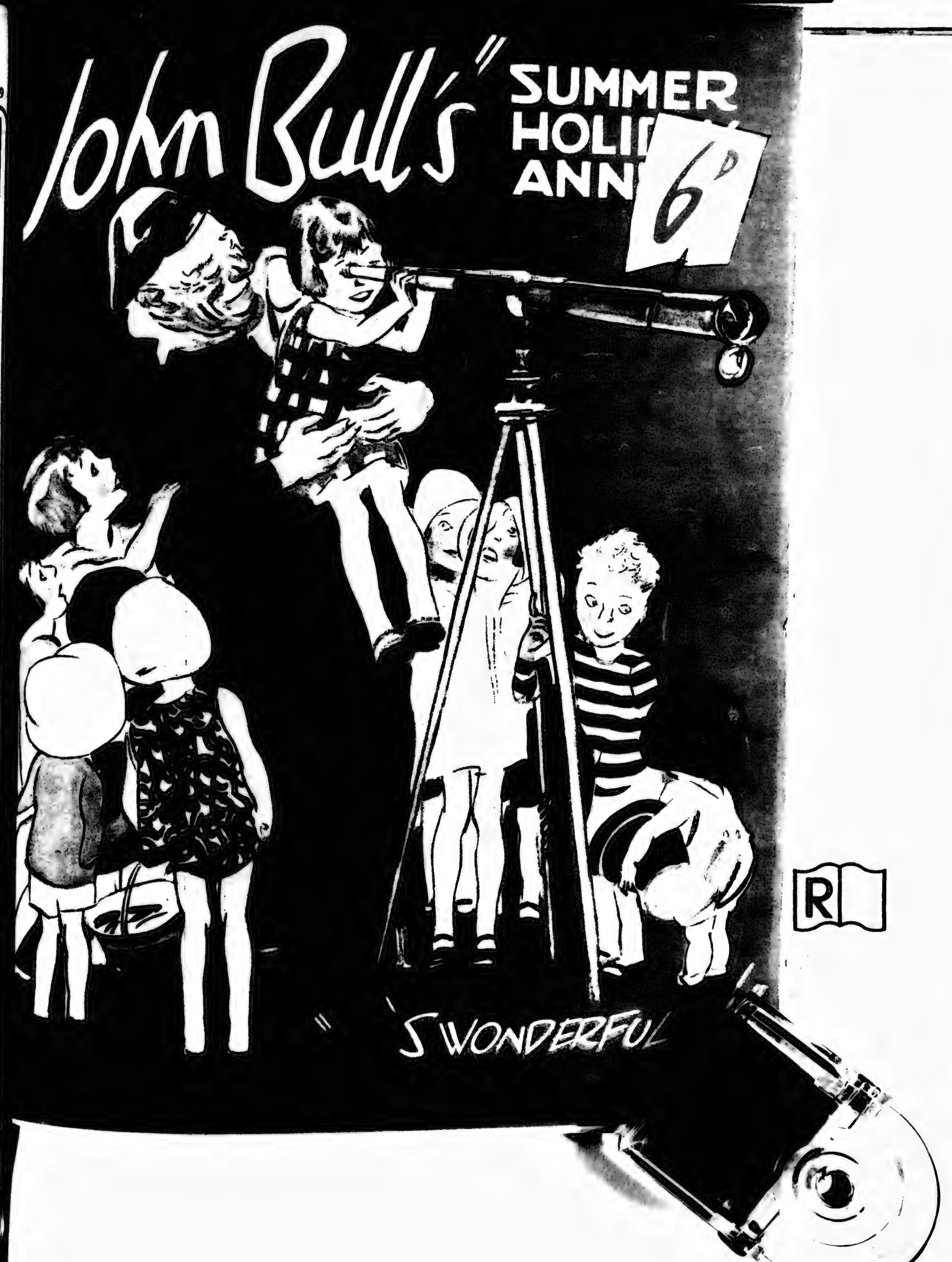
"John Bull's"
SUMMER
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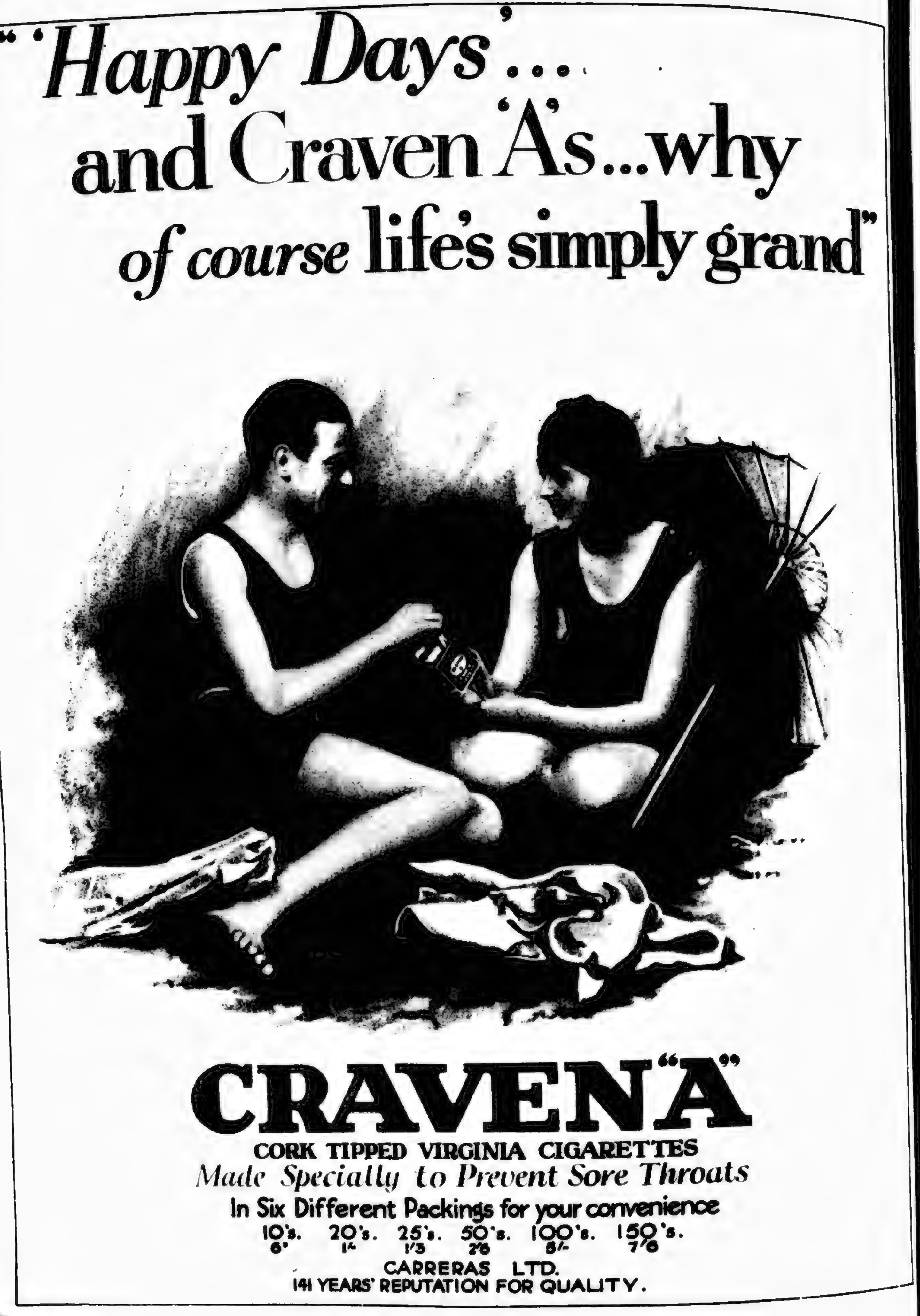
'S WONDERFUL



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In Six Different Packings for your convenience

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6"	1/-	1/3	2/6	5/-	7/6

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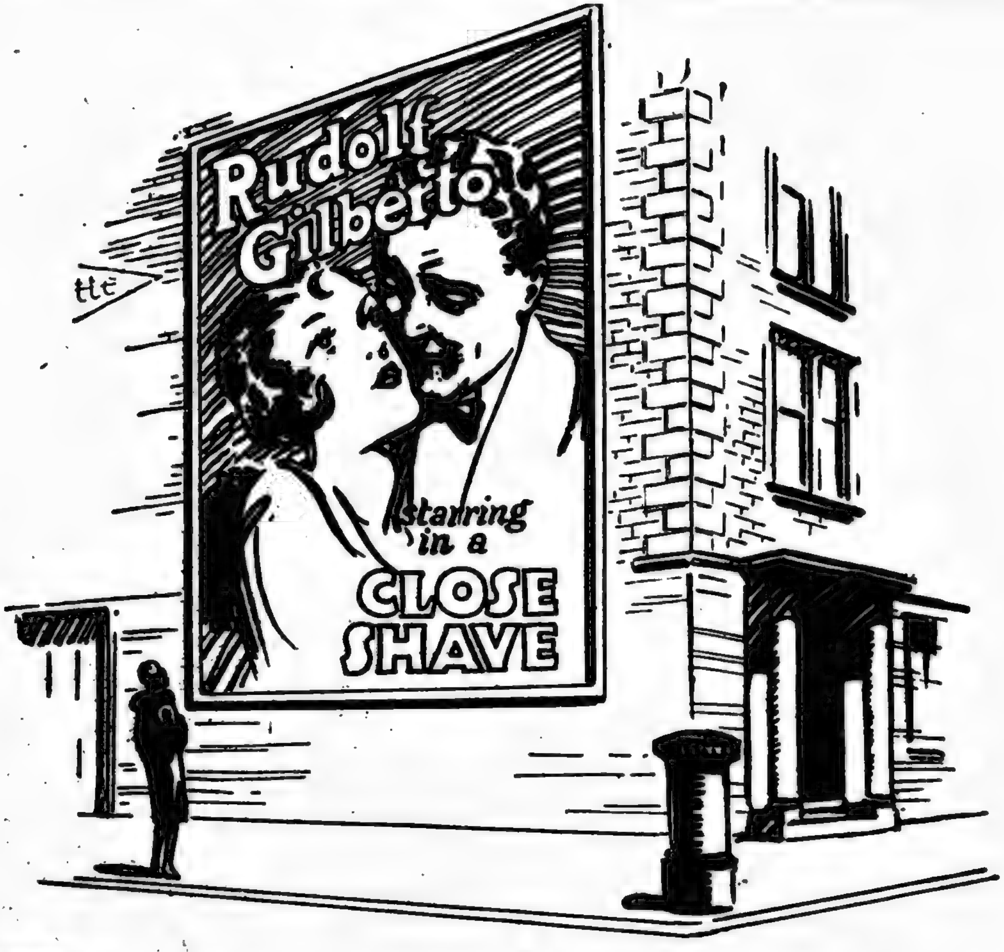
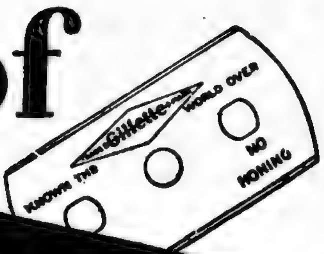

Rudolf Gilberto
starring in a
CLOSE SHAVE

That reminds me I *must* get Henry a packet of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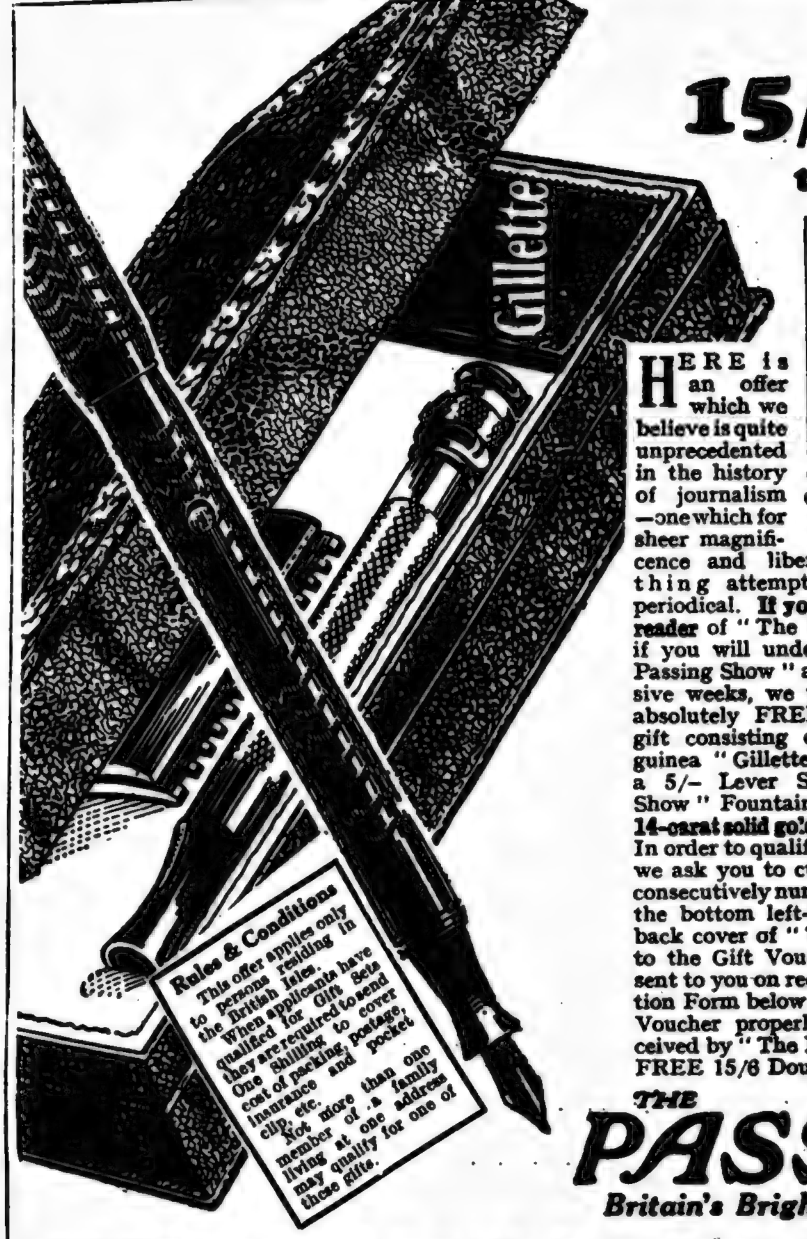
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
NO HONING

TRADE **Gillette** MARK

Sold Everywhere

Blades to-day

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD., 184/188, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, W.1



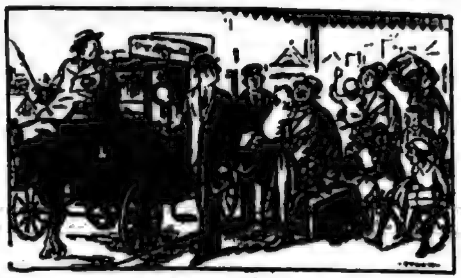
Rules & Conditions

This offer applies only to persons residing in the British Isles.

When applicants have qualified for Gift Sets they are required to send One Shilling to cover cost of packing, postage, insurance and pocket clip, etc.

Not more than one member of a family living at one address may qualify for one of these gifts.

A
15/6 Gift Free
to every lover of a joke!



Gentleman with Large Family: "Say, mister, if you're going to 'Seaview' too, perhaps we could share the cab with you."

HERE is an offer which we believe is quite unprecedented in the history of journalism—one which for sheer magnificence and liberality dwarfs anything attempted by a weekly periodical. **If you are NOT already a reader** of "The Passing Show," and if you will undertake to give "The Passing Show" a trial for ten successive weeks, we will present to you absolutely FREE a superb double gift consisting of a genuine Half-guinea "Gillette" Razor Set AND a 5/- Lever Self-filling "Passing Show" Fountain Pen, fitted with a **14-carat solid gold nib,** iridium tipped. In order to qualify for your 15/6 Gift, we ask you to cut out and affix ten consecutively numbered coupons from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "The Passing Show" to the Gift Voucher, which will be sent to you on receipt of the Reservation Form below. Directly your Gift Voucher properly completed is received by "The Passing Show," your FREE 15/6 Double Gift will be forwarded to you without delay. **There is no catch. There are no hidden conditions.** The full rules and conditions are printed on the left. Obviously we could not afford to make an offer of this nature were we not reasonably certain that after you have taken "The Passing Show" for ten weeks you will then wish to remain a regular reader. There is no other paper quite like "The Passing Show." It is the silver lining to life. It is the best thing in black and white for the blues. Once you become a regular reader you will find more smiles in life than you ever found before.

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PASSING SHOW
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POST AT ONCE

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15/6
Gift Voucher

Reservation Form

To "The Passing Show" (Dept. JH),
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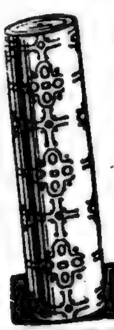

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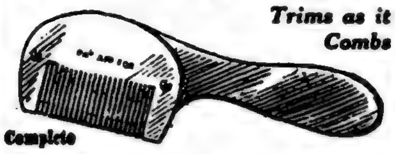

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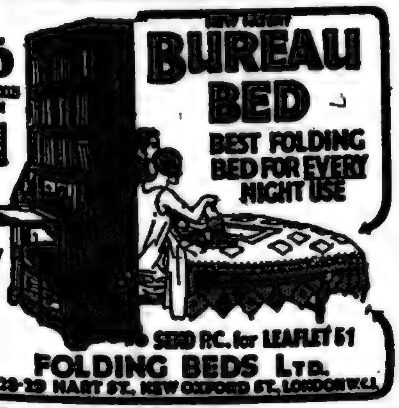

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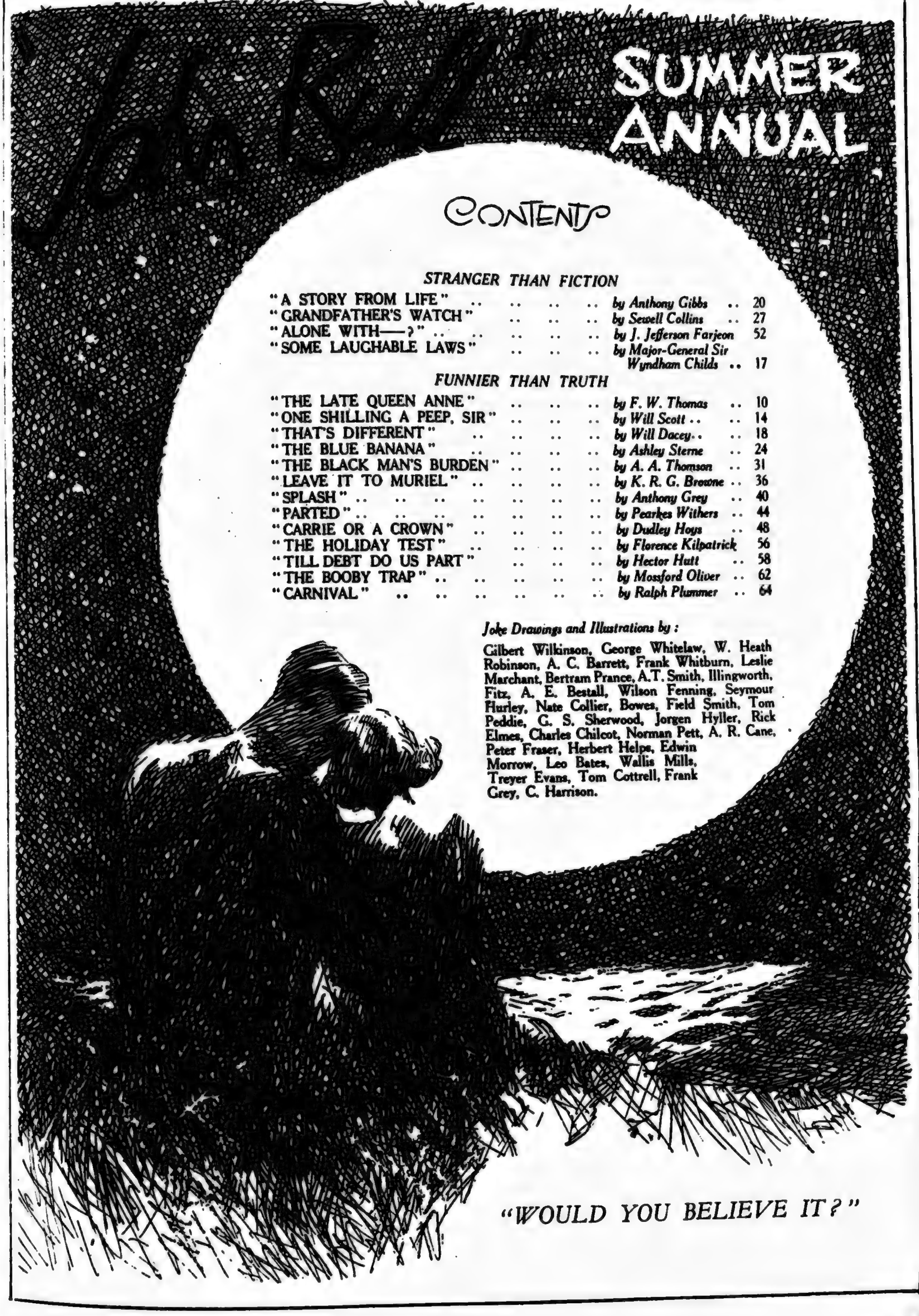

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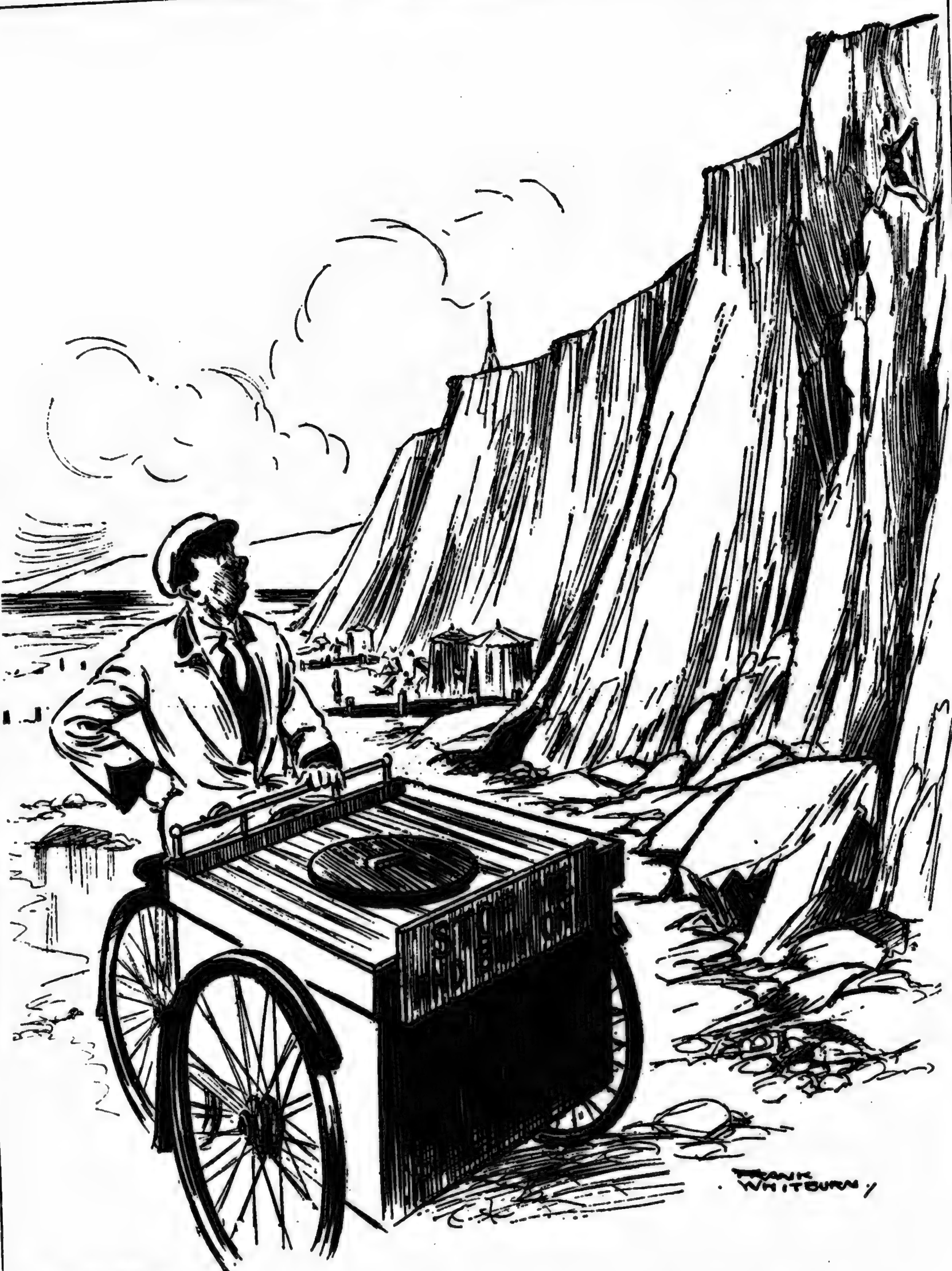
"WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?"



Drawn by Frank Whitburn

ICE CREAM VENDOR (whose attention has been attracted by frantic shouting of tripper in difficulties on face of cliff): "Lumme! 'E's got a nerve—expectin' me to climb up there to sell 'im a blinkin' tupp'ny h'ice!"

GO ON !!

ONLY a Senior Wrangler could follow the High Mathematics involved in the making out of a boarding-house bill.

* * *

HIGH Civil Service officials, going on holiday, maintain that there is no work like a change of rest.

* * *

MOTORISTS can add a sporting touch to their holiday tours by running sweepstakes on the daily bag of pedestrians.

* * *

"OH, Daddy!" cried the Angler's child,
"A *whale* has bit my toe!"
Which shows how children can be trained
In the way that they should go.

* * *

WHILE handsome men are *slightly* sunburnt, there is no seaside sight more distressing than that of peeling belles.

* * *

IF you could only introduce sand into your bedclothes and seaweed into your morning tea, you needn't bother to leave home for the holidays at all.

* * *

IT is not expected that pierrot comedians will have any new jokes this year; but several old ones are being taken out and carefully sandpapered.

* * *

IF only the local gasometers could be fitted with large reflecting mirrors, then Ocean View Boarding House might have a chance of living up to its name.

* * *

A VERY old man in our village has never seen the sea. Indeed, it is believed that he has never been nearer to it in his life than the end of Southend Pier.

* * *

"A MAGICAL vision of romantic place-names," says a railway advertisement, "passes before us each summer. . . ." So it does, but we go to good old Margate all the same.

* * *

WHEN we wish to indicate the acme of untruthfulness, some say Ananias and some say Mr. —— (your favourite politician); but for sheer unblushing lying, give me a boarding-house barometer every time.

* * *

"THEY'RE angels, not Angles," a great man of old
Once said of our maidens (or so we are told).
But if slim modern figures he saw by the sea,
"Not angels, but *angles!*" his verdict would be.

NOW that the Channel-swimming season has begun again, deep sea traffic-policemen will be urgently needed.

* * *

THE modern young man's ambition would be to be prosecuted for road-hogging in a bathing-van.

* * *

AT any rate, there's nothing to beat that quiet, restful feeling you have on getting back to work. Nothing strenuous now for fifty weeks!

* * *

SEA SHORE SHELLS.

OH, the nigger on the beach, he will croon and he will screech
With his banjo and his little tambourine;
Though he looks a dusky sinner, yet when he goes home to dinner,
He's a whiter man than you are, Gunga Din!

* * *

SWIMMING must be terribly difficult to learn. I know a pretty girl who has been taught by twenty-seven different boys, and she still wants more lessons!

* * *

WHEN Father has counted the deck-chairs, spades, pails, Union Jacks, detective novels, luncheon baskets, ice-cream cornets, bats, sunshades and bananas under his charge on the beach, it seems a little hard that he has to count the children, too.

THERE is very little unemployment among sardine-packers during the summer months. No doubt they all get jobs as porters on excursion trains.

* * *

I KNOW a man who complains bitterly that, while there are so many holiday accidents every year, so few of them happen to his wife's relations.

* * *

WHEN you see a man walking along the promenade looking partly skinned, it is charitable to attribute this effect to sunburn and not to his landlady.

* * *

ALTHOUGH England has lost many sporting records, she still proudly retains that set up by the athlete whose prowess enables my favourite boarding-house to advertise itself as a stone's throw from the sea.

* * *

"THE Government," says a leader-writer, "has executed a series of painful contortions in the worst of tempers." Yes, but have you ever seen Father setting up a deck-chair on the beach?

* * *

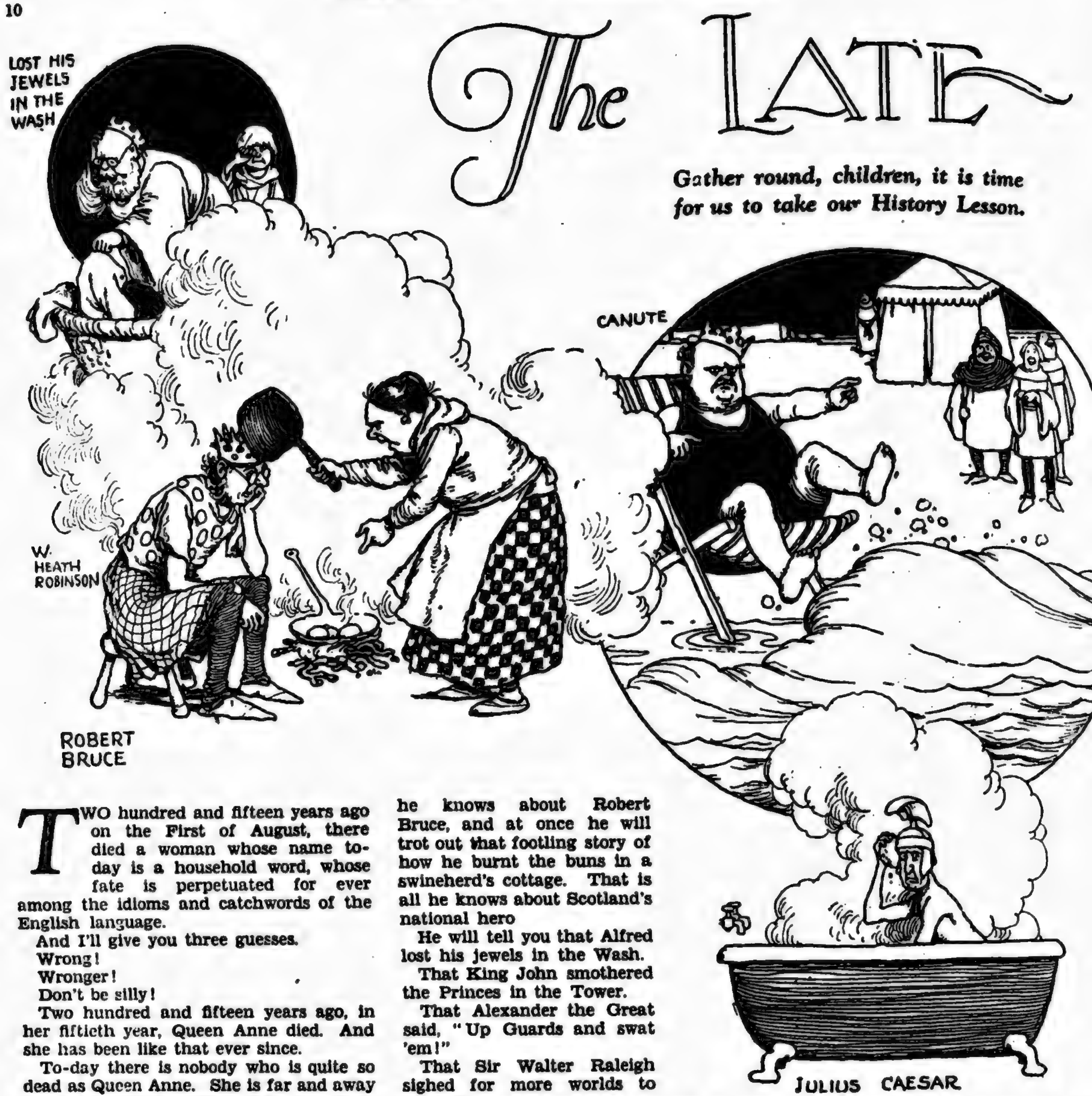
SOCIAL Problem: What should a really polite boy do, who, discovering his Uncle George lying asleep on the beach, entirely buries him in sand, and subsequently finds out that it is *not* Uncle George?

* * *

I'M this number's first page; I curtain its stage.
I wish you all luck, from Morecambe to Dover.
Come, take a joy-ride, there's frolic inside—
Bright pictures and quips to peruse by the tide;
Come, Harold and Fred: come, Percy and Ted;
Do something you can't in a boarding-house bed, TURN OVER!

The LATE

Gather round, children, it is time for us to take our History Lesson.



TWO hundred and fifteen years ago on the First of August, there died a woman whose name to-day is a household word, whose fate is perpetuated for ever among the idioms and catchwords of the English language.

And I'll give you three guesses.

Wrong!

Wronger!

Don't be silly!

Two hundred and fifteen years ago, in her fiftieth year, Queen Anne died. And she has been like that ever since.

To-day there is nobody who is quite so dead as Queen Anne. She is far and away the most defunct person that ever happened, and for sheer, stark deadness, carries off the belt, the banner, and the long-distance cup.

Lots of other people have died from time to time—such as Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Buonaparte, Mother Shipton, Sherlock Holmes, John Brown of Body fame, and Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all; to mention only a few. But none of them has died so thoroughly, none is so utterly and completely deceased as the late Queen Anne.

She is, if one may say so, about the deadest person that ever happened. And that, I regret to say, is as much as you or anybody else knows about her.

She died, and there's an end.

• • •

History is rather like that, you know. It lacks perspective, and gives us a distorted view of the lives of our great ones. The pages of our school books are crowded with folk whose memory is kept green by some foolish little incident which is exaggerated to the obliteration of the real facts.

For instance: Ask any schoolboy what he knows about Robert Bruce, and at once he will trot out that footling story of how he burnt the buns in a swineherd's cottage. That is all he knows about Scotland's national hero

He will tell you that Alfred lost his jewels in the Wash.

That King John smothered the Princes in the Tower.

That Alexander the Great said, "Up Guards and swat 'em!"

That Sir Walter Raleigh sighed for more worlds to conquer.

That Julius Cæsar jumped out of his bath and ran down the street clad only in lather and goose-pimples, shouting "Eureka!"

That King Canute told the sea to go back and it wouldn't.

And, of course, Henry VIII. was the World's Champion Heavy-Weight Widower, who had six wives and cut them into twelve with his little hatchet whenever they disagreed with him.

Not another syllable do we hear about Henry. But you are not going to tell me that he spent the rest of his life in idleness. You can't do that with one wife, let alone six.

It must be very annoying to a man who has spent his days in the service of his country to find that his fame rests solely upon some futile little thing that he did in a moment of mental aberration.

Take Canute, for example. Everybody knows how he went down to Margate on the Husband's Boat; and how, egged on by his flattering courtiers, he bade the waves retire and not moisten the royal tootsies; and how the waves put their thumbs to their noses and told him to go and chase himself. But that is the sum of our knowledge of Canute, though he must have done many more useful things in his life. Otherwise he would never have held his job down.

Canute drew a pretty tidy salary, you know, and quite naturally his loyal subjects expected value for money. If he hadn't done something else besides that sea stunt he'd have been fired.

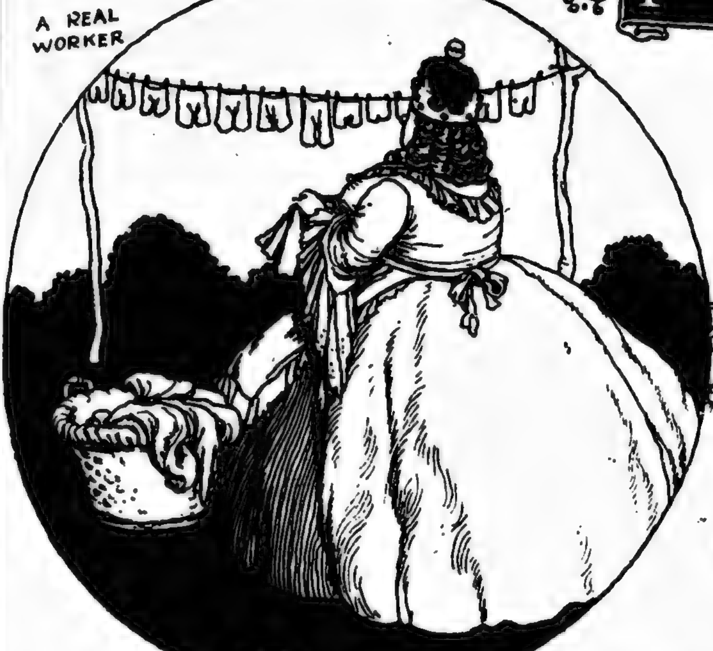
His Prime Minister would have said to him, "Now lookee here, Can, old top. That Maskelyne stuff is all very well and looks pretty good in the Court Circular; but once is enough. Moreover, it only makes you look small when it doesn't come off. So what about getting right down to the King business and making a few laws or opening a bazaar, or chopping off a head or two? There's plenty about."

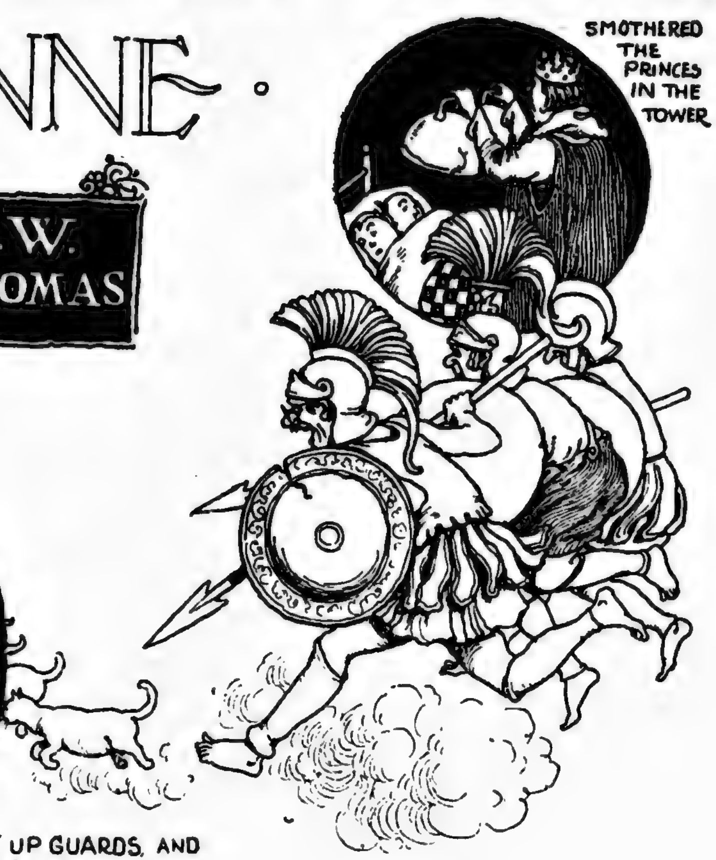
And Canute would tip his crown over one ear, and scratch his head, and say: "That's all right, my boy. I only did that sea-side stuff to get myself into the history books, and make sure that I'm not forgotten by posterity. Any old king can

QUEEN ANNE

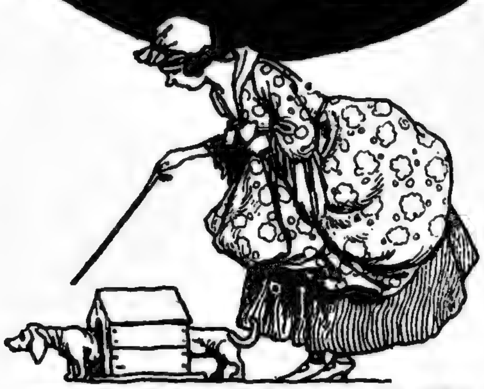
by

F. W. THOMAS


A REAL WORKER


SMOTHERED THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

"UP GUARDS, AND SWAT 'EM!"


DIFFICULT TO GET KENNELS TO FIT THEM

chop heads off or fight battles, but there's only one who ever tried to make it low water when it didn't want to be, and I'm that boy.

"Moreover," says His Nibs, "when Julie Cæsar and Alec the Big Noise are lost in the mists of antiquity, the kids of the future will still be reading about me and my little Mrs. Partington act, and don't you forget it."

All of which serves to illustrate my point about Queen Anne.

She died; and on that lonely and melancholy fact her fame will for ever rest.

To-day, in a thousand homes, when some gossip comes in with news that the girl up the road was married to the police-sergeant last week; that the cat round the corner has become a father, three blacks and a tabby; that Miss Woggington's back hair is semi-detached; that the Robinsons are behind schedule with the payments on their mangle; when these little trifles are eagerly retailed, pat will come a thousand answers:—"Ah, get out! Queen Anne's dead!"

And she really is.

But you are not going to tell me that was all Anne ever did. She didn't spend the rest of her life twiddling her thumbs, or knitting life-buoys and little woollies for the next arrival. Yet whatever else she may have done is lost in oblivion, blotted out, swamped and snowed under by that one outstanding event in her career.

She died.

Now I have been looking up Queen Anne; and, believe me, that good lady was a real worker. Her's was no uneventful life of slothful ease. No, sir! She delivered the goods. For during her fifty years of life Anne presented to her admiring subjects not less than thirteen babies. Thirteen!

Which proves conclusively that thirteen is an unlucky number. Though, when it comes to babies, fourteen is even more unlucky; while fifteen is worse still, and so on, *pro rata*.

Nor was that the end of her activities. She has left her mark on the world in yet another direction. During her reign there came into vogue a new style of interior decoration. Artists set about designing tables and chairs along new lines, and this style has since become known as "Queen Anne."

Whether or not these artist johnnies were inspired by their august Monarch, whether they were indebted to her for their ideas, one cannot say; but the fact remains that the outstanding feature of Queen Anne furniture is that it has bandy legs. Legs that curve outwards like the legs of those long, low, stream-line dogs . . . . dachshunds, I mean.

A dreadful nuisance those dogs are. Affectionate and all that sort of thing, but you've no idea how difficult it is to get kennels to fit them. They always seem to stick out and slop over at one end or the other. And if they have too much to eat they begin to sag in the middle, and then the rain collects in the hollow of their backs, and they get lumbago or water on the spine.

I have often thought that Nature made a mistake when she designed the Dachshund. Two more legs in the middle would have saved a lot of trouble.

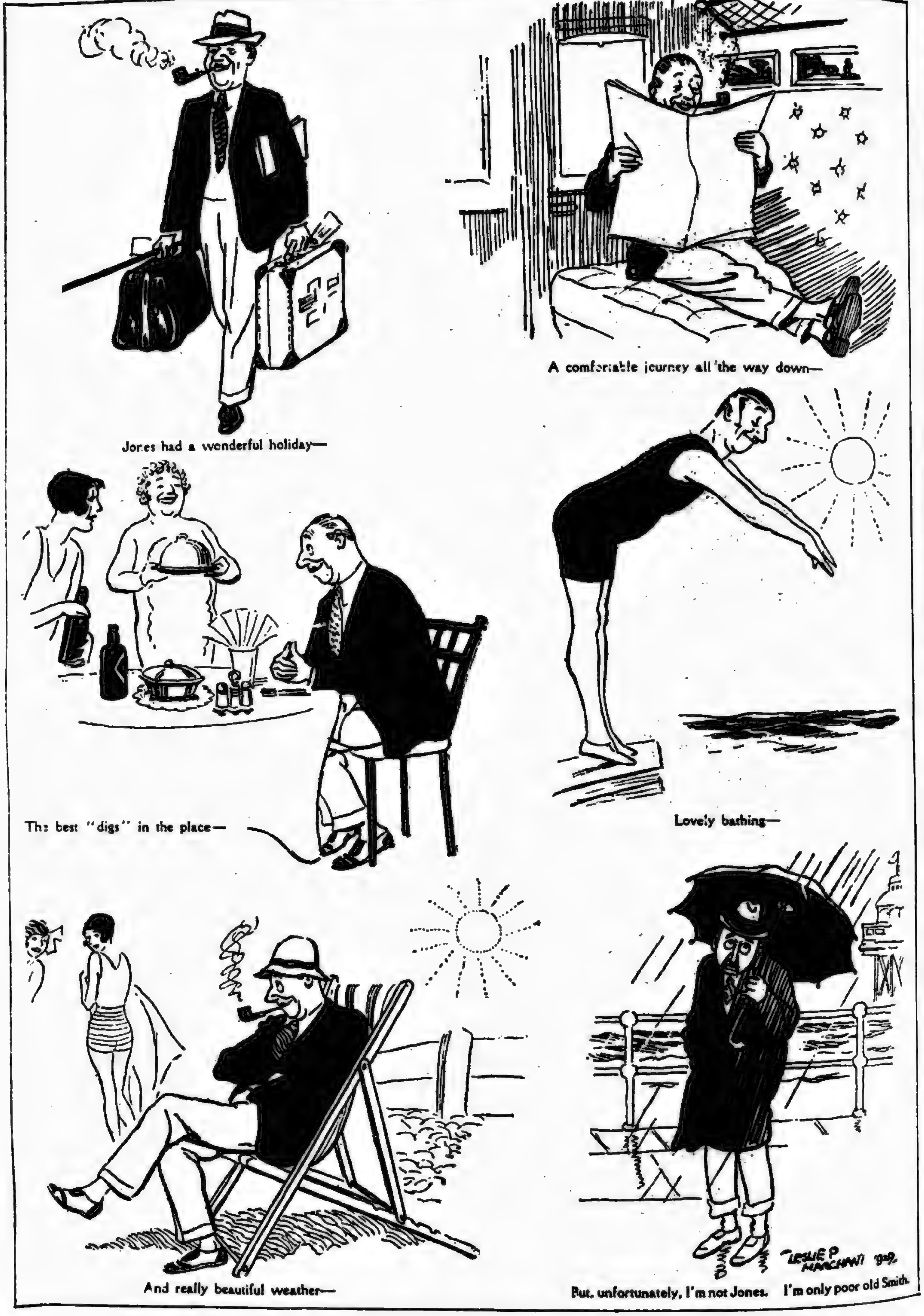
But weren't we talking about Queen Anne? . . . Yes, I thought so.

HISTORY does not tell us whether Anne suffered from spinal curvature in her legs like the furniture which bears her name. The only existing portraits of the lady carefully avoid giving her nether limbs any publicity; for back in those days legs weren't considered quite respectable, and no real lady ever admitted that she had any. So the modest Monarch shrouded her extremities in voluminous petticoats and capacious crinolines.

But were those crinolines designed to hide the royal bandiness? Did the artist perchance get a glimpse of Annie's convex calves? Did he scrounge the idea and make it the basis of his working drawings?

I am afraid we shall never know these things, for on such important matters history is silent, and the only fact that we can swear to about Queen Anne is that she died, with thirteen children and goodness knows how many wardrobes, writing-desks, chairs and what-nots to her credit.

Which, when you come to think of it, is very unjust.



LESLIE P MARCHANT 1929.

Jones had a wonderful holiday—

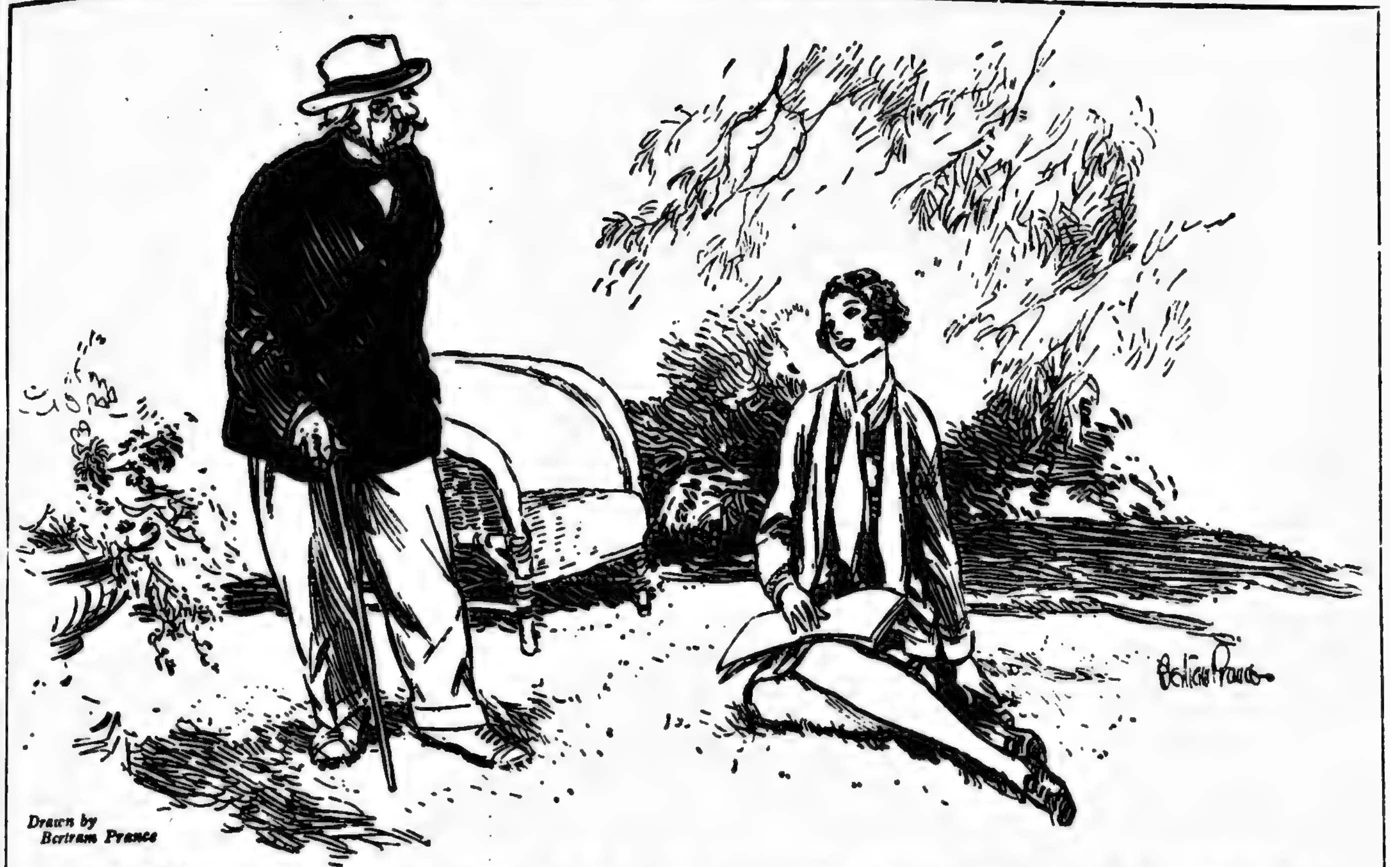
A comfortable journey all the way down—

The best "digs" in the place—

Lovely bathing—

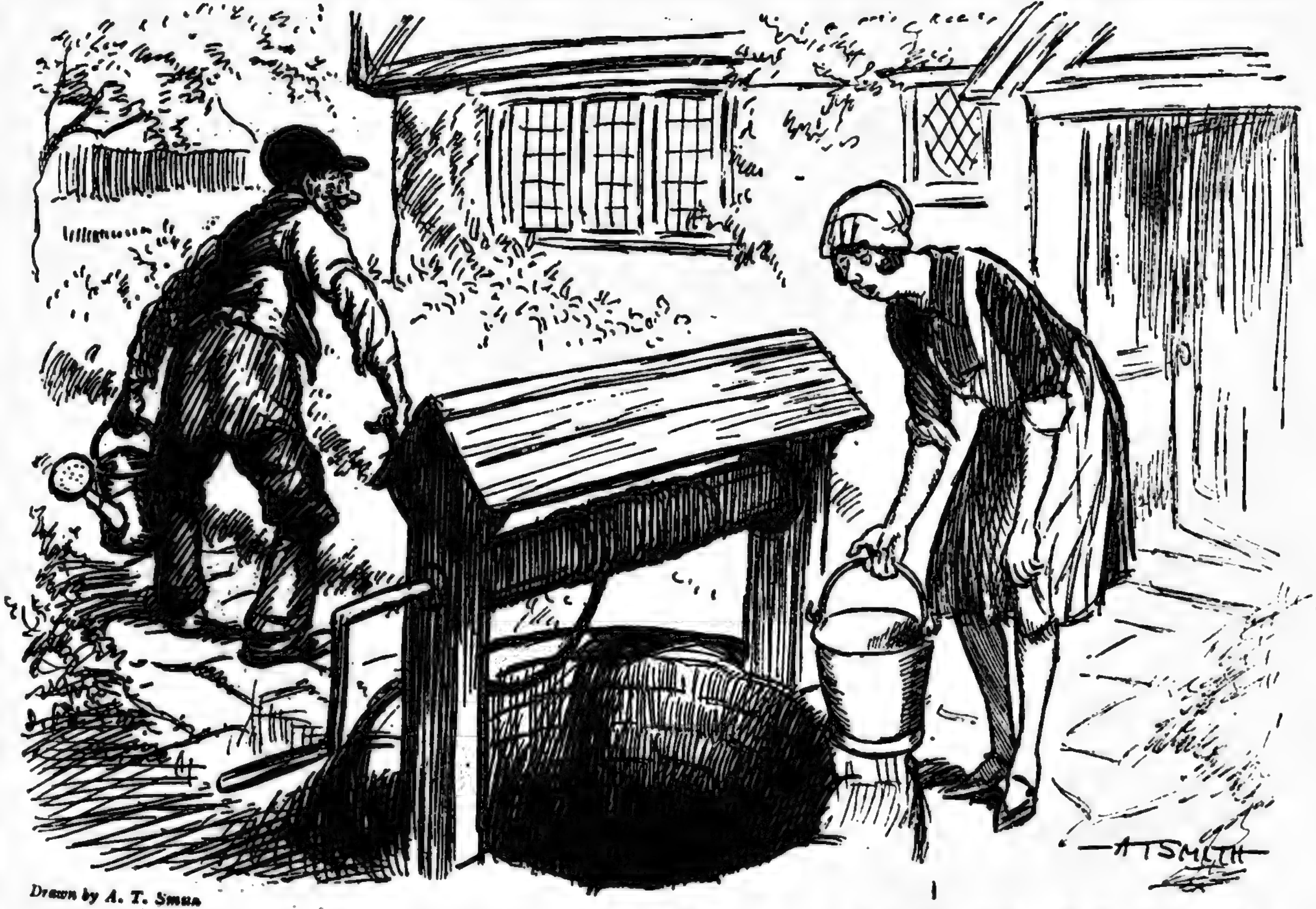
And really beautiful weather—

But, unfortunately, I'm not Jones. I'm only poor old Smith.



Drawn by
Bertram Prance

DAUGHTER (full of romance): "How long do you think a man should know a girl before proposing ?"
HER FATHER (cynically): "All his life."



Drawn by A. T. Smith

COCKNEY DOMESTIC (at country cottage): "What, me go down that black 'ole to fetch a pail of water? Not bloomin' likely."

ONE SHILLING A PEEP SIR!

Things are not always what they seem or even what they seem to seem.

If you had been holidaying that day in the Isle of Wight, in that tiny village between Ryde and Bembridge, you would have seen many strange things. You would have wondered. But that you would have understood seems doubtful.

For how could you understand and still be holidaying that day in the Isle of Wight?

At a little after three in the afternoon you would have begun to wonder. At a little after three in the afternoon you would have seen the first of the strange things that happened on the Isle of Wight that day. You would have seen a florid man in a soft hat come out of a tavern and signal to a man in a boat over towards St. Helen's Fort. And you would have seen the man in the boat suddenly rise and grab a gun from the bottom of his boat and fire at a cottage near the shore.

You would have seen the door of the cottage flung open and a dozen men pour out, all armed. And a moment later you would have seen a second boat turn a headland, a larger boat, manned to the limit from stem to stern, a boat that made for the beach at all speed, as fast as it could go.

You might even have felt alarmed.

You would have observed a girl at the upper window of the cottage, violently screaming without making any noise about it, and you would have wondered why.

Also you would have wondered why all the guns belonging to all the men, not only the men who poured out of the cottage but also the men who filled the large boat that came round the headland—you would have wondered why all these guns were fitted with silencers, so that though they made a very fine show they made scarcely any noise at all.

You would have seen the large boat go aground, and the small boat after it, not a hundred yards from the cottage, and you would have seen all the sailor-men tumble ashore and rush up the beach to meet the dozen armed men from the cottage.

And you would further have observed that though they gesticulated violently and had the appearance of men who were shouting their lungs out, yet they did all this in a quiet and gentlemanly way, so that if it had been your duty to get the baby to sleep you might have got on with the job without any interruption from them.

You would have remarked on the fact—you could not have helped it—that they were as near to being silent as cut-throats could very well be.

Still, there is no doubt you would have been alarmed.

For the sailor-men who tumbled ashore were by no means the best of sailor-men. They gave the appearance that the lowest ports on the face of the map had been swept of their dregs to gather this precious crew together. They were not men to whom you would have cared to be related, even by marriage.

And when you had seen first one, then another, and then a third of the men who poured out of the luckless cottage fall dead in the sand before you, there is no doubt that you would have been stirred to the point of doing something. Or at least of wanting to do something.

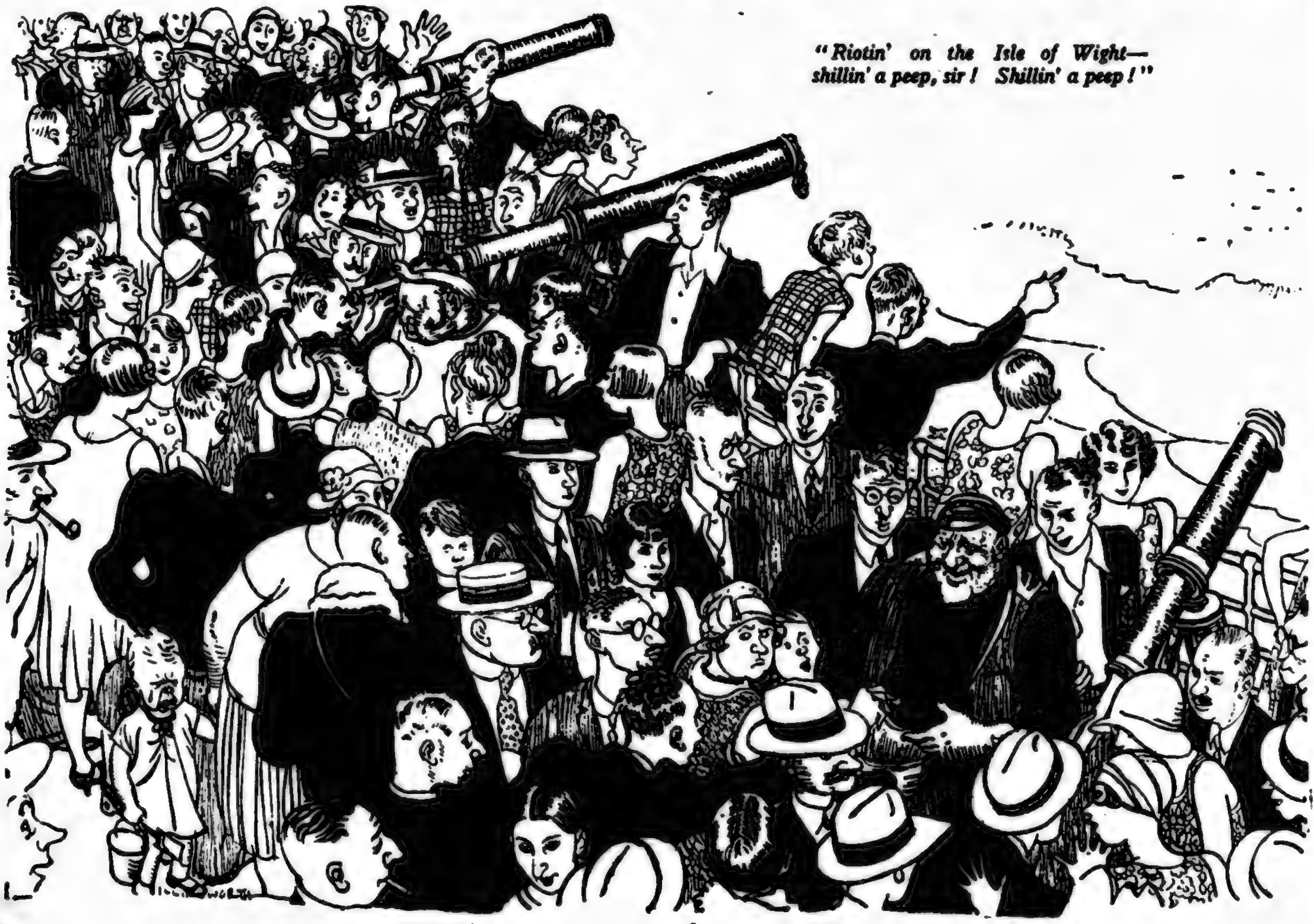
You would have wanted to go for the police.

An admirable desire, but unnecessary. For before you could have gone for the police you would have witnessed their arrival. You would have seen them tearing down the street behind the tavern, beckoned on by the florid man in the soft hat, and joining in the fray.

You would have commended their promptness, but deplored their lack of success. For you would have remarked that within five minutes of their arrival on the scene three of them had joined the other three unfortunate fellows down there on the sandy field of battle.

Still, there is no doubt that you would have done something. Most likely you would have hurried into the tavern and suggested to the landlord that he telephone for the troops.

And there is no doubt that the landlord



"Riotin' on the Isle of Wight—shillin' a peep, sir! Shillin' a peep!"

by WILL SCOTT

would have laughed at you, and pointed out that the troops would be along at any minute, and that there was nothing to get excited about, because it was only a company of actors from London making a film.

After which, reassured, you would have taken cover behind the tavern wall and in peace witnessed the rest of it.

You would have witnessed without so much as a shiver the steady defeat of the police, the steady advance on the cottage, the growing agitation of the girl at the window, the growing glee of the attackers.

BUT now you would not have minded in the least, for the gentleman with the camera would have pointed out to you, cap on the back of his head, turning his little camera handle, turning and turning and turning and smoking a cigarette and not caring anything about anything but his particular job.

In fact, before very long you would have been sharing the glee of the attackers (having had piratical desires in your own youth) and wondering how long the girl at the window would be able to hold out. It is even possible that you would have made furtive attempts to get into conversation with the florid man in the soft hat, and it is even more possible that he would have resisted your conversational advances.

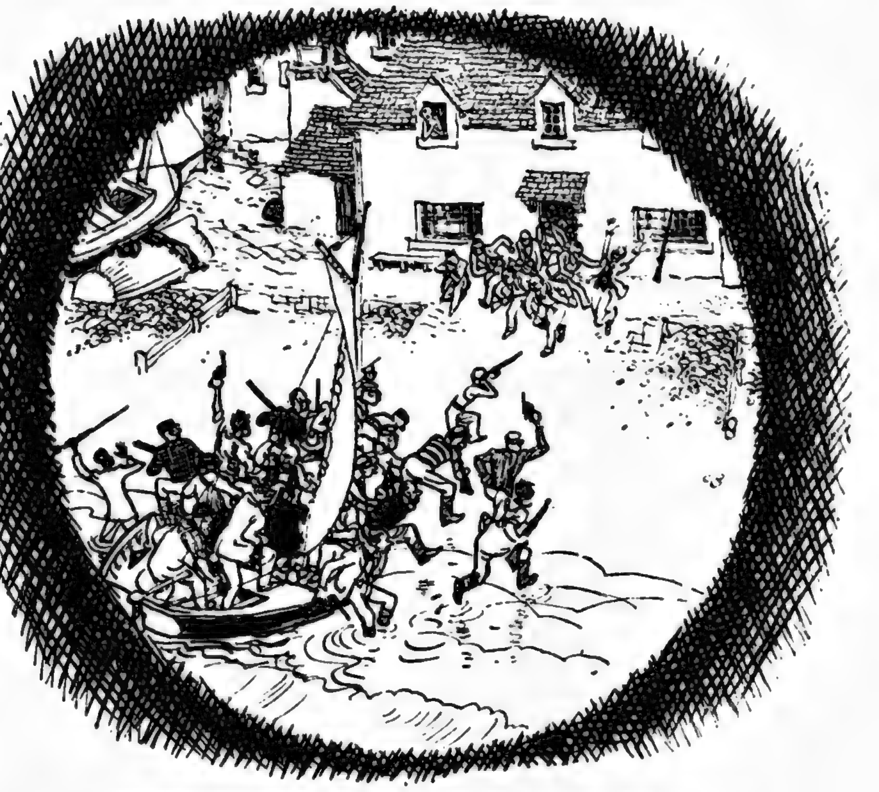
Repulsed, you would have withdrawn into your shell, as it were, and settled down to see the rest of the fun. And the rest of the fun would have consisted of the arrival of a handful of soldiers and more police, the taking of sides by stray holiday-makers—other than yourself—the defeat of the whole opposition by the scum of the world's worst ports, the beating in of the door of the cottage, the capture of the girl, the beginning of a first-class riot—in which more holiday-makers joined—and the firing of the cottage.

That, beyond all doubt, is the bit you would have liked best. The red flames licking their way up to the thatch, the clouds of smoke pouring up into the sky, the arrival of the fire brigade, the arrival of more police, the rescue of the girl, the final defeat of the world's scum, their dejected march away, handcuffed to the wrists of the law, the collapse of the cottage, the coming of the crowds, the quelling of the flames, and the departure of the fire brigade.

That is the part you would have liked the best, though you would have voted all the show a success. It is probable that you would have ventured to say so to the florid man with the soft hat, or at least to the camera-man with his eternal cigarette and his cap on the back of his head.

"I was quite alarmed until I understood," you'd have said. "Now I understand I think you've put up a fine show."

For you'd be quite satisfied that you understood. Only, of course, you would not really have understood at all. Even if you had been one of the many thousands of people who earn their bread and butter in the industry of film-making you would not have understood.



. . . you would have seen the sailor-men meet the armed men from the cottage

You would have realised that the man with the eternal cigarette, though he turned and turned and turned his little handle seemingly for ever, never put fresh film into his camera, nor took out the film he had exposed. You would have understood a bit of it. You would have understood that whatever these peculiar people were doing on the Isle of Wight that afternoon they were not making a film. But that is all you would have understood, and it is nothing.

What they were doing would have been beyond you altogether.

NOR could you have understood that the name of the florid man in the soft hat was Peters—John D. Peters. Nor could you have understood that he had a brother named Sam. How could you have understood these things, holidaying on the Isle of Wight that afternoon?

But perhaps you were holidaying elsewhere? Perhaps on the front at Southsea, over on the mainland from the Isle of Wight. Perhaps on Hayling Island, where it fronts the sea. Perhaps at Wittering or Bracklesham Bay, or even where the cliffs of old England shrink to baby size at Selsey Bill.

If so, then you would have had your thrill just the same. For you would have seen, at any of these places, old sailor-men with big telescopes, all trained on the Isle of Wight. They are there most days in the summer, and for a penny a time you may peep through their telescopes and see all there is of the island to see, from the topmost hill to the seashore at Cowes. Just a penny a time, and well worth it.

But that particular day was a special day, and you could not have got what they had to give you in penn'orths. On ordinary days it is worth a penny, for trade is none too brisk, and who wants to look through an old telescope, anyway? But on that particular day, when they could stand—looking very hot and excited—beside their telescopes and bawl, "Riotin' on the Isle o' Wight—shillin' a peep, sir! Shillin' a peep!"—well, now, that was a different proposition.

If you were there that afternoon, most certainly you had your shillingsworth. Half a minute you were allowed, for were there not crowds flocking up behind you to have their peeps? Particularly when the cottage caught fire and the police and the soldiers began to subdue the rioters.

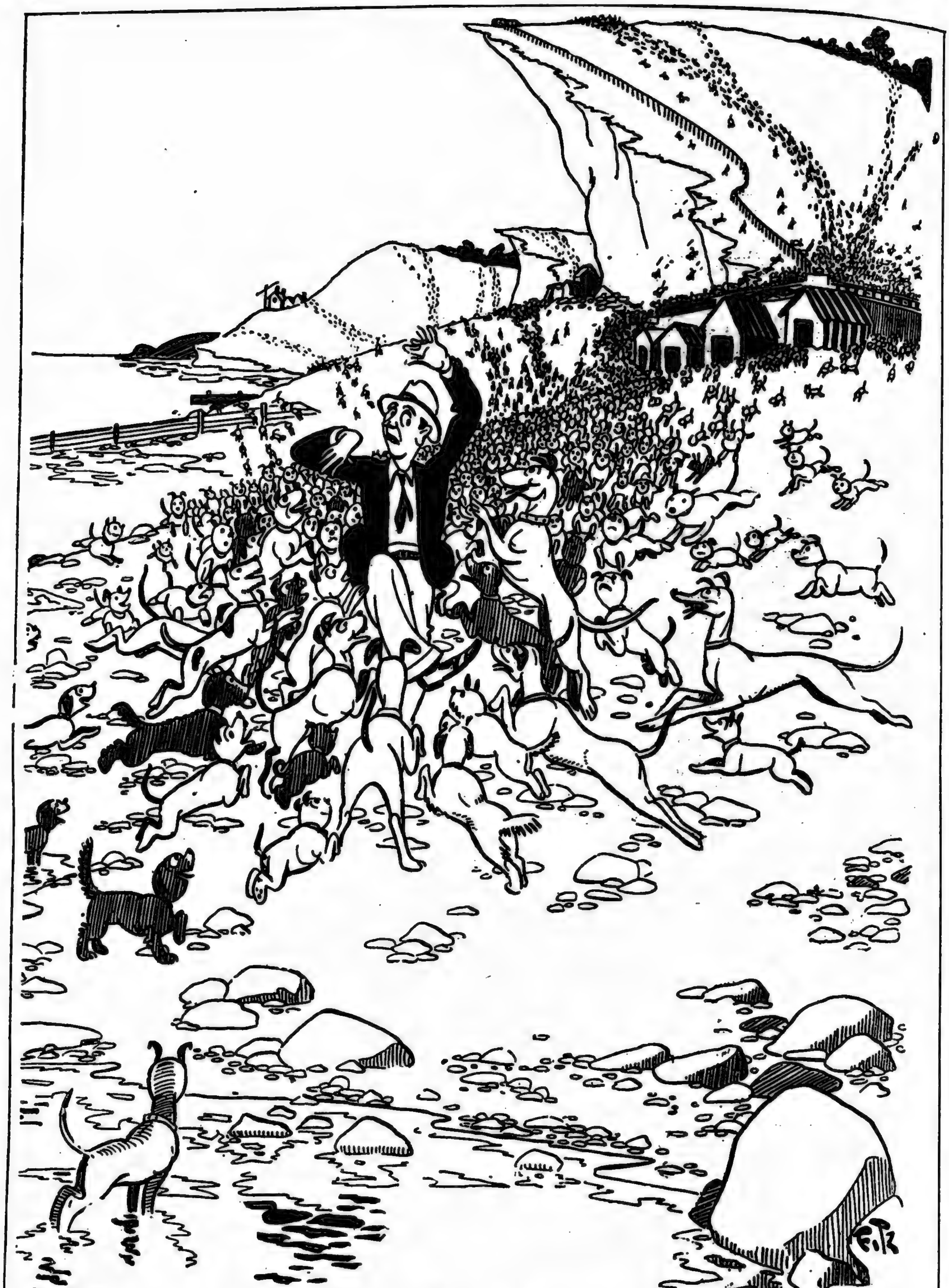
But most certainly you would agree that it was worth the shilling. In fact, you would try to fight your way back into the queue and try to obtain another shillingsworth out of your turn. And the time in between you would spend talking feverishly with the crowds and wondering what it was about, and if it would be in the papers that evening.

You'd say, "I don't understand." Which would have been true.

And so busy and excited would you have been that you would never have noticed a florid man in a straw hat who kept turning up at intervals and relieving the old sailor-men of their accumulations of shillings.

FOR two hours the "rioting" went on, and there were ten telescopes between the far end of Southsea front and the baby headland at Selsey. Which, at a shilling per half-minute—cut short when the crush was thickest—works out at near to £150. Which shows that the sailor-men needed relieving at intervals by the florid man in the straw hat.

But even if you *had* noticed the florid man in the straw hat you would never have understood what he was about. You would not have understood that his name was Peters—Sam Peters. Nor that he had a brother named John D. How could you have understood any of these things?



Drawn by Fitz

DOG DAYS

The misguided holiday-maker who started throwing stones for dogs.

SOME LAUGHABLE LAWS

By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

They are broken daily by law-abiding citizens

WITH all the agitation which is being raised against D.O.R.A. (long ago defunct, although nobody apparently believes it), it may be of interest to recall that there are lots of things that you are prohibited by law from doing which you frequently do with impunity.

Henry VI. was apparently much concerned about the behaviour of his subjects, so he brought out a law prohibiting any person from "showing any goods or merchandise on a Good Friday," but he was kind enough to make a proviso that "necessary victual only should be excepted."

In those days if you were caught doing this the penalty was the forfeiture of all your goods "to the Lord of the Franchise or Liberty"—in other words, in all probability the local "Squire" relieved you of your possessions.

Charles I. in the Year of Grace 1625 began to take an interest in his subjects' behaviour, and he brought in an Act of Parliament which prohibited any "meetings, assemblies or concourse of people out of their own parishes on the Lord's day for any sports or pastimes whatever."

So you see that is the end of your Sunday golf and tennis at your club. There is another horrible clause in that Act which prohibits any bear-baiting, bull-baiting, "interludes," or other unlawful exercises or pastimes *within* your own parish.

I am not quite sure what an "interlude" may be or what may in those days have been deemed to have been "an unlawful pastime," but certainly football was regarded as such; so take my advice and don't go kicking about a football on a Sunday, for if you do you are liable to forfeit the sum of 3s. 4d. But you will be glad to know that the said sum will be "employed and converted to the use of the poor of your parish."

Charles I. got busy again in 1627. He was apparently very annoyed with the behaviour of "carriers, waggonmen, carmen, wainmen and drovers." Possibly they got in his way when he was testing out his new four h.p. coach. Anyway, he stopped them travelling on a Sunday under a penalty of 20s. for every offence.

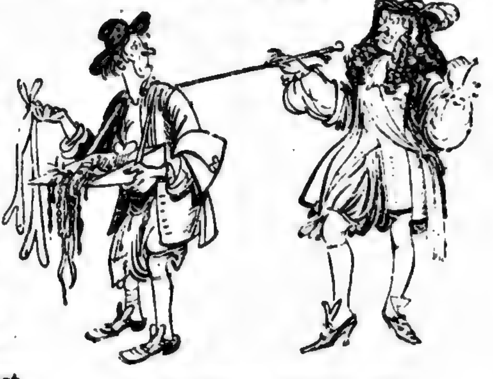
As an afterthought, apparently he had a go at the butchers, because he laid down that if any butcher "killed or sold any victual" on that day, then the butcher would forfeit the sum of 6s. 3d. The solicitude of Charles I. for the poor is again emphasised, but not to such a great extent, as only part of the penalty went to the poor and the rest went to the informer!

CHARLES II. took up the good work in 1677, and he apparently was out for a six days' week. He went the whole hog because he enacted that "no person whatsoever" should do any "worldly labour on a Sunday." And here I will give you a tip, and that is, if you buy sweets from a refreshment house keeper on a Sunday, knowing that it is the ordinary business of such refreshment house keeper to sell sweets, you can be run in and convicted of aiding and abetting.

But as the refreshment house keeper is only liable to "forfeit the sum of 5s.," I do not suppose it will cost you very much. And, by the way, if you "expose to sale any wares, merchandise, fruit, herbs, goods or chattles on a Sunday," you are liable to forfeit the whole outfit.

Charles II. apparently disliked "higlers" very much. I do not know what a higler was, but apparently he was a very nasty person. Charles II. said he should not travel on a Sunday nor should he come into any "inn or lodging" on a Sunday; so don't become a "higler." Seek some other profession.

I think Charles II. must have lived a lot at Hampton Court and got annoyed with people boating on the river. Anyway, he stopped it and laid down that you must not "travel upon the Lord's Day with any boat except upon extraordinary occasion to be allowed by some Justice of the Peace."



. . . *expose to sale any wares*

So you see before you buy a new boat you had better ponder and pause, because there will be no more jaunts for you through Boulter's Lock unless you can find some Justice of the Peace whom you can persuade that the occasion is "an extraordinary one." I really did this to frighten you, because as a matter of fact George IV. afterwards gave you leave to go boating on a Sunday.

GEORGE III. was apparently exercising his mind about the large number of rooms and houses and places within the cities of London or Westminster which had "frequently been open for public entertainment or amusement upon the evening of the Lord's Day commonly called Sunday."

So George III. brought in the "Sunday Observance Act" in 1780. I think the only part of it which will interest you is, that if you whilst enjoying the orchestra are "supplied with tea, coffee or any other refreshment of eating or drinking on the Lord's Day at any greater price than the common and usual price at which the light refreshments are commonly sold upon other days," the proprietor is deemed to be keeping a disorderly house and is liable to forfeit the sum of £200 for every day he keeps open. So don't be done down on a Sunday, but ask for the tariff which obtains on a week day to be shown to you.

If you who read this article live in London there are a few tips I can give you as to what you had better not do on a week day if you don't want to get into trouble. Don't go baiting lions, or you may get a month for doing it.

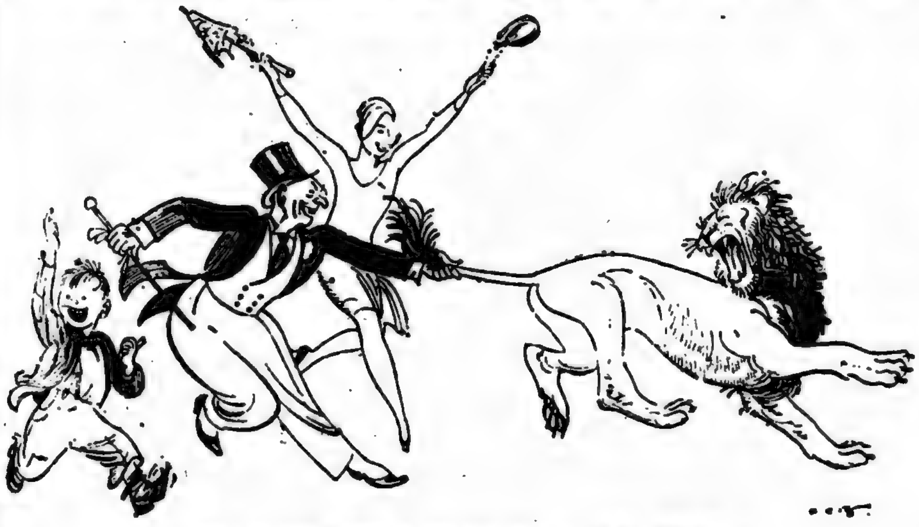
Also if you see anybody driving cattle through the streets do not lend a hand.

If you are riding a horse in Rotten Row do not on any account take your hands off the reins, even to light a cigarette, or you will be for it.

Don't let your child roll a hoop along a footway or you will get it in the neck yourself.

AND, by the way, there is another thing you really must not do. You must not discharge a cannon within three hundred yards of any dwelling-house. Lorry jumping is also a thing which really isn't done, so all you old soldiers be careful.

In conclusion, if by any chance you happen to live in Acton, don't on any account mention, on a Sunday, that you have newspapers to sell (not even JOHN BULL). If you do, you may get stung to the extent of 40s.

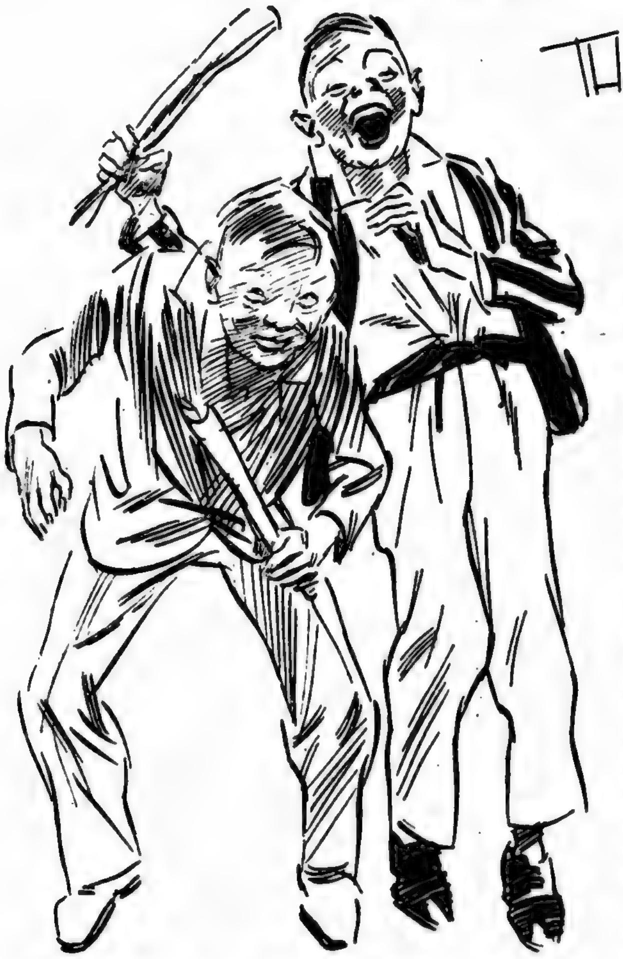


Don't go baiting lions or you may get a month for doing it

THAT'S DIFFERENT

By WILL DACEY

Extracts from Mr. K. N. Pepper's Diary



These two young rogues propose to introduce a game called "Cook's Tour"

JUNE 17th.—Arrived to-day at "Neptune's Nest," and feel sure I shall like the place. The house is pretty full, but, happily, with a good sprinkling of bright young people. I am certain to enjoy my visit, if only for this alone.

Although perhaps getting on in years, I have never allowed myself to get really old. I have kept my ideas and habits young. Not like that old fogey Chatsworthy, who sits next to me at table. And that antediluvian goomp, Frogmorton, who sits opposite. They have no patience with the rising generation. I, on the contrary, love to see the happy young scamps skylarking about, playing practical jokes on one another, and thoroughly enjoying life.

And why not? We are only young once, it is true, but if one is young in thoughts, feelings and spirits, there is no reason why one should not remain young indefinitely. (Note.—I must memorise that last sentence and recite it to old Chatsworthy to-morrow.)

June 18th.—Am glad I settled here at "Neptune's Nest." Am also glad that young Squibbs and his friend Gaggs are staying here. They are a pair of young scoundrels—the life and soul of the dining-room.

I enjoyed the joke at breakfast this morning, when young Squibbs asked old Chatsworthy to lend him his spade and bucket. Said he had a mud-pie-building competition on with little Willie Frogmorton. The faces of the two old relics were absolute studies. I am sure their blood-pressure jumped to sizzling point. Serves them right. A little harmless badinage is relished by us all—except these two moth-eaten old discards.

June 19th.—Cannot keep a straight face when I think of the trick those two lads played at lunch on Messrs. Chatsworthy and Frogmorton. Squibbs smuggled a live eel into the dining-room and slipped it into Chatsworthy's pocket.

Frogmorton saw him do it, and, of course, stood up to protest and warn his friend. As he stood up, young Gaggs put a tack on his chair. Chatsworthy found the eel, and at the same time Frogmorton found the tack. Squibbs and Gaggs made a quick exit, to the hearty laughter of all but C. and F.

June 20th.—Those two young imps will be the death of me. I laughed until I bent a rib to-day when the lad Squibbs accused old Chatsworthy of singing under his bedroom window at two o'clock in the morning. Chatsworthy, the poor old false alarm, goes to bed at ten o'clock, as we all know, and he only made the joke go better by strenuously denying that he ever sang outside windows at two o'clock. Frogmorton helped it along by backing his friend up.

IF these two poor fish C. and F. would only realise that it is just a lot of harmless, good-natured feeling on the lads' part, and enter into the spirit of the joke with them, they would soon look for fresh victims. But they must stand on their dignity. There is no malice in the lads. They are just brimming over with animal spirits and must find a vent. Still, it is very entertaining for the rest of us.

June 21st.—I hope we soon have a good, hard downpour of rain. That seems a strange hope for a man on a seaside holiday, but I have a reason for it.

I overheard Squibbs and Gaggs plotting a big laugh to-day. They intend to introduce a new indoor game on the first rainy day. Of course, when it rains hard, everyone sits around the dining-room and registers gloom.

These two young rogues propose to introduce a game called "Cook's Tour." The idea is: Each visitor is called separately out in the hall and given the name of a city. Then Squibbs and Gaggs are to see that everybody is seated at his usual place at table while they guard the door armed with rolls of newspaper—slapsticks as they call them.

Squibbs is then to tell a story of a tour around the world. As soon as he mentions a city, the person who has been given the name of that city must try to get out of the door without being walloped with the slapstick. Ladies are not to be allowed to play, but may look on.

OF course, this sounds very tame, but here comes the plot. Each visitor will be given a separate city except Chatsworthy and Frogmorton, who will both have the same. I can just imagine the fun when they make a simultaneous dash for the door, get wedged, and soundly walloped.

I hope it rains to-morrow. I can hardly wait. And I hope that old Chats and Frogs don't turn peevish and refuse to play. "Cook's Tour." I will never hear those words again without bursting out in a happy smile.

June 22.—Brilliant sunshine to-day—worse luck. Squibbs and Co. have been rather easy on their victims all day. Evidently trying to smooth down their feathers to get them in a good humour for the "Cook's Tour." Chatsworthy and his fellow grouse merchant little know what is in store for them, and I would not tell them for the world.

June 23.—I have never been so insulted and humiliated in my life, and if there is any justice left in Great Britain I will see those two young bandits, Squibbs and Gaggs, properly punished. I will have them haled before a magistrate and charged with assault and battery.

The idiotic young clowns! A danger to society!! And I am sure my friends, Mr. Chatsworthy and Frogmore, will help me to get satisfaction. I will prosecute the young serpents.

They introduced their inane "Cook's Tour" game to-day, and Mr. Chatsworthy, Mr. Frogmore *and I* were given "Liverpool" as our cue to dash for the door. The bloodthirsty young criminals! The indignity of it!!

And the idiotic cackling of the rest of the imbeciles!!! My friend Mr. Chatsworthy claims that one of the brigands had a cricket-bat rolled in paper. And I feel sure I was hit with a roll of sandpaper. I will not let the matter drop.

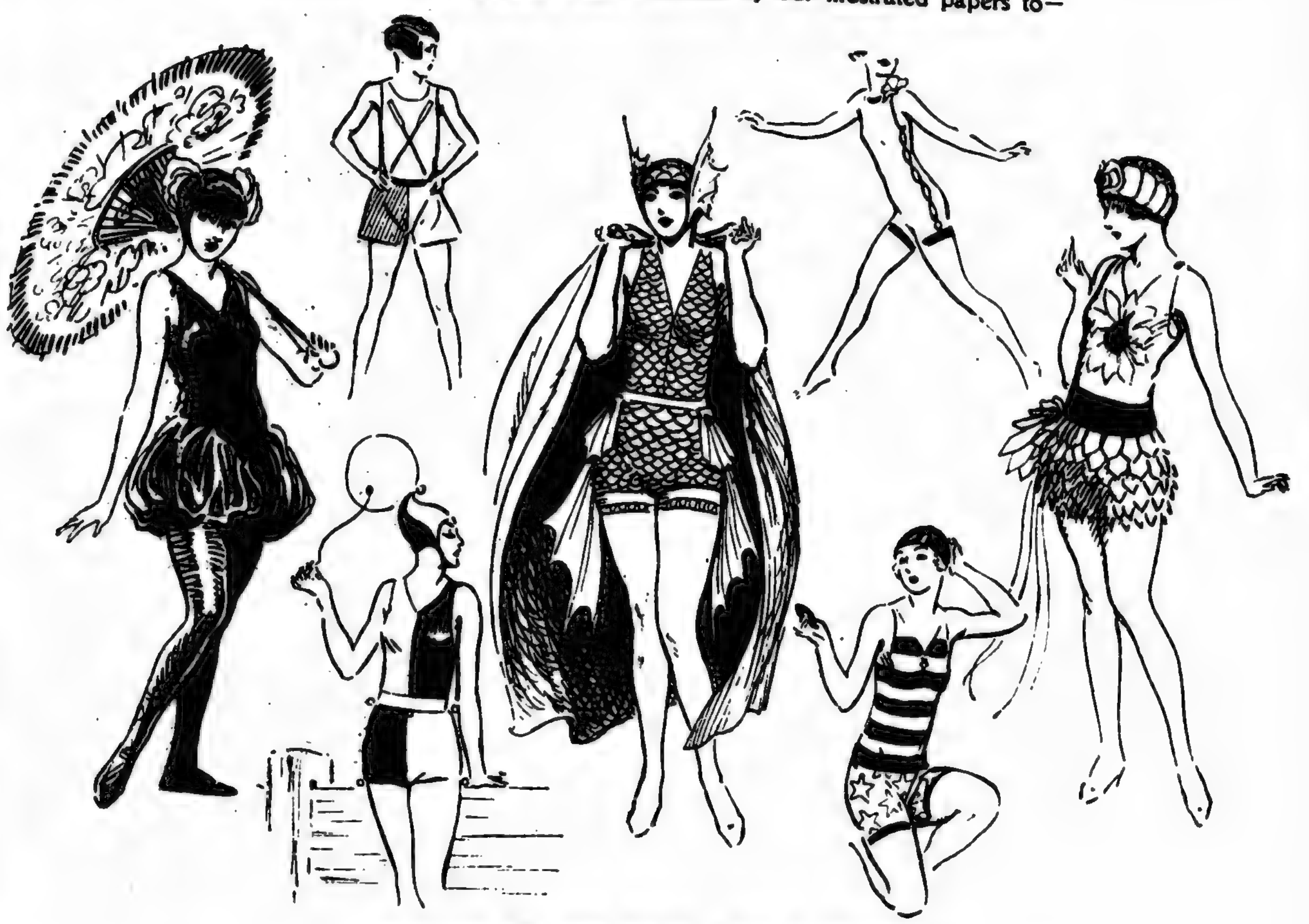
JUNE 29th.—Mr. Chatsworthy, Mr. Frogmore and I have to-day presented a round robin to Mrs. Grabb-Cash stating that, unless those two buccaneers, Squibbs and Gaggs leave immediately, we shall.

June 25th.—Leaving to-morrow with my friends Chatsworthy and Frogmorton. And very glad to escape alive from those two arch-fiends

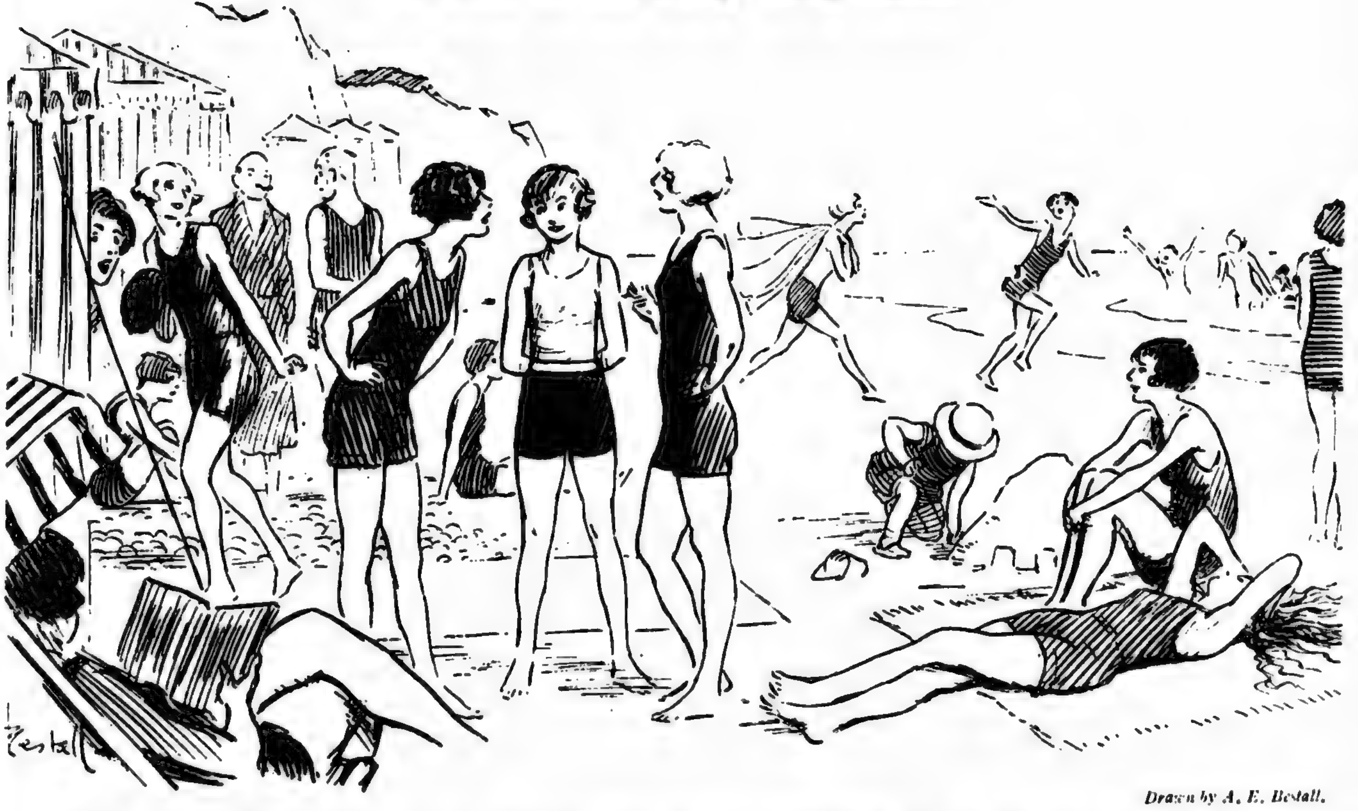
* * *

Don't miss the announcement on page 54, giving particulars of an attractive offe in which all readers may participate.

Enormous publicity is given every summer by our illustrated papers to—



—the newest and most striking "bathing costumes"—



Drawn by A. E. Bestall.

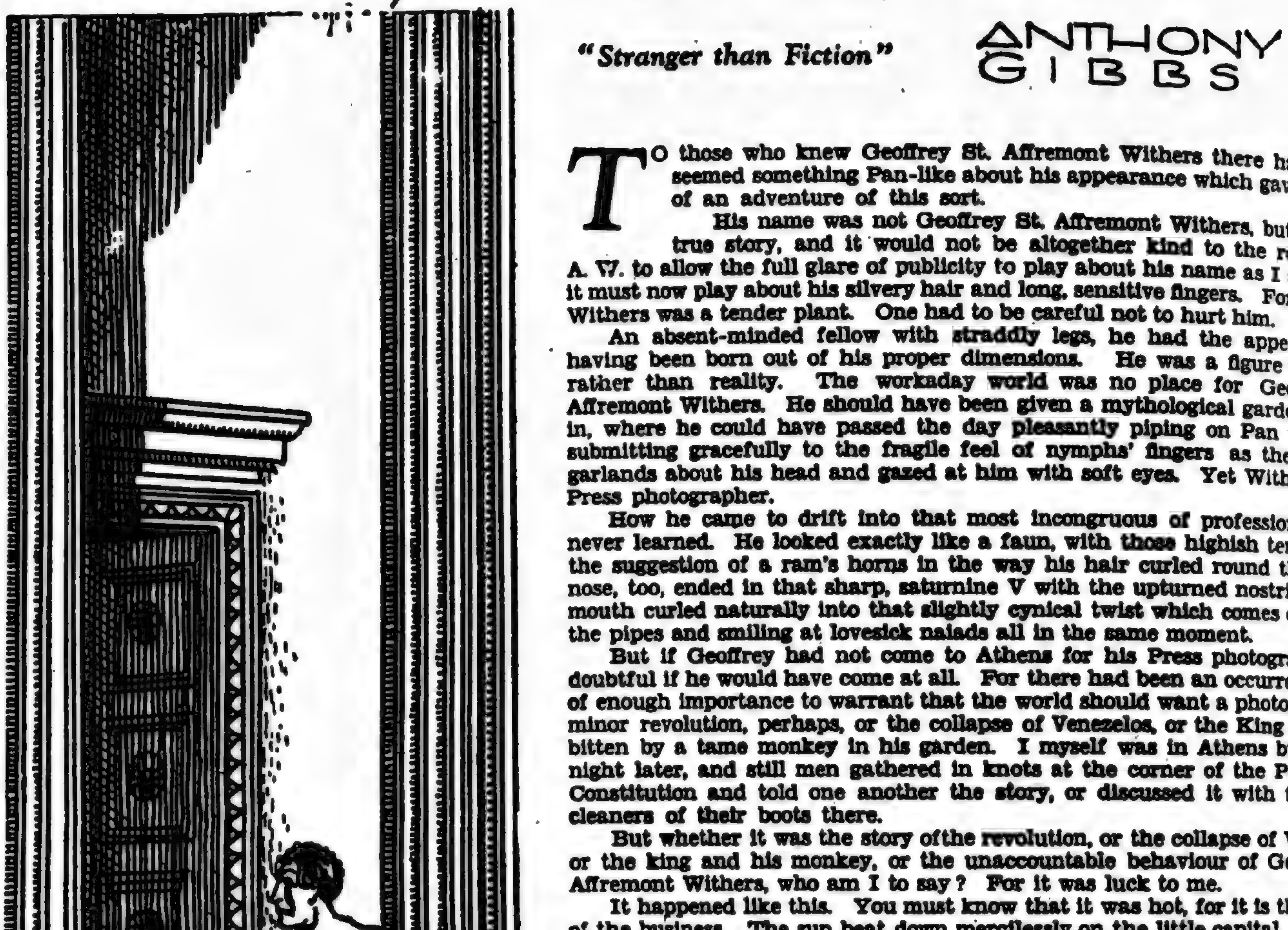
—and it is interesting to note the profound effect of such advertising on the fashions displayed at the average English seaside resort!

THE THEORY AND THE PRACTICE

A Story from Life

BY ANTHONY GIBBS

"Stranger than Fiction"



Clutching his sack, Geoffrey padded like a streak up the steps

To those who knew Geoffrey St. Affremont Withers there had always seemed something Pan-like about his appearance which gave promise of an adventure of this sort.

His name was not Geoffrey St. Affremont Withers, but this is a true story, and it would not be altogether kind to the real G. St. A. W. to allow the full glare of publicity to play about his name as I am afraid it must now play about his silvery hair and long, sensitive fingers. For Geoffrey Withers was a tender plant. One had to be careful not to hurt him.

An absent-minded fellow with straddly legs, he had the appearance of having been born out of his proper dimensions. He was a figure of legend rather than reality. The workaday world was no place for Geoffrey St. Affremont Withers. He should have been given a mythological garden to play in, where he could have passed the day pleasantly piping on Pan pipes and submitting gracefully to the fragile feel of nymphs' fingers as they decked garlands about his head and gazed at him with soft eyes. Yet Withers was a Press photographer.

How he came to drift into that most incongruous of professions I have never learned. He looked exactly like a faun, with those highish temples and the suggestion of a ram's horns in the way his hair curled round them. His nose, too, ended in that sharp, saturnine V with the upturned nostril, and his mouth curled naturally into that slightly cynical twist which comes of playing the pipes and smiling at lovesick naiads all in the same moment.

But if Geoffrey had not come to Athens for his Press photography it is doubtful if he would have come at all. For there had been an occurrence there of enough importance to warrant that the world should want a photograph. A minor revolution, perhaps, or the collapse of Venezelos, or the King had been bitten by a tame monkey in his garden. I myself was in Athens but a fortnight later, and still men gathered in knots at the corner of the Place de la Constitution and told one another the story, or discussed it with the young cleaners of their boots there.

But whether it was the story ofthe revolution, or the collapse of Venezelos, or the king and his monkey, or the unaccountable behaviour of Geoffrey St. Affremont Withers, who am I to say? For it was luck to me.

It happened like this. You must know that it was hot, for it is the essence of the business. The sun beat down mercilessly on the little capital, filling the rectangular streets and squares with vivid light and clear block shadows.

Do you know Athens? It can be very hot. It is a modern town, built after Byron by a German architect with a German's reverence for the classical tradition. A pleasant enough place, filled with columns and triangle, built around the glorious heritage of scenes of the same stuff as the Parthenon, as though one grew out of the other. And dominating all is the broad, black flank of Mount Hymettus, famed in fable, where the honey comes from.

Geoffrey Withers felt hot. The Hotel Grande Bretagne was nothing but a

stuffy trap of semi-tropical heat, and the Place de la Constitution a burnished medley of motor-cars and dust.

To Geoffrey, Mount Hymettus looked cool. It was aloof, unchangeable, and an escape. So he placed his hat upon his head and, after going back for his stick (for I have said he was an absent-minded man), set off by way of train and Shanks' pony for the distant heights.

The roads of Greece are not shady places. The metallic glint of the olive tree is a parched substitute for English foliage, and the thirsty umbrella pine, perfect as a background for ruined temples, is useless as a shield against the sun. Mount Hymettus, too, is a rocky wilderness, and Geoffrey Withers, after he had left the heather behind, stumbled rather wearily in the habitments of civilisation among the crags.

If Geoffrey had felt hot, he now felt hotter, and faintly in his ears there stirred the reedy call of the Pan pipes. He looked about him. He was alone. The dusty road stretched interminably away with nothing to break the solitude of its sweep. There is not much traffic on Mount Hymettus. Geoffrey St. Affremont Withers took off his clothes.

HE lay them in a neat bundle beneath a rock, sniffed the air with his pointed nose, raised his arms in greeting to the sun and air, leapt a little with this new naked freedom, ran about, shouted, sang, laughed, tried to turn a cart-wheel on a stretch of parched scrub, and fell over, pricking himself.

For some time he revelled thus, this naked man upon a lonely mountain, and when he was tired of it he stretched his limbs in the hot sun, sweated pleasantly, and went to sleep.

While he was asleep I suppose he dreamed. Dreamed of the fragile fingers of nymphs decking his hot body with garlands. At any rate, he smiled in his sleep, and what could make a man smile more pleasantly than that?

And when he had slept enough he woke and opened one eye tentatively to the blue sky. The sun was a little further round towards his horizon. It was not quite so hot as it had been. A black crow, bird of carrion, wheeled inquisitively above him and flew away and left a trail of caws. Geoffrey stretched himself and stood up.

It is strange how one may go to sleep in one mood and wake up in another. If Geoffrey had gone to sleep believing he was Pan, he woke up indubitably Mr. Withers. He looked down the brown thigh of the hillside to where Athens lay spread. Down there lay civilisation—and tea. He looked about him for his clothes.

I say he looked about him for his clothes. To Geoffrey St. Affremont Withers, naked on a hill top and alone, it began to be borne that one rock is very like another rock, and that on Mount Hymettus there is an incalculable number of solitary rocks, beneath which a neat bundle might be laid for safety, of an utter and distressing similarity.

Geoffrey could not find his clothes. He was sure that if he could but find the rock again he would know it, but time after time he ran upon a rock and looked behind it, only to find a road of ants or an impudent grasshopper stridulating with uncanny mirth.

He grew alarmed. He looked about him up the road. Far down in the distance came a clumsy ox-wagon, rumbling leisurely on its dusty way. On the sides of his legs and the backs of his arms Geoffrey felt a new sensation. Goose-flesh . . . He shivered.

He hunted feverishly. Still no clothes. The ox-wagon rumbled closer. He could see the two peasants tramping before it with the strong strides of the mountain folk. He slipped behind a crag, clenched his chilly fists and swore.

The ox-cart came. He watched it come, careful about his new duty. Not so careful, he watched it go. The back of it seemed like his last friend disappearing down the road. Its creaking sounded friendly. Geoffrey struggled in the clutch of sudden terror. He could not stay up here all night alone. He leaped from his hiding-place and went running after it through the hot dust.

"Hi!" shouted Geoffrey. "Holá!"

The rear man turned in his steady plod, and stopped dead in his tracks.

"Hi!" shouted Geoffrey. "Wait a minute!"

The peasant crossed himself suddenly in the Greek orthodox manner, and then, to make assurance doubly sure, held up two fingers of one hand and squinted through them, to ward off the evil eye.

He muttered unintelligibly through his thick moustache. Geoffrey approached, panting with excitement. He addressed the peasant in his best ancient Greek, having no modern.

"Hotel Grande Bretagne," said Geoffrey, and looked hopeful, stooping a little because of his nakedness.

The peasant gave him one look of terror and bolted after the creaking, receding cart.

Geoffrey swore and ran after it. The two peasants stopped and held each other for support.

"Entauthen exelaunai," said Geoffrey, "treis parasangas——"

The peasants shook their heads.

"Hotel Grande Bretagne," said Geoffrey. "Drachmae. Fifty drachmae. Pente deka drachmae——"

He thought he saw an answering gleam. Madman or not, fifty drachmae was something the most untutored peasant could understand. They conferred together, with many gestures, and in particular that little gesture of the rubbing together of the forefinger and thumb, which is the universal dumb language for money. He caught them at it and went through the motion himself. "Hotel Grande Bretagne," said Geoffrey.

The peasants wagged their heads sideways, "Ne, ne," said they, which, though you might not think so, means "Yes," it being the curious custom in some parts of Europe to nod the head the reverse way.

So Geoffrey scrambled hastily into the cart and sat down in it, rather abruptly, like a modest man entering a bath, and the cart wheezed on its thick axle, and ground over a stone, and began to lumber forwards down the hill, while the two oxen dug their delicate ankles in the thick, hot dust, and put their slobbering noses together for companionship. There was a sack there he wrapped about his middle.

NOW Athens is a small town and not to be compared, for instance, with Paris or New York. Yet it is a capital for all that, with a corps diplomatique like the rest. It is a smart little place, where there is not very much to do, and about tea-time there is nothing pleasanter than to sit and sip on the front terrace of the Hotel Grande Bretagne, and watch the passing pageant of the traffic and the people.

There is a sprinkling of fashion, always, on the terrace of the hotel, of men and their wives, a few under-secretaries with theirs, and even, possibly, an occasional ambassador with his. The king's palace, too, is over the way, and there was a certain coming and going (when there was a king) of carriages and the equipages of state.

It was the possible ambassador who noticed the thing first, and wondered whether to point it out to his wife.

"Good God!" said the ambassador. "Look at that!"

And at his words a few heads were turned, and ladies looked from beneath the cool shade of their parasols. There was a flutter then, and a scraping of chairs as people stood and craned their necks.

For round the corner of the king's garden came with dignified slowness an ox-wagon, led by two peasants and followed by all the small boys of Athens, in which the naked figure of Geoffrey St. Affremont Withers sat, apologetically, with a sack for loin cloth.

Taxis scurried past it. It was held up for a moment by the baton of an unseeing gendarme. And then it drew up with a creak and a jolt before the very steps that lead up from the square through the centre of the terrace to the front door.

"Hotel Grande Bretagne," said the peasants.

"Th-thanks," said Geoffrey.

HE licked his lips. The ambassador and his wife and the under-secretaries with theirs and the officers with theirs seemed a multitude of grotesquely over-dressed people. There is nothing more disconcerting to a nude man than a full dressed one, unless it be a fully dressed lady with a parasol.

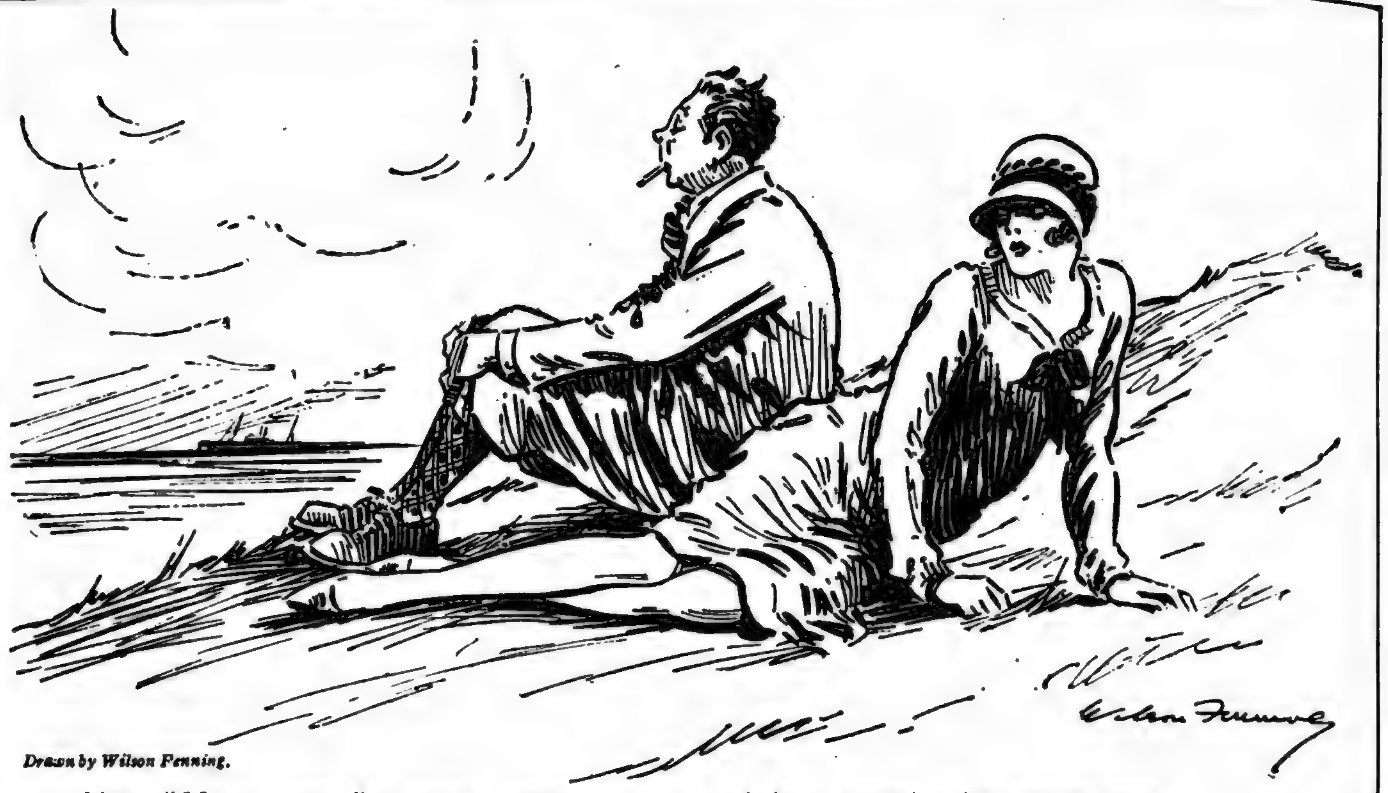
Geoffrey Withers looked beyond them to the dark interior of the hotel. It was an anxious moment. Up there was his room with several suits of clothes. He wished now that he had stayed upon the mountain, for the world of reality was no place for Geoffrey St. Affremont Withers. The gendarme was advancing incredulously across the "Place," and in the interior gloom was just visible the primly black-coated figure of the manager talking to the concierge

With a sudden leap, Geoffrey left his cart and padded like a streak up the steps, clutching his sack, and so, with what dignity he could muster, passed the startled manager and so to the sanctuary of his room. There he locked the door and fell, shivering with shame, upon his bed. . . .

The rest of this story is soon told. It is nothing but how he spent the rest of that day and the night that followed locked in his apartment, and of how the manager beat upon the door demanding an explanation and fifty drachmae for two obstinate peasants who were lowering the tone of his establishment by leaving an ox-cart with two solemn oxen before the door.

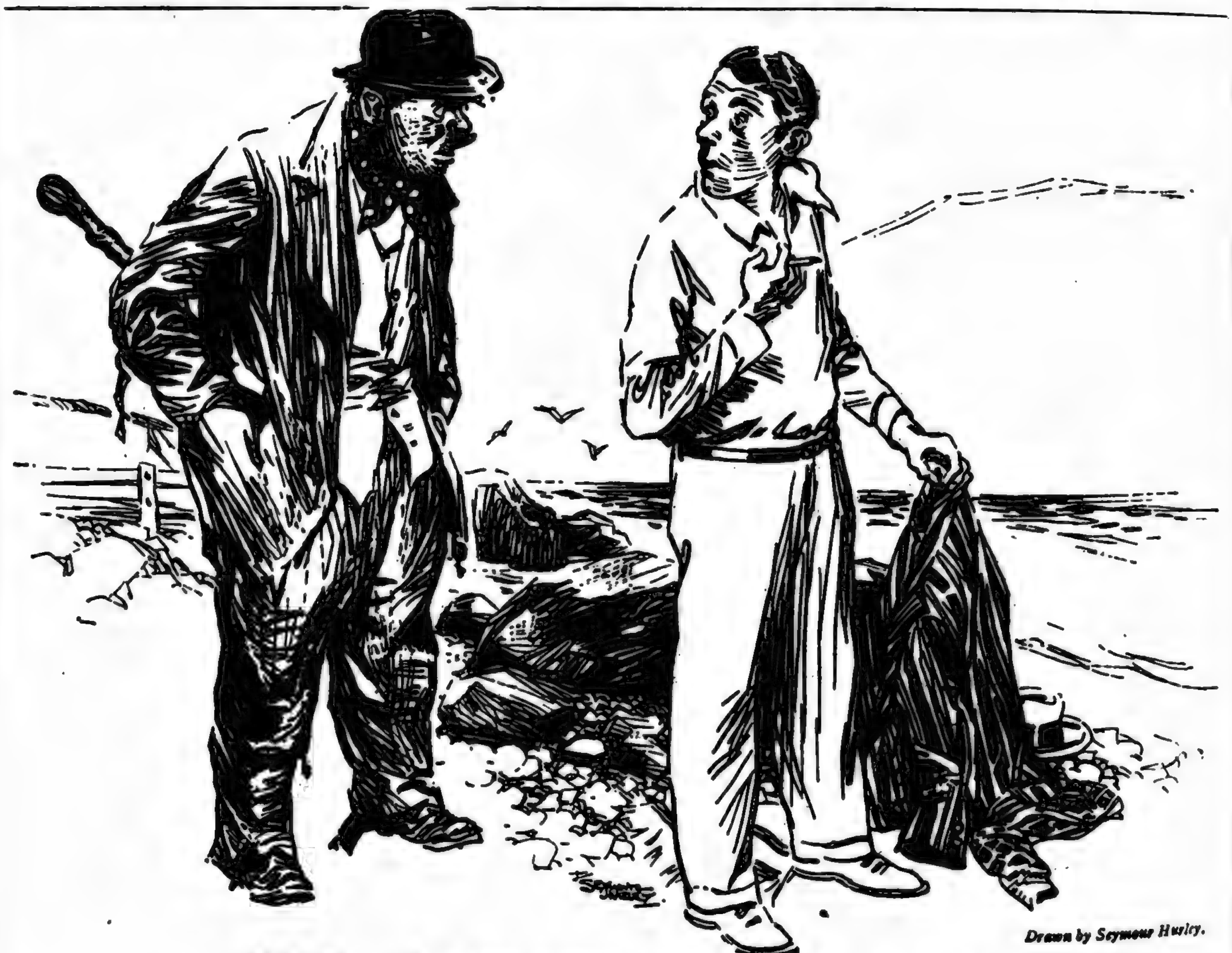
And when he had slept the night and dressed himself gloriously in trousers and all, he sallied forth rather early, when there was nobody upon the terrace of the hotel, and took a taxi all the way to Mount Hymettus.

It was an expensive ride, and Press photographers are not highly paid. But he found his clothes exactly where he'd left them.



Drawn by Wilson Penning.

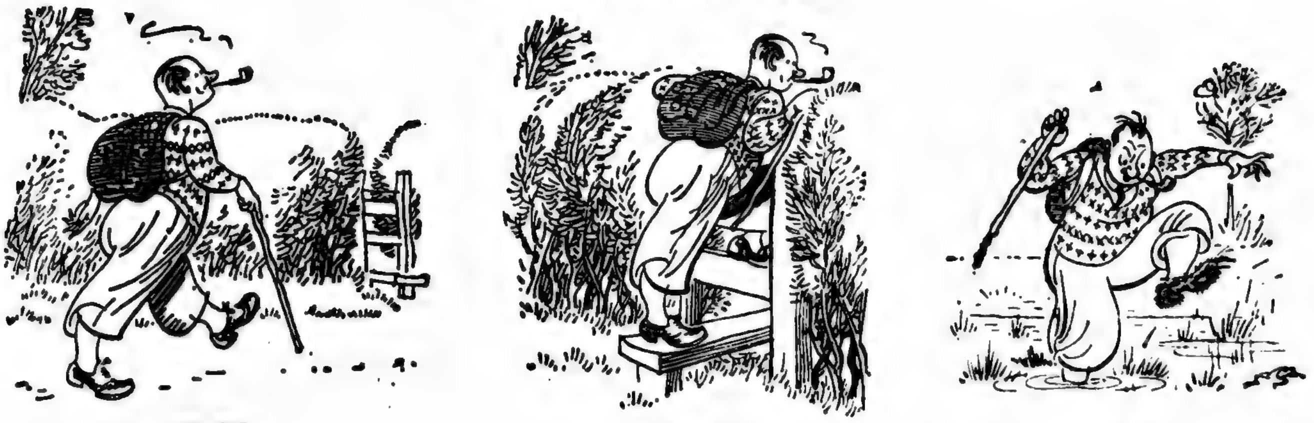
HE: "Many a time I've done a twenty-mile run and then jumped a five-barred gate."
SHE (very fed up): "Do you always take such a long run as that to jump a five-barred gate?"



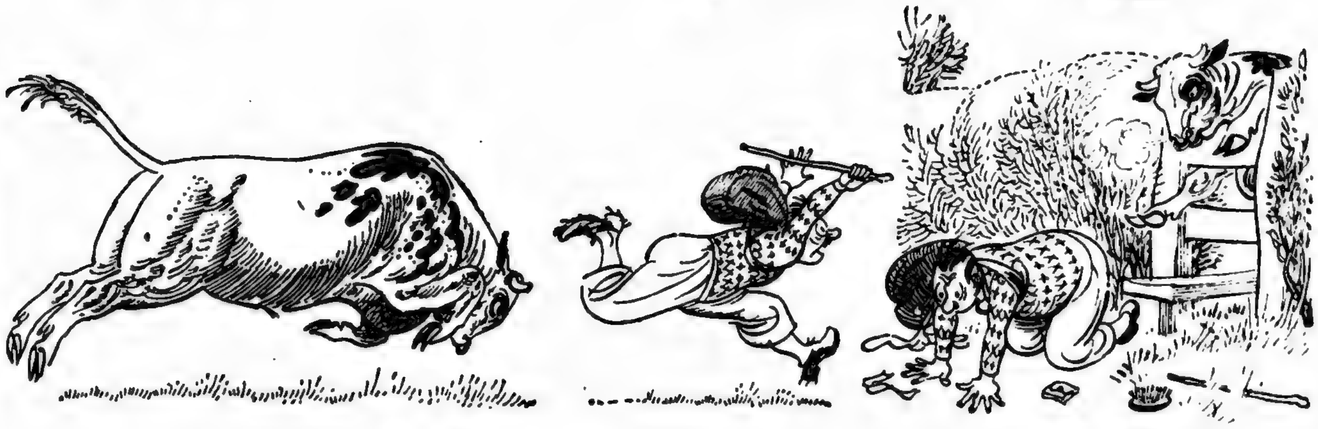
Drawn by Seymour Hurley.

BATHER: "'Er is there anything you are waiting for, my man?"
TRAMP: "Yus, fer you to 'op in the water."

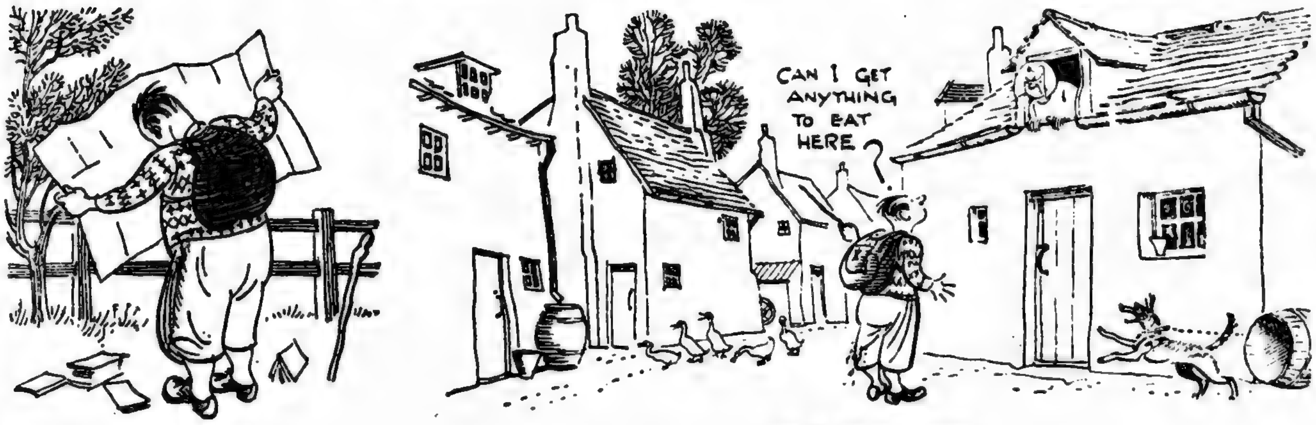
The charm about a Walking Tour is that . . .



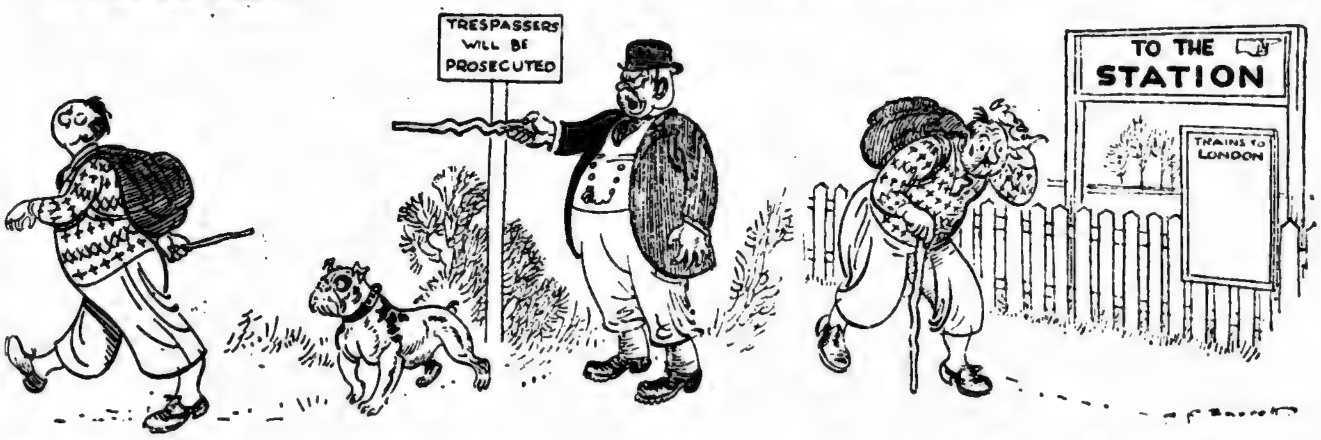
. . . you can . . . . . . avoid . . . . . . the dust . .



. . . and dangers . . . . . . of the highway . . .


CAN I GET ANYTHING TO EAT HERE ?

. . you have time to explore . . . . . . out-of-the-way places . . .


TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
TO THE STATION
TRAINS TO LONDON

Drawn by A. C. Barrett.

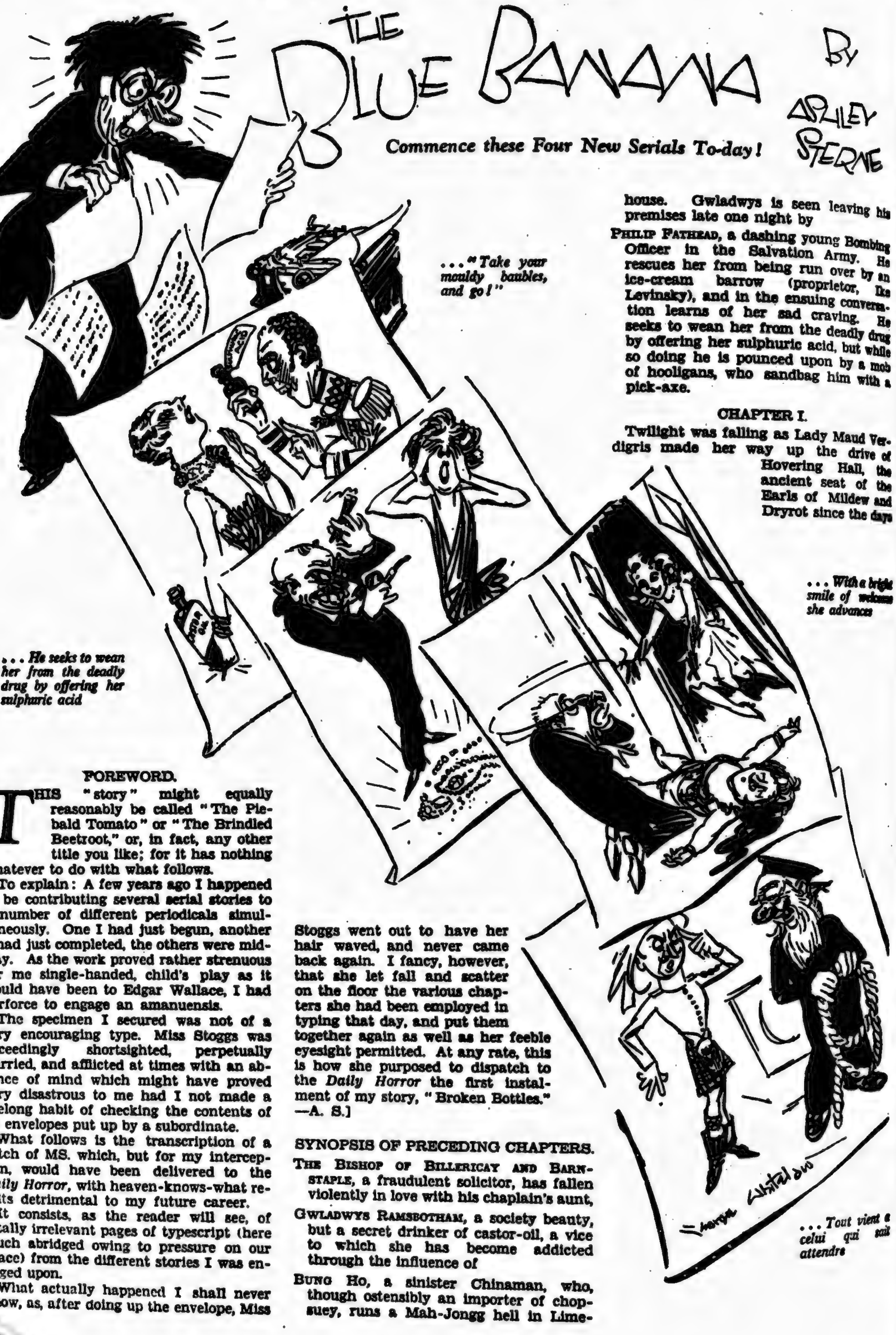
. . . and you can always go . . . . . . just wherever you fancy.

OFF (AND ON) THE BEATEN TRACK

THE BLUE BANANA

BY ASHLEY STERNE

Commence these Four New Serials To-day!



. . . "*Take your mouldy baubles, and go!*"

. . . *He seeks to wean her from the deadly drug by offering her sulphuric acid*

. . . *With a bright smile of welcome she advances*

. . . *Tout vient à celui qui sait attendre*

FOREWORD.

THIS "story" might equally reasonably be called "The Piebald Tomato" or "The Brindled Beetroot," or, in fact, any other title you like; for it has nothing whatever to do with what follows.

To explain: A few years ago I happened to be contributing several serial stories to a number of different periodicals simultaneously. One I had just begun, another I had just completed, the others were midway. As the work proved rather strenuous for me single-handed, child's play as it would have been to Edgar Wallace, I had perforce to engage an amanuensis.

The specimen I secured was not of a very encouraging type. Miss Stoggs was exceedingly shortsighted, perpetually flurried, and afflicted at times with an absence of mind which might have proved very disastrous to me had I not made a lifelong habit of checking the contents of all envelopes put up by a subordinate.

What follows is the transcription of a batch of MS. which, but for my interception, would have been delivered to the *Daily Horror*, with heaven-knows-what results detrimental to my future career.

It consists, as the reader will see, of totally irrelevant pages of typescript (here much abridged owing to pressure on our space) from the different stories I was engaged upon.

What actually happened I shall never know, as, after doing up the envelope, Miss Stoggs went out to have her hair waved, and never came back again. I fancy, however, that she let fall and scatter on the floor the various chapters she had been employed in typing that day, and put them together again as well as her feeble eyesight permitted. At any rate, this is how she purposed to dispatch to the *Daily Horror* the first instalment of my story, "Broken Bottles."
—A. S.]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

THE BISHOP OF BILLERICAY AND BARNSTAPLE, a fraudulent solicitor, has fallen violently in love with his chaplain's aunt,

GWLADWYS RAMSBOTHAM, a society beauty, but a secret drinker of castor-oil, a vice to which she has become addicted through the influence of

BUNG HO, a sinister Chinaman, who, though ostensibly an importer of chop-suey, runs a Mah-Jongg hell in Limehouse. Gwladwys is seen leaving his premises late one night by

PHILIP FATHEAD, a dashing young Bombing Officer in the Salvation Army. He rescues her from being run over by an ice-cream barrow (proprietor, Ike Levinsky), and in the ensuing conversation learns of her sad craving. He seeks to wean her from the deadly drug by offering her sulphuric acid, but while so doing he is pounced upon by a mob of hooligans, who sandbag him with a pick-axe.

CHAPTER I.

Twilight was falling as Lady Maud Verdigris made her way up the drive of Hovering Hall, the ancient seat of the Earls of Mildew and Dryrot since the days of King Canute. Birds—all sorts of birds—in the high Hall garden were frantically calling "Maud!" at the top of their voices, for she was late.

But she seemed oblivious to the call of the birds. Her mind was fixed upon other matters; for Harold Hardbake, the handsome but penniless young Governor of the Bank of England, had that afternoon asked her to marry him. What would her father say? she mused, as she strolled along the gravelled path—that proud father who had designed for his only daughter's future husband no one of a lower social status than a brewer.

But her musing was suddenly interrupted. From behind a clump of raspberry-and-currant bushes which flanked the drive there stepped a man in the uniform of a Birmingham sanitary inspector.

"Good evening, Lady Maud!" he said, sweeping off his cap with a derisive gesture. "I have come to inform you that yesterday you became the mother of twins!"

(To be continued.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Garibaldi Gherkin, a half-witted macaroni-borer in a Soho restaurant, has been bribed to commit botulism by

Sir Cato Catsmeat, an auctioneer, valuer and estate agent, of depraved and brutal habits. He has got into his power

Connie Cornring, the pretty and innocent daughter of a cash chemist in Newington Butts. She has discovered a new remedy for painter's colic, the prescription for which Sir Cato, by nefarious means, has forced her to reveal, and is attempting to palm off on the Swiss Government as the plans of a new and improved type of submarine. For this purpose he has attempted to suborn Connie's fiancé.

Basil Boofe, who is potty, and thinks he is in the Swiss Consulate, but isn't really. Actually, he is a commissionaire at Mme. Tussaud's, but he doesn't know it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ONCE again Christmas Day dawned, and it was to the music of merry chimes that Millicent rose from her bed, took her teeth from the soap-dish, her hair from the bed-rail, her complexion from three different pots and a bottle, and arranged her toilet for the coming festivities.

It did not take her long, and the bells of Yule, sounding so sweetly from the old village church of St. Turbot's and All Soles', had not ceased to ring for the early doors before she had descended to the breakfast-room.

A pleasing odour of cold pickled pork greeted her as she entered, but, hungry as she was, she heeded it not: for, beside her plate, there lay the long-expected letter in the dear familiar handwriting. Hastily she tore open the envelope and perused the contents. "Madam,—We beg to remind you that your rent is due to-day, 25th inst., and your cheque by return would oblige."

Millicent gave a little cry of joy, as she lay the letter down and helped herself to the pickled pork. Love had come into her life at last!

(The End.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

"Red" Slaney, head of a gang of crooks in Chicago, has laid a plot to kidnap

Sadie Sideslip, the young and lovely daughter of Cyrus K. Caleb Q. Sideslip, the millionaire yellow-ochre broker. To that end Slaney has sent her a forged money-order for a dime, payable at the post office in the High Street, where he has stationed four of his gang disguised as dentists. The plot, however, has been overheard by

Stanislaus Z. Squirt, a junior ledger-clerk employed in her father's office, who secretly loves Sadie, but without daring to tell her. He determines to save her, and himself goes to the post office disguised as a ventriloquist. He is about to take up a suitable position behind a pile of cancelled two-cent postage-stamps, when he is tapped on the shoulder by a man disguised as a suet-refiner, who is none other than

Detective-Inspector J. R. Hiram W. F. N. Schneider, of the Chicago police, who arrests Squirt on a charge of regicide.

CHAPTER XLVII.

FOR a brief moment Enid's courage deserted her. Then it came back with a bump. She tore the diamond tiara from her hair, the rope of pearls from her neck, the emerald pendant from her bosom, the sapphire and ruby rings from her fingers, the gold crowns from her teeth, the iron hobnails from her boots, and flung the glittering mass at the feet of Sir Eustace Gumboil.

"Take your mouldy baubles, and go!" she cried.

For answer, the man coolly withdrew from his lips the two cigars and a pipe which he was smoking.

"Very well, I'll go!" he chuckled, with hideous significance. "But all the world shall know that the good and beautiful Enid Slapcabbage has no right to that name—or any other!"

(To be continued.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Murgatroyd, butler to Lady Dogfish, proceeds to his mistress's room one night to tuck her up as usual; but on opening the door he is somewhat bewildered to see her lying on the floor with her throat cut in halves.

Thinking that something must be wrong, he runs to the telephone and rings up

Dr. Moseley Eyewash, her ladyship's medical attendant, who at once stops operating on a panel-patient for appendicitis, and motors to the Grange. One glance assures his skilled eye that there has been foul play, and he immediately dispatches Murgatroyd to summon the police, the coroner, the chemist, the vicar, and anybody else he can think of who is likely to be interested. Left alone with the body, he is about to examine it, when the window-curtains part, and out steps

Veronica Allspice, Lady Dogfish's niece, a radiant English girl, brimful of health, youth, spirits, and general *joie de vivre*. With a bright smile of welcome she advances with outstretched hands to greet the doctor, who, with an exclamation of horror, sees that they are dyed with turmeric right up to the elbows.

CHAPTER XI.

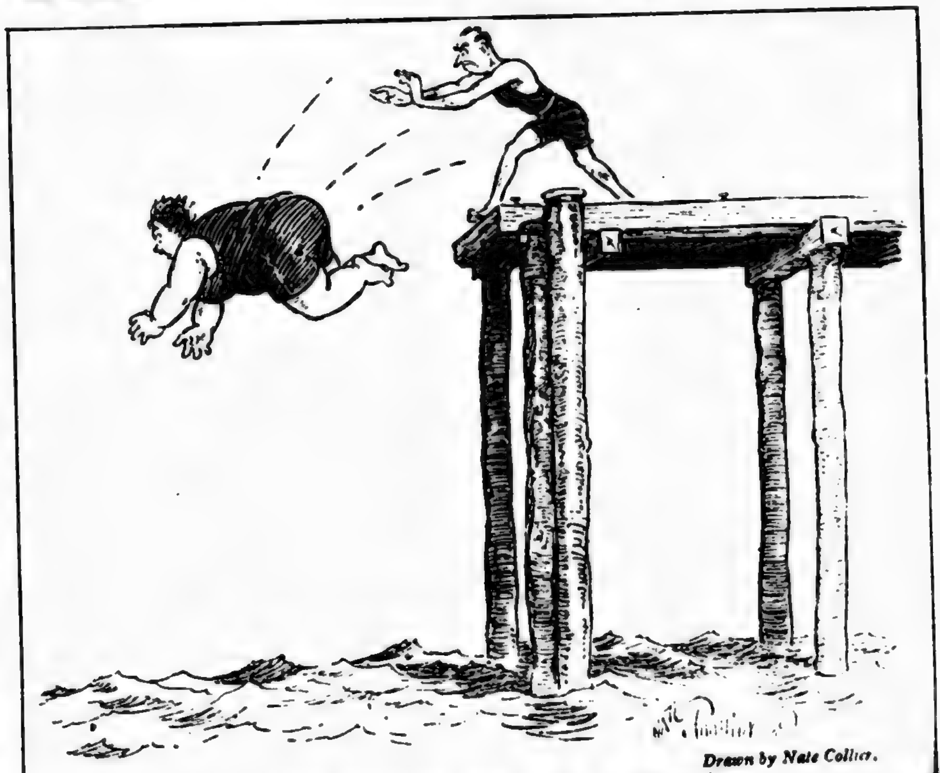
WITH rhythmic beat the great liner rapidly ploughed its way across the broad Atlantic. But to the lad leaning over the taffrail it seemed to move all too slowly. He changed his position and leant over the binnacle instead. The ship apparently went even slower. So he went and leant over the mainbrace, but it went no faster.

"Will the voyage never end?" he said aloud, as he went and leant over the bowsprit for a change.

"Aye, lad, aye!" said an old sailor, who was passing and overheard. "*Tout vient à celui qui sait attendre.*"

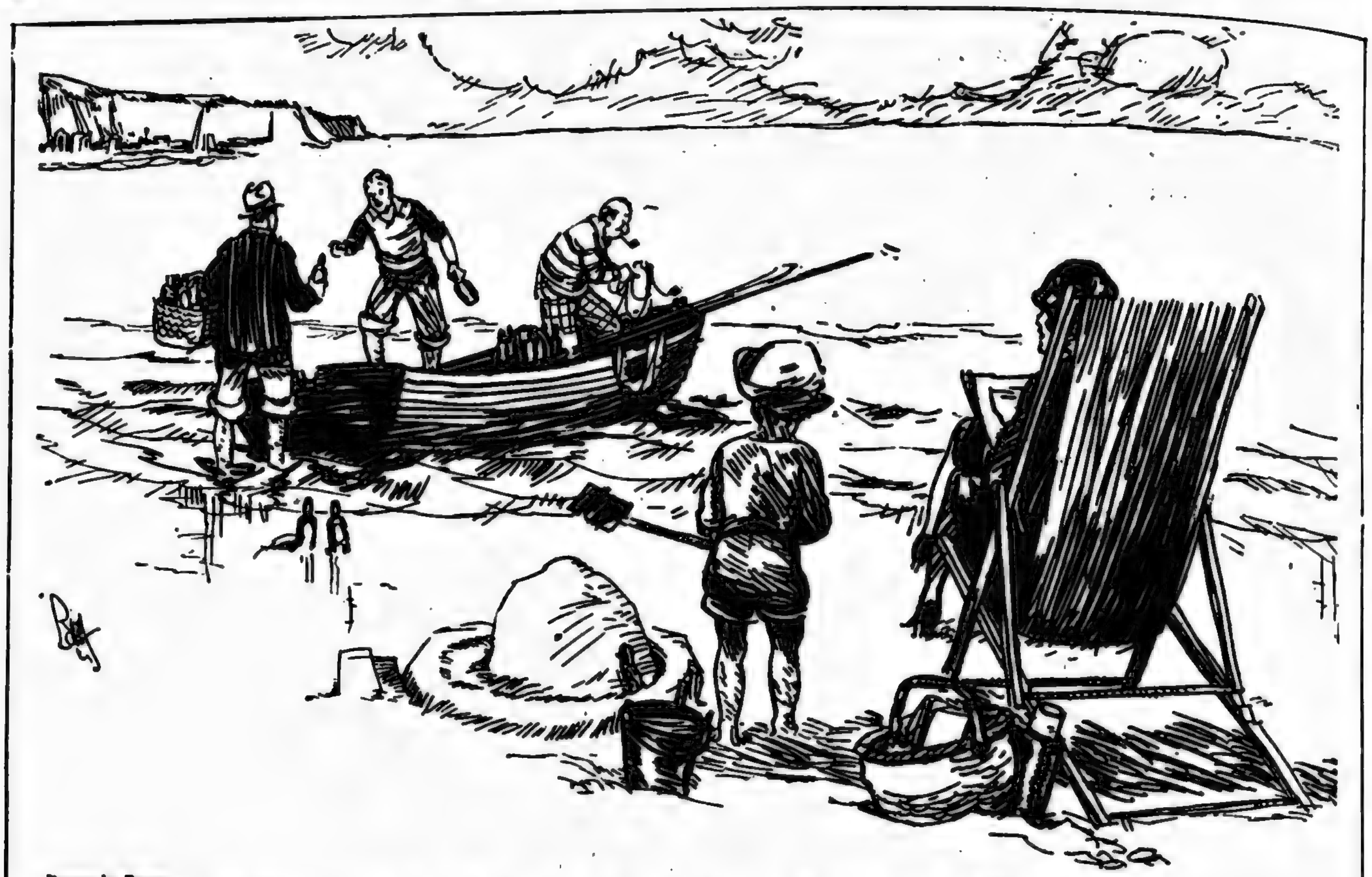
Something in the man's voice and appearance seemed vaguely familiar to the boy. But it recalled nothing to him. Little did he guess that the rough sailor was none other than the father he had travelled 4,000 miles to find!

(To be continued in the original; but here, The End.)



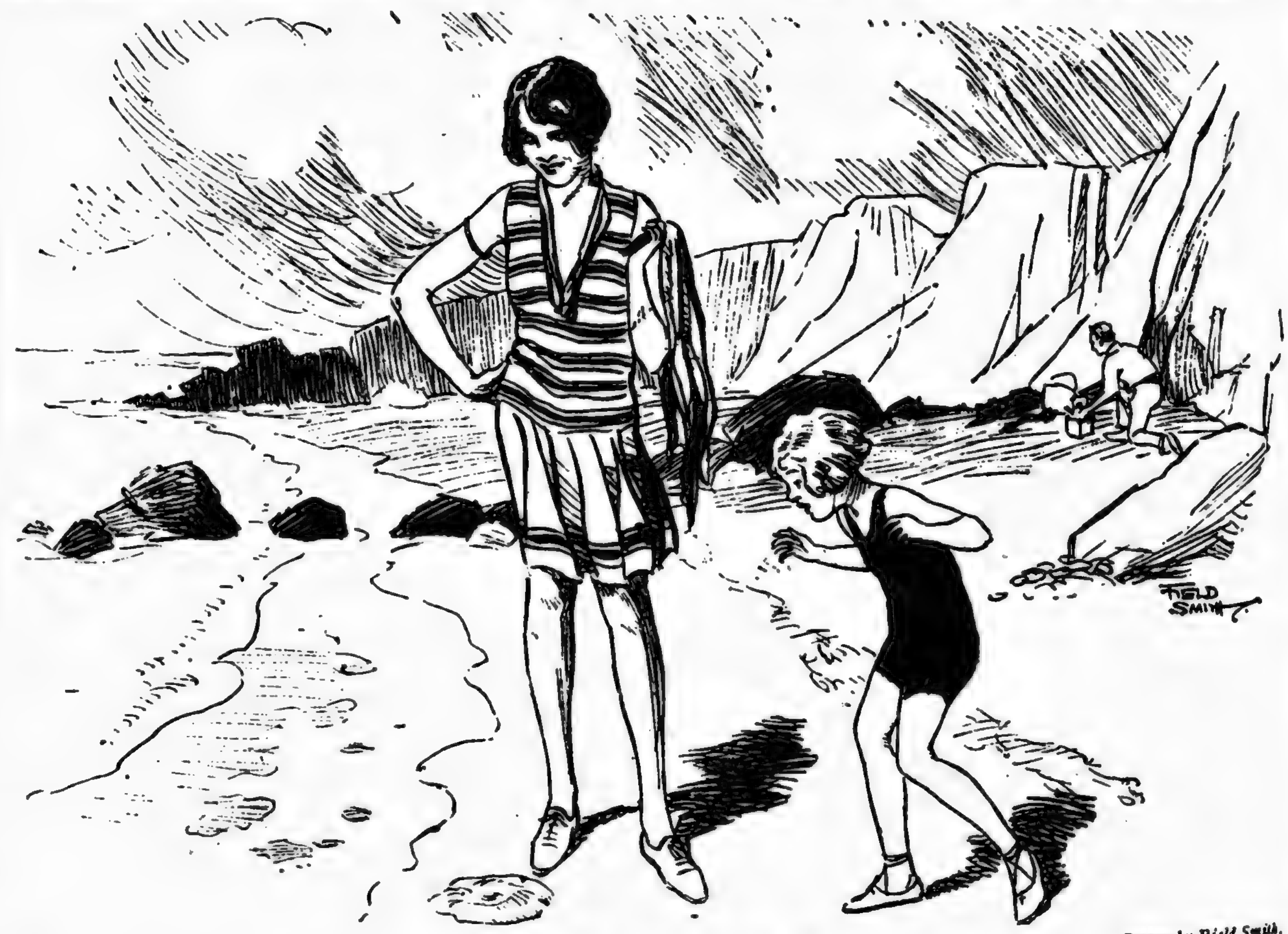
Drawn by Nate Collier.

How to teach your wife to swim



Drawn by Bowes.

JIMMY (watching anglers about to put out): "Mummie! do fishes like beer?"



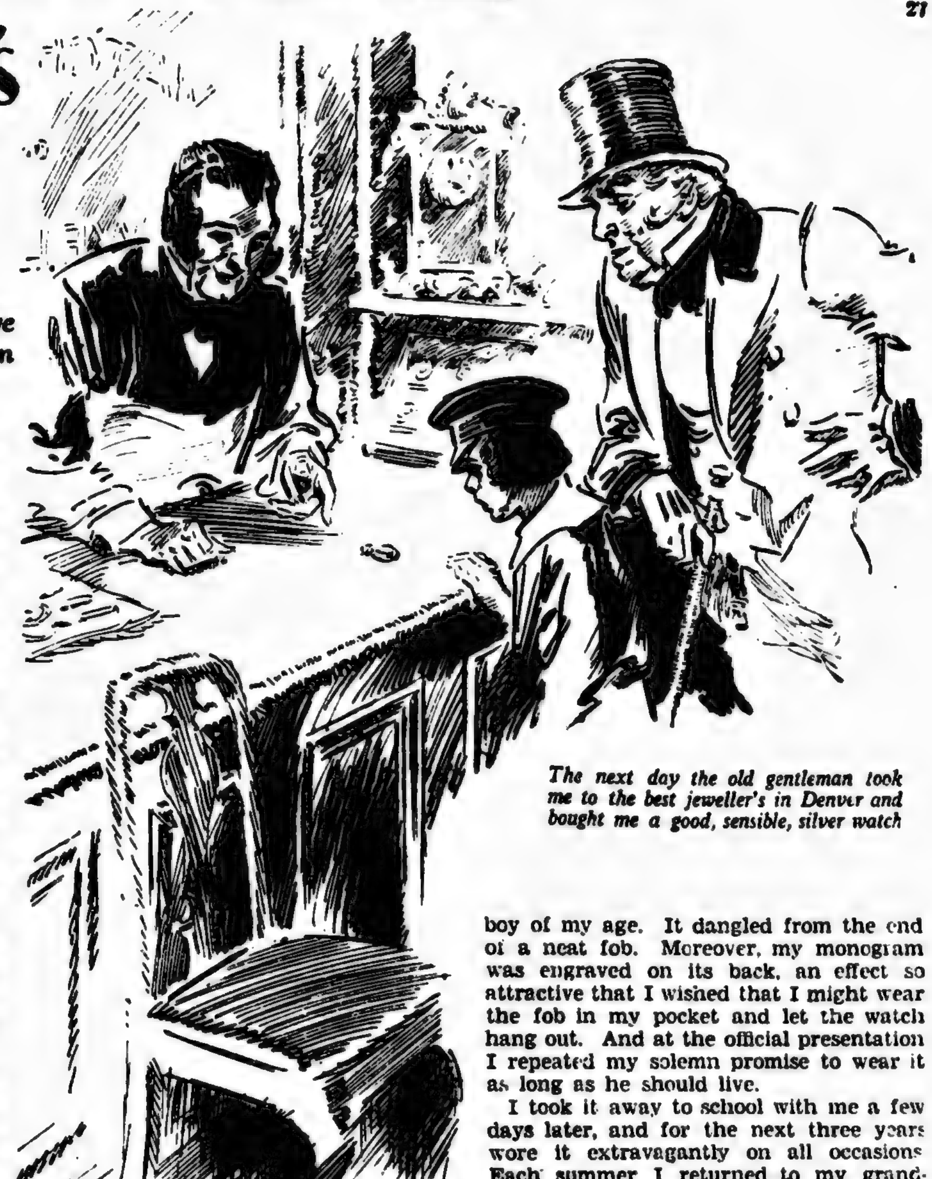
Drawn by Field Smith.

"Look, dear, here's a jelly-fish."
"Coo, mummy—what flavour?"

Grandfather's Watch

by Sewell Collins

Another story from life to prove that Truth is stranger than Fiction



The next day the old gentleman took me to the best jeweller's in Denver and bought me a good, sensible, silver watch

THIS true story begins away back in those dim days when men wore pompadours and sashes, women sandwiched themselves between mutton-leg sleeves and I was yearning for long trousers and just beginning voluntarily to wash behind my ears.

I had done my first two years away from home at school, and, as had been my annual custom, was spending the summer holidays with my grandparents in Denver, Colorado, where I was born.

I possessed a watch: a flimsy tin-plated affair which went when I went and whose usefulness had waned until now it served only to anchor one end of a gaudy chain which I had swapped for a wolf. I got more than the watch-chain for the wolf: I got also a single roller skate, a small printing-press and two founts of type with only the "e's" missing.

It was a bad bargain all round, for the printing outfit no doubt turned my young life toward a precarious literary existence while the wolf bit a postman shortly after the exchange, and the other boy's father made him give it to the Zoo.

But this story is about watches, not wolves. As the end of my summer holiday was looming on the horizon, and I was preparing reluctantly to return to school, my grandfather called me to his study one day and spoke as follows:

"I have noticed the alleged watch you are carrying, and I can now understand why you are habitually unpunctual. If a man is to accomplish anything in life he must be prompt and truthful; and one can be neither with a prevaricating watch to aid and abet him."

With all the old gentleman's worldly knowledge he should have known (I did, even then) that unpunctuality is a god-gift and the fault of no timepiece. However, youthful intuition told me that I seemed to be in for a new watch, and I heartily agreed with him.

"I am going to take you to town tomorrow," said grandfather, "and buy you a real watch. It will not be a fancy one, but a good, sensible silver watch suitable to a boy who has not yet caught up to his legs and ears."

I gulped in gratitude, tried to look sufficiently sensible to own a sensible watch, and said, "Yessir."

"There is but one condition," the old man went on, "and that is that you will promise to wear it as long as I live." There is nothing that a boy of fourteen will not promise for a new watch, so with alacrity I pledged myself. At that moment my word was sincere, and for a long time afterward; but I little knew how accurately it would work out and what, unconsciously, an absolute covenant I was making.

My grandfather was then in what to any ordinary life would be its waning twilight. He was what was known as "a character." Someone said "Dickens should have written him." Although hale and hearty until his very end, he, after retirement from an active and adventurous career, had developed a sentimental morbidity about himself and was always "about to die."

Among the family and his intimates there was a standing joke to the effect that he died every night for forty years. Yet, at the age of eighty-two, he went through double pneumonia and celebrated his convalescence by chopping down the stubbornest elm on his estate.

Undoubtedly it was one of these sentimental moods of his that was a boon to me in the acquisition of a new silver watch, for he concluded his speech by adding sadly, "I shall not be here much longer, so it will not be a difficult promise to keep."

The next day the old gentleman took me to the best jeweller's in Denver, and, according to specifications, bought me a good, sensible, silver watch suitable to a boy of my age. It dangled from the end of a neat fob. Moreover, my monogram was engraved on its back, an effect so attractive that I wished that I might wear the fob in my pocket and let the watch hang out. And at the official presentation I repeated my solemn promise to wear it as long as he should live.

I took it away to school with me a few days later, and for the next three years wore it extravagantly on all occasions. Each summer I returned to my grandfather's home for my holidays and each summer I found my grandfather in his usual robust health, but still calling the family to his bedside at frequent intervals for a last farewell and then being the first one down to breakfast in the morning. And each year, on my return to school, I heard him say, "I'll be gone when next you come back."

When I had digested the curriculum of that school I was sent east for a University course, which lasted another three years, and I never returned to Colorado again; although I heard through gradually diminishing correspondence and through my mother that grandfather still maintained his hold on life and health, albeit periodically dying; and during these years I, with equal tenacity, held on to the watch.

DURING the years that followed my University days, those delightful years of vicissitude which come to all who are foolish enough to embark on a journalistic career, the watch was still my possession; often the only one of value!

The handsome monogram on its back had long since lost its pristine crispness; the ring which had attached it to various fobs and chains had worn to a dangerous thinness; the once sharp corrugations on its stem-winder had softened almost to smoothness; its once frank, white face, which had looked through many cracked and broken crystals, had itself become cracked and sere in its maturity; but it still worked well and reliably as any good, sensible, silver watch should do.

Through those eleven piebald years, parlous, hectic, humdrum, exicting, all interesting, the old watch, fettered by day and a willing slave by night, remained my most faithful comrade, without, unlike many a worse watch, experiencing a single sojourn behind the well-known trio of gilded spheres.

In the twelfth year of our companionship we (my watch and I) were in the Canadian woods for a month of fishing, when, one day, I received a letter from my father in Chicago, a thousand miles midway between me and my grandfather. The letter contained certain pleasant sentiments regarding my approaching birthday, and carried, moreover, the tidings that with it should arrive by registered packet a new gold watch to mark the historic event.

And duly in the same post was the packet, spotted with crimson discs of sealing-wax, and containing an opulent gold watch splendidly shining and appropriately engraved; beside it the old silver timepiece seemed a pathetic object.

By this time my promise to my grandfather had worn itself even thinner than the old silver watch and remained merely a subconscious memory, so it was not because of that sentiment that I decided to continue for the moment with the old watch.

The new gold one was too handsome a trinket to wear in the Canadian woods with soiled flannel shirts and corduroy breeches. Its natural habitat was the Metropolis and electric lights and laundered shirts. To have worn it on a fishing trip would have been sacrilege; so I rebedded it in its cotton-wool comforter until such time as it could make a grand début in New York and went on wearing the old friend. No matter if it should fall into a stream.

IN September we returned to the Metropolis. For a couple of months, what with settling back to the routine of work and autumn house-opening and such-like, I almost forgot having the new watch. And then, at last, there came a night (as the movie sub-titles say) in November when I decided to cast aside the old grandfather's watch and sally forth on the morrow with the new-found friend.

Let me remind you that during these twelve years my recollection of my compact with my grandfather had waned until it was no longer a specific thing. Like many promises made in bursts of gratitude it had dissipated itself, so that now my decision to relegate the old watch to the curio cabinet roused no emotion nor even memory of it.

I had heard nothing of my grandfather for months. I knew that he was still alive only because I had not heard of his death. And the only qualms I had when I took off the old silver watch for the last time were those of deliberately putting aside a faithful old friend to take up companionship with a newer and handsomer one.

I mentioned my regret to my wife, and we philosophised over the procedure: it was so like life. I am ashamed to confess that even this sentimental parting from the old timepiece did not even remind me of my promise or of my grandfather.

Through habit I started to wind up the old watch then thought best not to. "No," I said, "I will let it run down. It has had a long session. I will hang it in the cabinet for a well-earned rest."

It was the kindest thing I could think of to mitigate my guilt in discarding it. We wondered how long it would run and, by way of a joke, made a wager between ourselves as to when it might stop.

I think it was a pair of gloves to a box of chocolates or some such trite bet; and we each wrote the hour and minutes of our respective guesses on a bit of paper and hung the old watch in its resting-place.

NEXT morning we went to the cupboard to see who had won. As usual, I lost. The old watch had ticked its last at a quarter past four exactly, and I had not guessed within hours of it.

When I picked up the morning newspaper at the breakfast table the first thing I saw on its front page was the announcement of the death of my grandfather in Denver, two thousand miles away. And only then I recalled the promise I had made when a spindle-legged boy.

An hour later I received a telegram from my mother confirming the newspaper article, and a fortnight later when she wrote me the details of the old gentleman's demise she stated that he breathed his last at a quarter past four in the morning.

The old watch still hangs in the cupboard. Often I have wanted to take it out and wind it, but am possibly superstitious. So that is the story and it's true.

Why is it, with all the teeming millions of fish in the sea—

Drawn by Fitz.

—the best we can ever manage to get out of it is something like this?"

4 ozs
4d
Walters'
Palm
Palm
ICES

The Counter Attraction

Nigger minstrel troupes — ice-cream barrows—painted clowns—the band on the pier . . . what do all these matter, when the little stall, perched on the beach by the sea wall, displays on its counter the many varieties of . . .

WALTERS' "PALM" TOFFEE

each one distinctive in flavour—all the very essence of nourishment ?

Made to Satisfy every Taste.

Only 4d. for 4 ozs.   Buy some to-day.

Walters' "Palm" REGD Toffee

"One Quality only —the Very Best"

4 ozs 4d

"Worth Double the Price!"

J.B.

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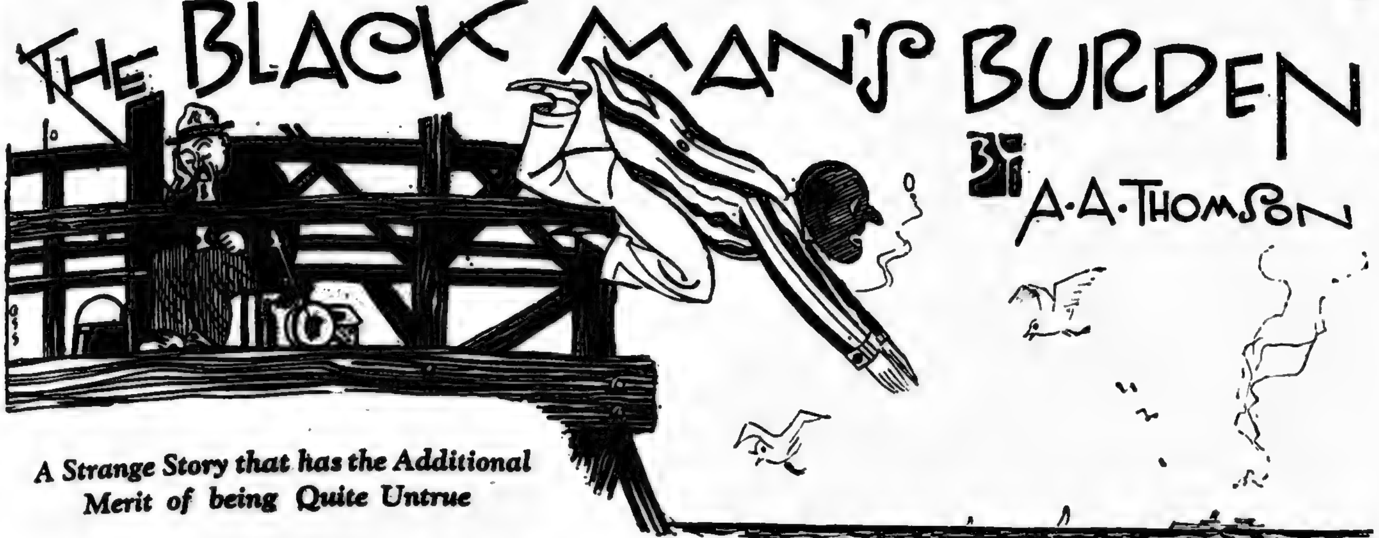
THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN

BY A·A·THOMSON



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Characters in our Smashing Seaside Serial:

Rosemary Rowbotham, a willowy blonde of twenty, who is beautiful enough to stop all the clocks in the neighbourhood. On the promenade at Garbwich-on-Sea she meets

Cuthbert Dalrymple, an impoverished aristocrat, who, owing to grinding taxation, which is really the fault of

Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, P.C., M.P., is obliged to earn his livng as a nigger minstrel.

Lord Ringhamwarham (pronounced Ringworm), Rosemary's father, who is in the clutches of

Mervyn Murgatroyd, a choice specimen in bad hats, even for a story of this kind.

Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, who, strictly speaking, does not come into the action of this story, but might feel hurt if left out of *anything*. Now, take a deep breath, rise on the heels, bend the knees to the full extent, and go on with the story.

CHAP. MDCXIX.

At the extreme end of the pier Rosemary paused. (The consequences of *not* pausing when you get to the end of piers are obvious.) In her ears rang a haunting melody, sung in a tender baritone voice accompanied by the poignant note of a one-string banjo. Sonny Boy. . . . That strange, exotic tune. . . . Where had she heard it before? And who was the singer?

In the intensity of her emotion Rosemary leaned over the rail. She could see no one. She bent over still further. There is a limit to the bending capacity of even the modern figure. Rosemary fell, head foremost, but in a ladylike manner, into the water.

On the lower platform of the pier, a man in a mackintosh who was fishing for conger eels, paid no heed to Rosemary's loud (but refined) screams. He had been in a state of coma for three weeks.

But what, meanwhile, of Cuthbert Dalrymple? Where was Cuth.? As he played his one-string banjo on the lower platform, he saw the slim, beautiful figure shoot past him into the water. It was Rosemary!

He sprang forward to the rail. And then, as an appalling thought burned its way into his brain, he hesitated. If he should plunge into the water to save her, the burnt cork would come off his face, revealing him in his true colours. She would recognise the black-faced minstrel as Cuthbert Dalrymple, scion of a proud but impoverished line. Ah, the shame of it!

"Save me, save me!" shrieked a cultured and aristocratic voice.

Cuthbert's doubts were at an end, burnt cork or no burnt cork. Pausing to lean his banjo against the comatose fisherman, he dived into the sea. It was but the work of a moment to grasp the drowning (but refined) girl by the hair.

Then, still holding her in that gentle embrace, he climbed back on to the pier and stood her up against a bollard. Would she recognise him? If she did, all was over. . . .

"You are wet," he murmured in tones vibrant with emotion.

"Not at all," replied Rosemary, striving with the old-world courtesy of her race to put him at his ease. "No, not wet."

He could bear the suspense no longer.

"Tell me," he whispered hoarsely. "My face . . . does it remind you of anything?"

"Let me think," said Rosemary. "Yes, I know. A zebra. Quite a nice-looking zebra, of course."

He bowed his head. The burnt cork had come off in stripes.

"Perhaps we shall meet again," she added softly. "I often go to the Zoo. On Mondays. It's the cheap day."

Cuthbert gazed after the dainty retreating figure. Then, with a sigh, he took off his tail-coat (pink and lemon stripes) and hung it on the sleeping angler to dry.

CHAP. MDCXX.

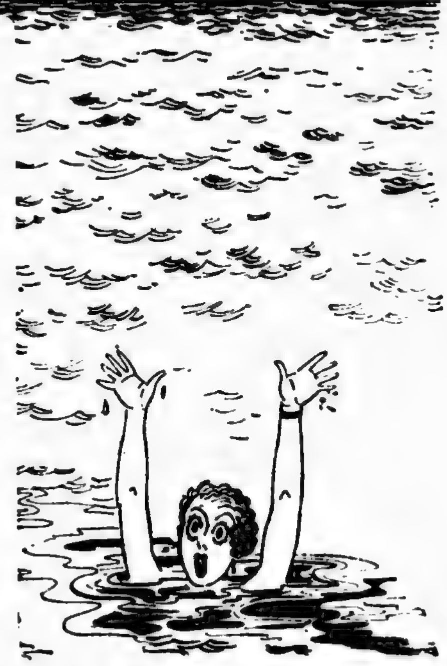
On two deck-chairs upon the gay beach at Garbwich-on-Sea sat two figures, the one tall and aristocratic, the other (wearing a beret) dark and sinister. The Earl of Ringhamwarham (for it was he) toyed with a cross-word puzzle, idly listening to the mournful cries of the sea-mews and itinerant ice-cream vendors. Mervyn Murgatroyd (for it was him) sat beside him, clad in flannels, plimsolls, and a sinister-looking cummerbund.

"He shall die," said Murgatroyd.

"I beg your pardon?" murmured the earl, sucking his pencil thoughtfully.

"Die," hissed Murgatroyd. It is difficult to hiss a word which contains no sibilants, but Mervyn Murgatroyd was capable of it. You had only to look at his cummerbund (not to mention his beret) to realise that he was capable of anything.

"Die?" repeated the earl vaguely.



Pausing to lean his banjo against the comatose fisherman, Cathbert dived into the sea

"Word of three letters meaning to become extinct. At the moment, my dear fellow, I am looking for a word of thirteen letters of which the eleventh is z. I——"

"Pish!" interrupted Mervyn savagely. "Do you know where your daughter is at this moment?"

"How should I know? Girls nowadays pay no more respect to their fathers than if they were their husbands."

"Listen, earl. I will tell you. She is flirting on the pier with a man in a striped tail-coat who plays the one-string banjo."

"Ah, well, girls will be girls. And it might have been the ukelele."

"Pish!" snarled Mervyn angrily.

"I beg your pardon, dear old chap?"

"I said, pish!"

"So you did. I must remember that, though I generally put xylophone when I'm stumped. Pish. Word of four letters, meaning . . . what does it mean, dear boy?"

"Listen," growled Mervyn. "If you will not take action, I will. I intend to kill this man."

"Oh, I shouldn't do that. Rather messy, what? I mean, stains on the carpet and

(Continued on page 33.)

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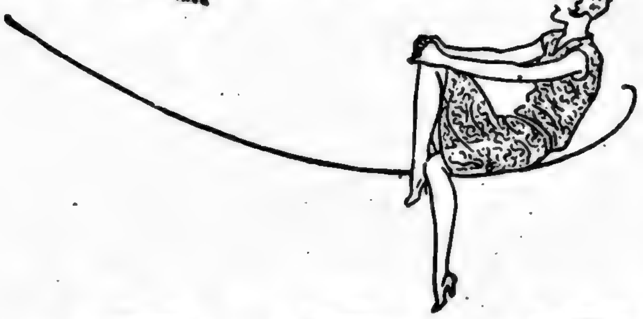

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AIA F.2

THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN

Continued from page 31

backchat with the police and so forth. Must you, my dear fellow ?"

"I must. He has robbed me of my heart's love; curse him."

"There, there, I know it must be irritating. Go and buy yourself a stick of rock. Why cause a lot of talk by murdering this fellah ?"

"He has robbed me of my Rosemary, and—the cursed puppy—he plays on an instrument I dislike, a tune I abominate."

"What tune ?"

"Sonny Boy."

"Sonny Boy ?" The proud old aristocrat's eyes flashed fire. For an instant he was the man of action. "Sonny Boy! Not another word, my dear old lad. You have my permission to murdah the blightah as often as you jolly well like."

CHAP. MDCXXI.

I CAN'T give you anything but love, baby!"

With these manly, unaffected words, Cuthbert Dalrymple slipped his arm round Rosemary's waist. They were sitting side by side on the edge of the moonlit cliff. Rosemary snuggled closer.

"There ain't no sense," she said gravely, "sitting on the fence, all by yourself in the moonlight."

"My lips are no longer sealed," he murmured raptly.

"Were they sealed ?" she inquired with girlish interest. "I often wondered what ——"

"No. When I said I couldn't give you anything but love (baby), I lied. I was poor once. I came here to earn an honest copper by singing on the beach. Then . . . we met . . . each other."

"Simultaneously," said Rosemary softly.

"The moment I saw you I loved you madly. I could not speak. You were rich. I was poor. But, after that, how I sang, how I played. My inspiration was you. With such passion, such emotion, did I play, that, whereas previously my—er—clients had been wont to give me pennies to go away, now they gave me shillings and even half-crowns.

"Soon I found myself amassing a fortune, which I have now much pleasure in laying at your feet. Rosemary, at ten tomorrow morning we shall be married. At nine I shall remove the burnt cork from my face for ever."

"I always use Lux," whispered Rosemary tenderly.

CHAP. MDCXII.

LITTLE did Cuthbert Dalrymple think as he parted from Rosemary at her hotel door and made his way lightheartedly towards his humble lodging that his footsteps were being dogged. After him, lurking in the shadows, stole a dark, furtive figure in plimsolls.

Mervyn Murgatroyd's cummerbund bulged ominously. Beneath it was a machine-gun. Cuthbert opened the boarding-house door with his latch-key, took off his boots, and went upstairs to bed. Pausing only until he saw his victim's bedroom light extinguished, Mervyn, with all the skill of the trained cat burglar—he had taken a correspondence course in cat-burgling—climbed in at the dining-room window.

Placing his machine-gun on the table in a position directly under Cuthbert's bed, he fired two hundred and fifty rounds. The other boarders who were used to cars backfiring on the promenade did not wake.

"Pish!" hissed Mervyn Murgatroyd, and went out into the night.

CHAP. MDCXXII.

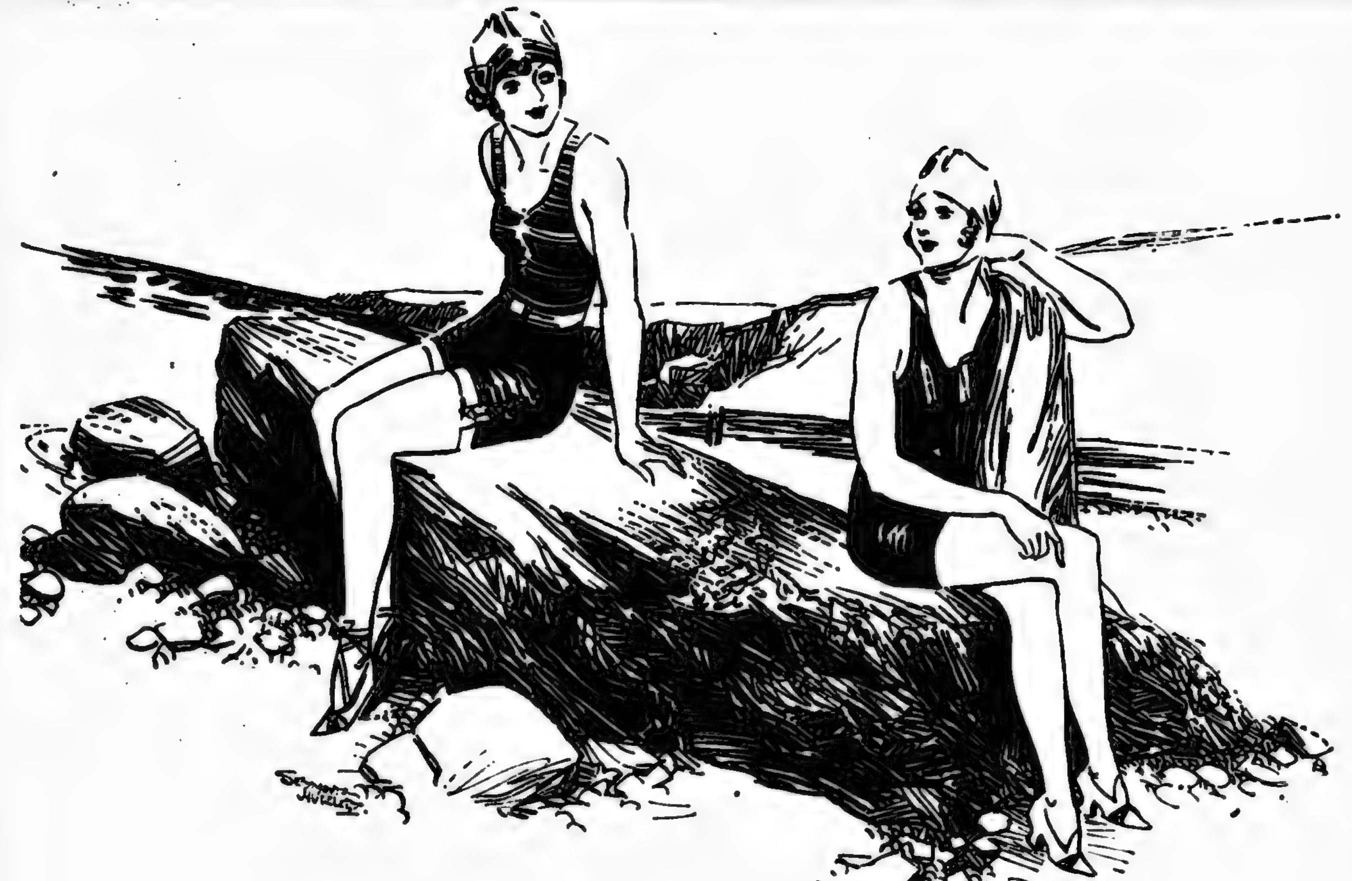
CUTHBERT DALRYMPLE, smiling and debonair, was early at church next morning. His blushing bride——

The Editor: One moment. I thought you said this chap Cuthbert had had two hundred and fifty machine-gun bullets plugged through him.

The Author (patiently): At him, old chap, not *through* him.

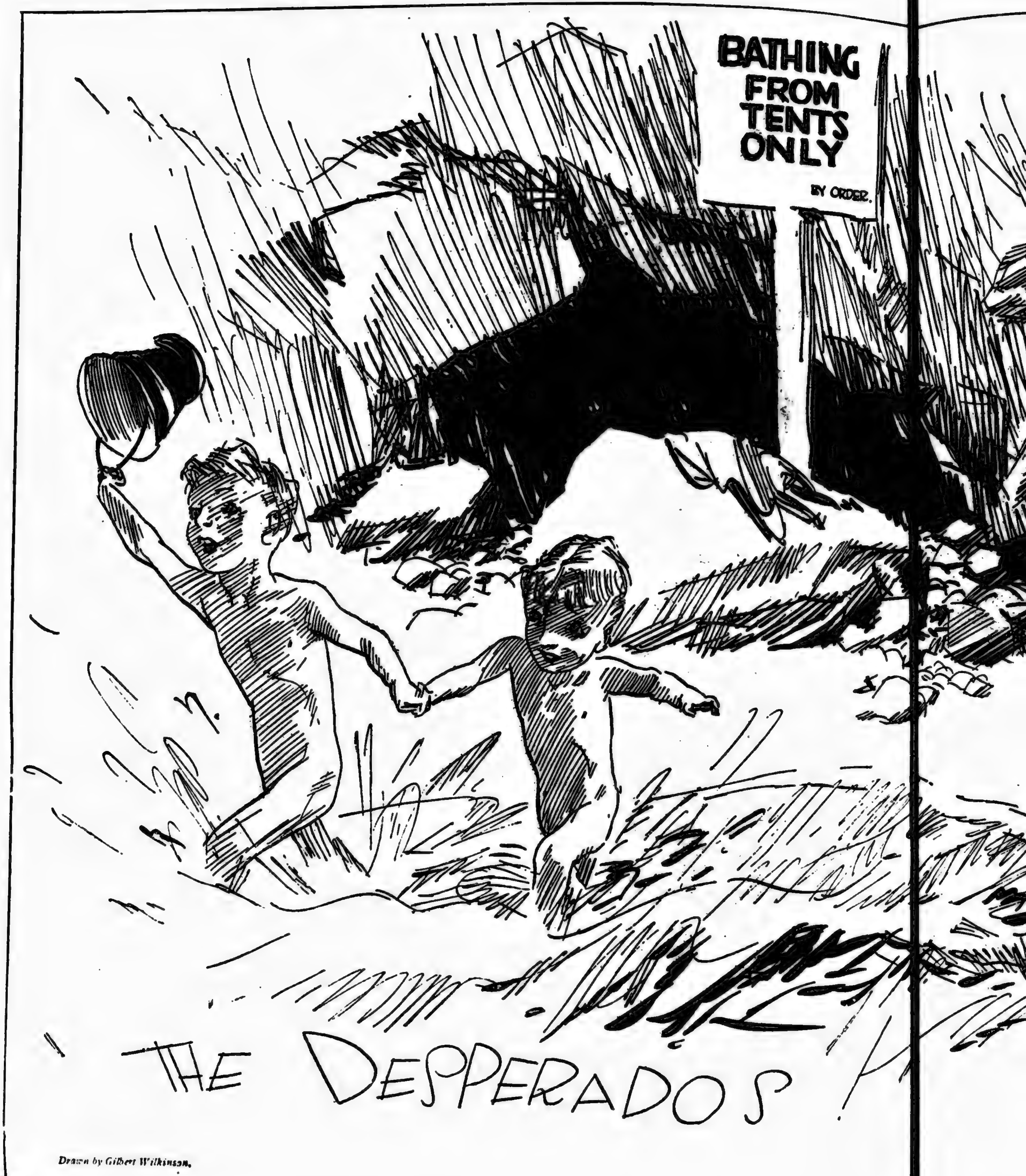
The Editor: But a machine-gun bullet will go through a brick wall at half a mile.

The Author: I don't deny it. A soft thing like a brick wall, maybe. But my Cuthbert, you see, was protected by a *boarding-house bed*. . . . (Retreating rapidly) and pish to you!



Drawn by Seymour Hurley.

"Reggie says I'm like a girl on a magazine cover."
"Ah yes, of course, he only sees you once a month, doesn't he ?"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THE DESPPERADOS !

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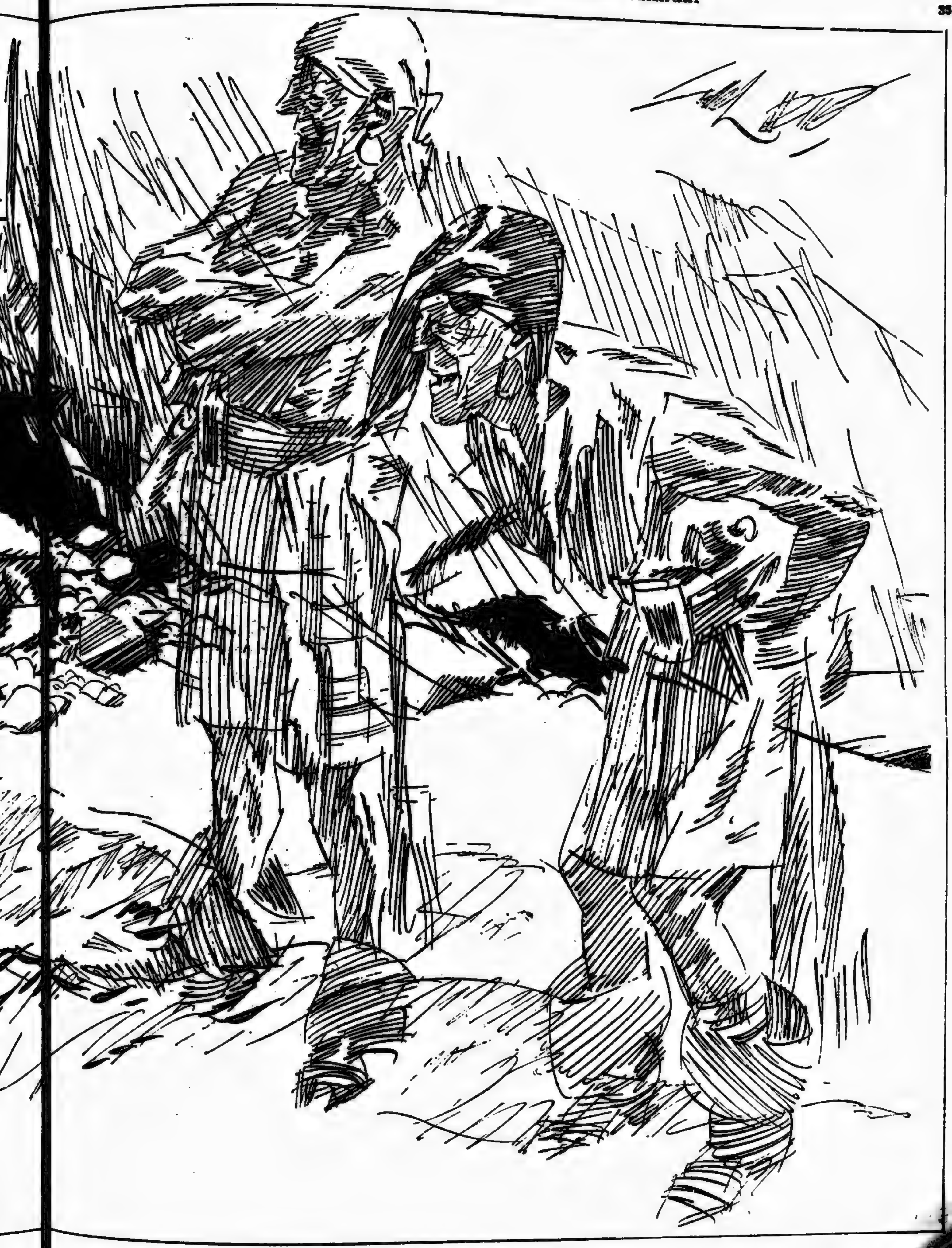
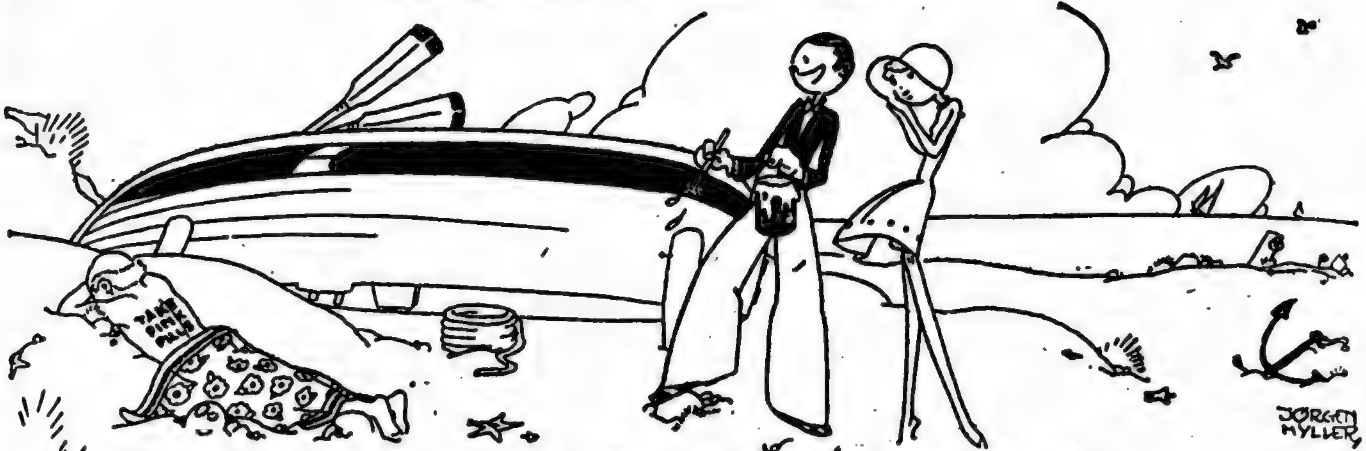




LEAVE IT TO MURIEL

By K·R·G·BROWNE

A Seaside Romance and a Pot of Green Paint

MISS TODD and Mr. Peebles were leaning upon the railing of the promenade, gazing pensively down at the golden sands below. Miss Todd, who was both young and comely, wore a green jumper and an air of pleasurable anticipation. Mr. Peebles, who was equally young but not nearly so comely, wore a polychromatic blazer and a worried look.

"Ah!" said Miss Todd suddenly, breaking a longish silence. "There is father now—going for his sun-bath. Now's your chance, Rollo!"

She pointed to a distant figure trudging across the sands. Mr. Peebles, glancing without enthusiasm in that direction, quivered like a startled horse and broke into a gentle perspiration.

"Muriel," he said frankly, "I'm scared stiff."

"Then ask him now," advised Miss Todd, "while he's got his boots off."

"But I know just what he'll say," objected Mr. Peebles wanly. "He'll say: 'Ho! You've got a nerve, young feller! You, a mere clerk——'"

"Well, he was a mere clerk himself once. And you can't be such a very mere clerk, or he wouldn't employ you. Furthermore," said Miss Todd encouragingly, "faint heart never won fair lady, if I may say so."

"That's true," admitted Mr. Peebles, and brooded for a space. "All right—I'll chance it. He can't kick me downstairs, anyway. Good-bye, Muriel. Moriturus te something-or-other." He achieved a gallant smile, squared his shoulders, and went purposefully down the steps to the beach.

In the lee of an upturned boat, which screened him from the derisive gaze of the multitude, Mr. Hamilton Todd (Todd's Publicity Service, Ltd.) lay on his back in the sun, simmering gently.

Clad from the waist down in a towel, and from the waist up in nothing at all, Mr. Todd somewhat resembled a stranded porpoise with a tendency to dropsy, being one of those short, barrel-shaped men who wear waterfall moustaches and despise the Government.

A tolerably wealthy man was Mr. Todd, but not the kind of man to spend good money on a course of violet-ray treatment when he could obtain same for nothing by lying on a beach in a towel.

Said Mr. Peebles, approaching this blot on the landscape:

"Good morning, Mr. Todd. May I have a word with you on a rather important matter?"

Mr. Todd opened an eye, blinked and closed it again, saying:

"I never lend money."

"I don't want your money," said Mr. Peebles. "It's your daughter I want. Object, matrimony."

"Say that again," requested Mr. Todd, opening his other eye in palpable surprise.

Mr. Peebles said it again.

"Ho!" said Mr. Todd. "You've got a nerve, young feller. You, a mere clerk——"

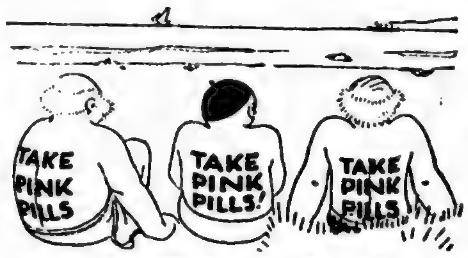
"Well, you were a mere clerk yourself once. And I can't be such a very mere clerk, or you wouldn't employ me. Furthermore," said Mr. Peebles, "faint heart never won fair——"

"Young feller," said Mr. Todd, reclosing his eyes, "at noon to-day I have an appointment with Mr. Petronius Q. Pink—Pink's Peptic Pills For Pallid People—at which I hope to persuade him to let me handle his advertising in this country. As I have only an hour in which to think out my arguments and marshal my facts, kindly go right away."

"Not," said Mr. Peebles firmly, "until I have your answer."

"Oh, haven't you got it?" said Mr. Todd. "It's No. And I warn you, young feller, that if you pefsist in badgering me like this, you will leave my employ My daughter will marry when and whom I choose, and there is no room in my office for lovesick nincompoops with ideas above their station. One more word from you on the subject, and out you go. Good morning."

"Have a heart, Mr. Todd!" urged Mr. Peebles. "Muriel and I——"



. . . *lined up along the beach*

"Young feller," said Mr. Todd, "you are discharged. I warned you, you know. Now run away. I want to do my back."

So saying, Mr. Todd rolled over upon his convex front, presenting his extensive back to the defenceless sky. And for perhaps three seconds he ran a grave risk of being kicked into the next parish; but even as the seething Mr. Peebles drew back his eager foot, wiser counsels prevailed. After all, this thing was Muriel's father.

"Pah!" said Mr. Peebles bitterly. With that he turned and strode away along the beach, deeming it advisable to walk off a little of his fury before bearing the sad tidings to his adored.

SOME five minutes later he came striding back, still seething. In the lee of the boat Mr. Todd still lay upon his front, and weird sounds issuing from him testified that he now slept the sleep of the unjust. Mr. Peebles, his wrath rekindled by the horrid sight, paused to sneer and mutter a few oaths.

And as he muttered, he saw that which caused him to start violently, slap his thigh, and smile a mirthless smile, replete with menace. For he now perceived that the boat which sheltered Mr. Todd was gay with new green paint, and that a can of the said paint, complete with brush, reposed near by. To Mr. Peebles, rendered reckless by his wrongs, the temptation was irresistible.

"Ha!" said Mr. Peebles wildly. "Discharge me, will you? All right, then!"

Still smiling evilly, he bore down upon his unconscious victim, seized the paint-brush and set stealthily to work. During the subsequent proceedings Mr. Todd moved vaguely once or twice, like a man harassed by an uneasy dream; but he did not awake.

And when presently Mr. Peebles, his fell task completed, stepped back to admire the effect, his victim slumbered on, all unaware that upon his expansive back was now inscribed, in bold green lettering, the exhortation: "TAKE PINK'S PILLS."

Mr. Peebles, wearing the rapt expression of an artist who knows that his work is good, was on the point of adding an exclamation-mark in the vicinity of Mr. Todd's short ribs, when a familiar voice spoke suddenly in his ear, saying:

"Rollo! What is this?"

(Continued on page 38.)

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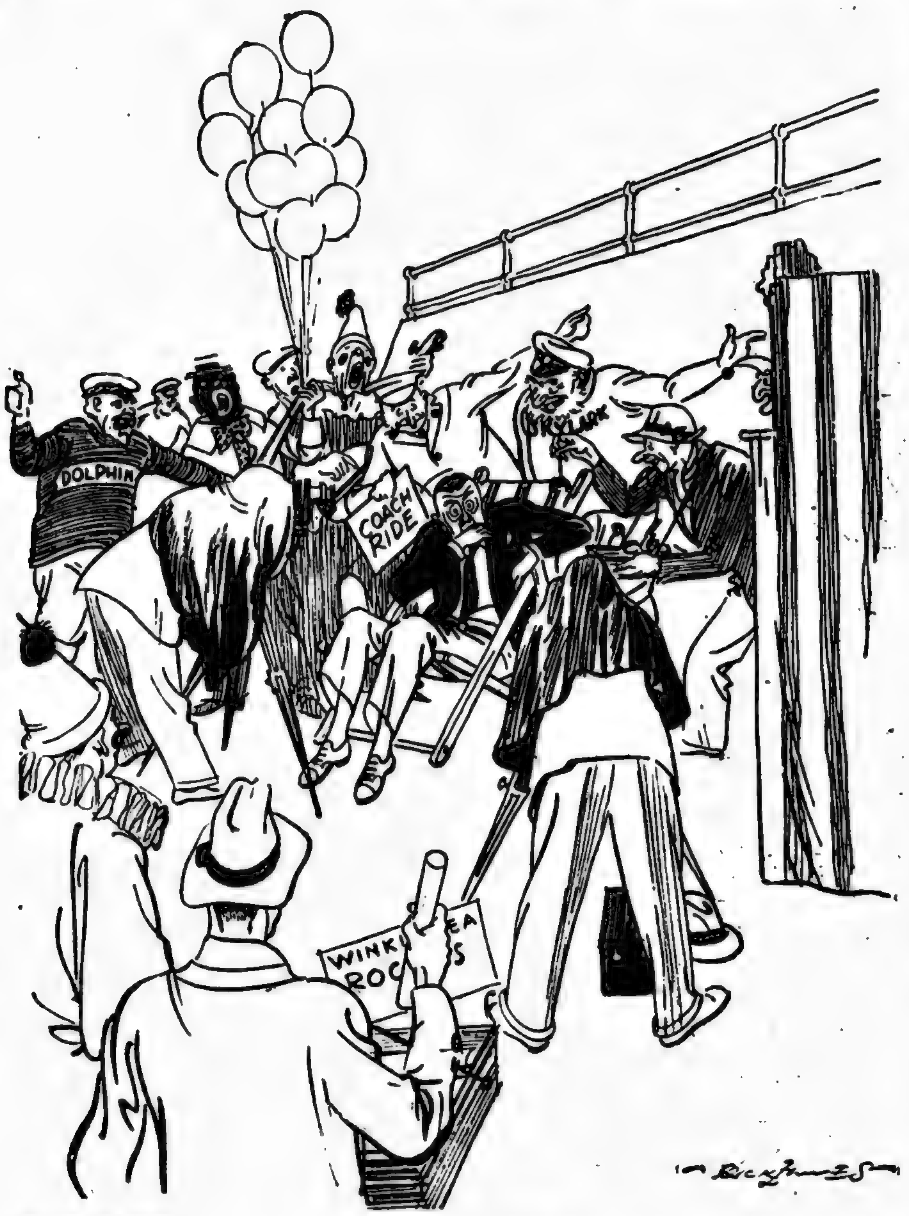

Drawn by Rick Elmes.

THE ONLY PEBBLE

Has the man, who is always grumbling about the overcrowded state of the seaside, paused to consider what would happen to him if he were one day left in sole possession?

LEAVE IT TO MURIEL

(Continued from page 36.)

Mr. Peebles started, turned and saw Miss Muriel Todd. And as he gazed into Miss Todd's serene and imperturbable blue eyes, abruptly his rage-inspired madness fled from him, leaving him as sane as a young man in love can ever be. Belatedly, and with a sense of shock, he recalled that this thing, after all, was her father.

"He asked for it, Muriel," said Mr. Peebles defensively. "When I told him about us, he sacked me on the spot, and I saw red. We Peebleses are a hot-blooded lot."

"I can't blame you, Rollo," said Miss Todd, dispassionately surveying her bedizened parent, "because I've often felt that way myself. And he does look rather sweet, doesn't he? But when he wakes up—what then? It isn't often he sees his own back, of course, but he's bound to find out sooner or later."

"That's true," said Mr. Peebles, blanching slightly. Somehow he had not thought of that.

It was at this inauspicious moment that Mr. Todd stirred, grunted hoggishly, rolled over and sat up, blinking. Remarking Mr. Peebles, he frowned displeasedly and observed:

"You still here? I thought I told you——"

But here a new voice cut short his reminiscences. A loud and nasal voice, the property of one who had approached unobserved and now stood staring, with the liveliest interest, at Mr. Todd's rear elevation. A tall and portly person was this newcomer, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, two gold teeth and an air of excessive opulence.

"Well, well, well!" remarked this personage. "Howdy, Mr. Todd!"

"Ah—good morning, Mr. Pink," said Mr. Todd, a trifle flustered—for no man is at his most impressive in a towel. "I was not expecting to see you yet. Forgive my costume—or rather, my lack of it. Ha, ha!"

"Forgive you?" said Mr. Pink, shaking a waggish forefinger. "I'll say I will! Mr. Todd, that certainly is one cute little stunt! You reckon actions speak louder'n words, huh? You're aiming to show me you're no slouch at the publicity game, huh? I'll show him how I'll advertise his pills, says you! Nothing like a little personal demonstration, huh? Well, that's all right with me, Mr. Todd—and how!

"That's the cutest dodge I've seen in years, and I guess the guy that thought that up can handle my business O.K. Say, listen—how'd it be to have a gang of fellers lined up along the beach here—kind of sun-bathing, see?—with their backs painted up the way yours is? TAKE PINK'S PILLS—Gee! That certainly is an eyeful, Mr. Todd!"

THROUGHOUT this monologue Mr. Todd sat as one in a trance, blinking in patent bewilderment at Mr. Pink. But suddenly his glance encountered the paint-brush in Mr. Peebles' hand, and he started visibly—for he was no fool.

He looked swiftly at the new-painted boat, then at the can of paint, and finally at Mr. Peebles, who failed to meet his eye. His complexion darkening to an apoplectic purple, Mr. Todd craned his neck alarmingly in an urgent attempt to view his back. He could not see much, but he saw enough to render him completely speechless. And while he still fought for words, his daughter spoke.

"I'm so glad you like the idea, Mr. Pink. It was really Mr. Peebles here who thought of it—he's father's right-hand man, you know. Isn't he, father?"

"Glug!" said Mr. Todd, now a delicate shade of mauve.

"Is that so?" said Mr. Pink genially. "Well, Mr. Todd, you sure ought to be grateful to that young man. He's earned you considerable money to-day. Say, Mr. Pebble, I could use a smart guy like you in my own office, I guess."

"Oh, how kind of you!" said Miss Todd, with a smile that would have melted the heart of a taxi-driver. "But father couldn't spare Mr. Peebles—could you, father? In fact, he's going to make Mr. Peebles a partner when we get home—aren't you, father?"

"Glug!" said Mr. Todd.

"Aren't you, father?" said Miss Todd, and there was a kind of glitter in her voice.

MR. TODD glanced at Mr. Pink, swallowed convulsively, and achieved a species of nod.

"Besides," added Miss Todd coyly, "I couldn't spare Mr. Peebles, because he's my fiancé. Isn't he, father?"

Mr. Todd hesitated, glanced again at Mr. Pink, sighed and surrendered. For he was no fool, and only fools cannot realise when they are beaten.

"All right, all right, all right!" said Mr. Todd. "Now, for heaven's sake, get me some soap!"

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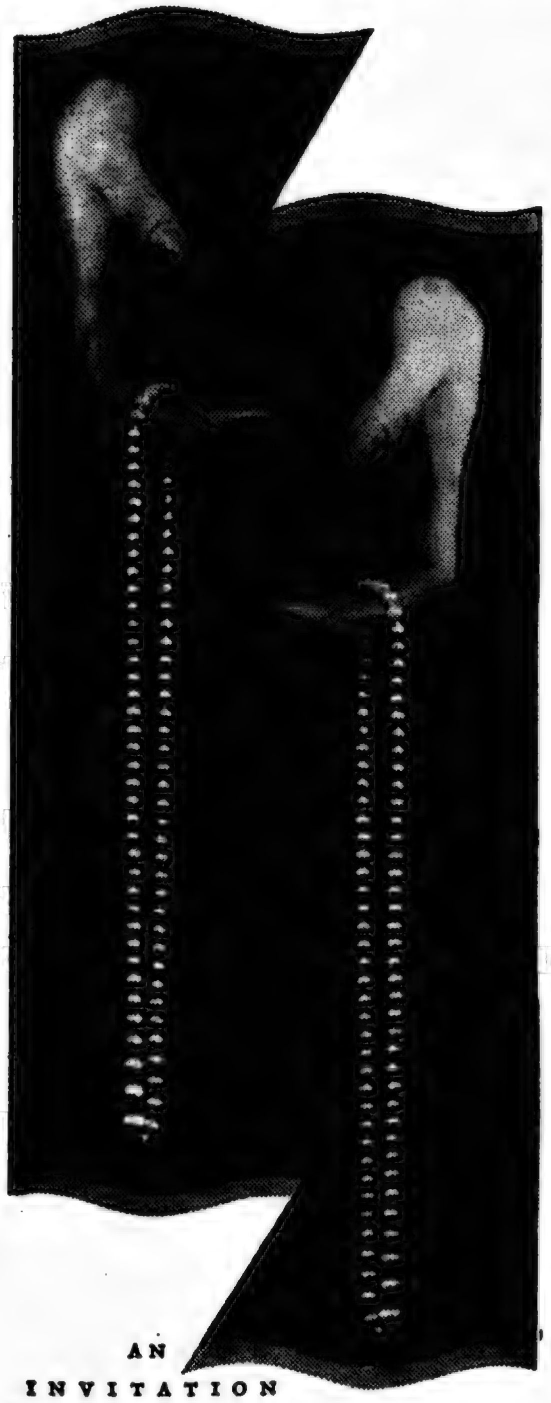
"JOHN BULL"

about it!



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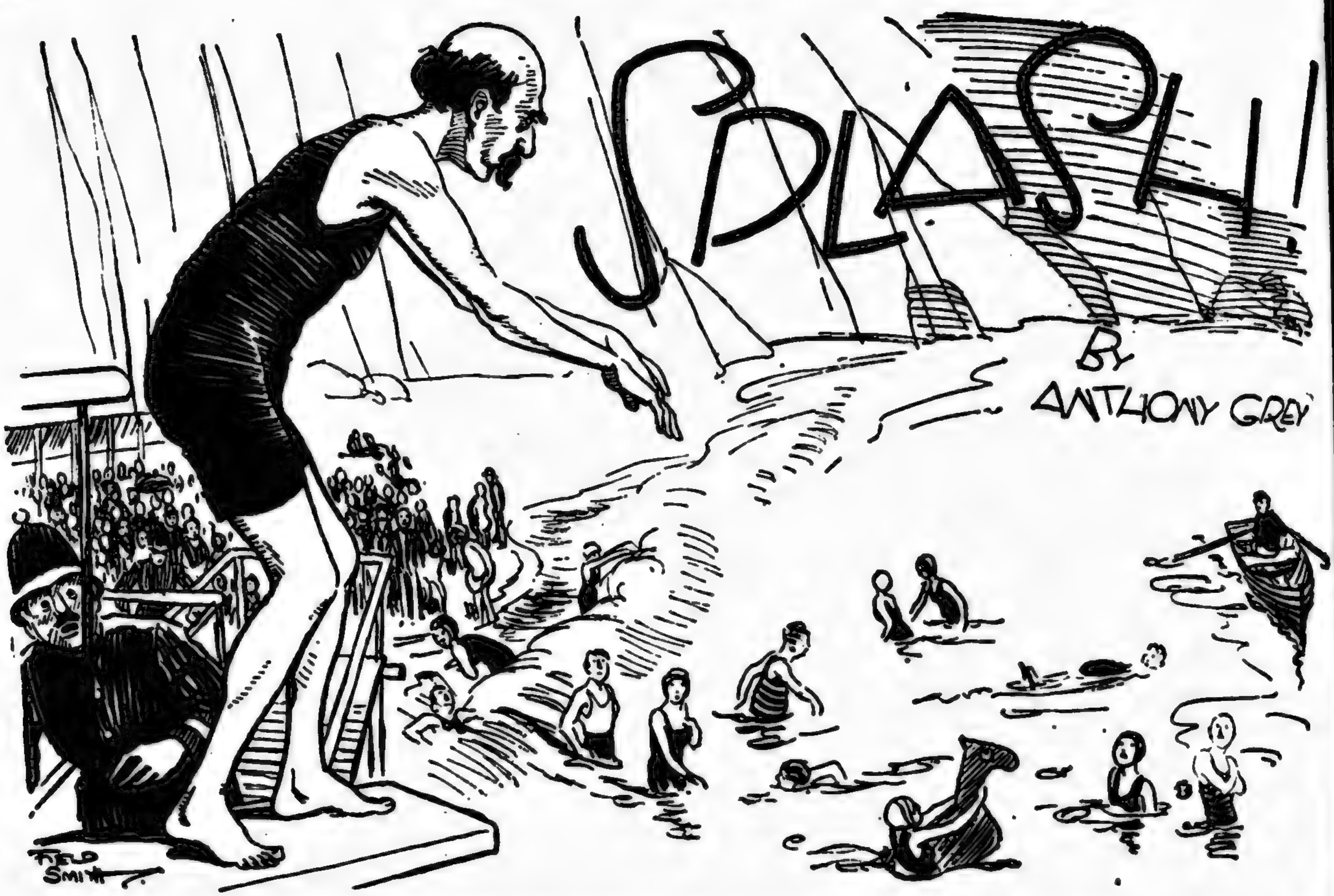
SPLASH!

BY ANTHONY GREY



FOR three days Uncle Bunkum (as he called himself) sold his celebrated seaside novelties on the promenade at Bimble Bay. For three days he gave bad change in return for good money. At the end of the three days he had exchanged five hundred sixpenny seaside novelties—worth three halfpence each—and over thirty pounds' worth of counterfeit silver for nearly fifty pounds in good honest coin of the realm. He was well in.

What could be easier? You admired his novelties, thought the price of sixpence reasonable (as you think everything reasonable at the seaside on a sunny day), handed up your florin and received three worthless sixpences and the almost worthless novelty in return. You were satisfied. Uncle Bunkum was more than satisfied. They were very sunny days.

On the third day the finances of Bimble Bay began to be thrown somewhat out of gear. Bad shillings were finding their way into shop tills and pier toll-gates. Bad sixpences were being given to bad boys to keep them good. Tradesmen suspected everybody with money to spend, and credit had more things put to its credit than ever before. The police began to be anxious and then they began to be active.

On the morning of the fourth day Uncle Bunkum knew that the time was near when he would be rumbled. Another morning's good work and then it would be prudent to give some other town the benefit of his famous flowing moustache, his genial and celebrated bald pate and his charming personality. Just three hours more, and then exit.

But as he made his way along the busy promenade that morning the sight of a policeman standing suspiciously close to his pitch beside the pier made him pull up suddenly, and something seemed to tell him that no more seaside novelties or tin money would be disposed of by him in Bimble Bay that season.

He turned to retrace his steps to his lodgings and prepare for his departure, but the sight of a second policeman sternly pushing open the garden gate pointed the way to a Napoleonic decision. Uncle Bunkum did not hesitate. Napoleon would have been proud of him.

The trouble was that with his digs cut off the line of retreat he had always kept ready was cut off too. He would have to find some other line, and find it quickly. There was no time to think out a plan of campaign.

HE hurried to the bus terminus near the clock tower, but a policeman had hurried there first, and panic began to attack Uncle Bunkum. He turned in the direction of the railway station, but a word of conversation that floated past him on his way told him the grim truth that the police held the railway station too. Uncle Bunkum pulled up suddenly and mopped his celebrated bald pate and stroked his famous flowing moustache and swore his special line of language that was not quite so well known.

"Got to do something," he said to himself.

He retraced his steps to the promenade and was sauntering in the direction of the west cliff and the quiet wide open spaces there when he beheld yet another policeman coming towards him. He turned again, and the last straw that breaks all camels' backs but the camel named Uncle Bunkum shut off all hope of retreat in the vicinity of the pier.

"Lord!" gasped Uncle Bunkum.

The last two policemen were still a good quarter of a mile away, which gave him a little time. What was he to do? He looked round, found the only thing to do, and did it.

The Lido Bathing Station spread its gaudy silhouette along that part of Bimble Bay's promenade. Five hundred coloured cabins in a dazzling row, with three hundred bathers beyond cutting the sea into white feathers, and nearly a thousand onlookers in deck chairs littering the beach. The entrance was in the centre. Through the entrance went Uncle Bunkum. One glance behind told him that he had been seen by the police.

No fool was Uncle Bunkum, though he may have looked it. Cabin after cabin was tagged as "Engaged" as he hurried along the board walk. He passed them by. But proof that he was no fool was given when he began to pass by the vacant ones too. A dozen such he left behind; then he pushed open a door and entered.

He undressed like a dress rehearsal of lightning and slipped on the bathing dress. Then he climbed on to the seat and hoisted himself to the top of the partition that separated his particular cabin from the next. One wriggle, and he was over. Another wriggle, and he was in the next cabin. A dozen more wriggles and he was back in the first of the cabins that bore the "Engaged" tag. No more wriggling now. Boldly he pushed open the door and stepped out on the board walk.

He threw a glance to the left. Two hundred yards along he saw the policemen. One was arguing the point with the ticket girl. The other was staring along the board walk. At the first sight

(Continued on page 42)

It's all smooth going

If I kept a log of all the pipes I smoke, it would show smooth going all the way . . . not a stormy patch in a day's smoking . . . never a let-down from January to December. That's Afrikander. You can't buy a more consistent tobacco than this. Cool and smooth to the tongue. Never a bite or a throat kick. Yet Afrikander gives just the flavour that you and I want—*good*, full-bodied and satisfying. And it keeps on giving it—keeps on satisfying. You save money, too, by smoking Afrikander—only 7½d. an ounce!

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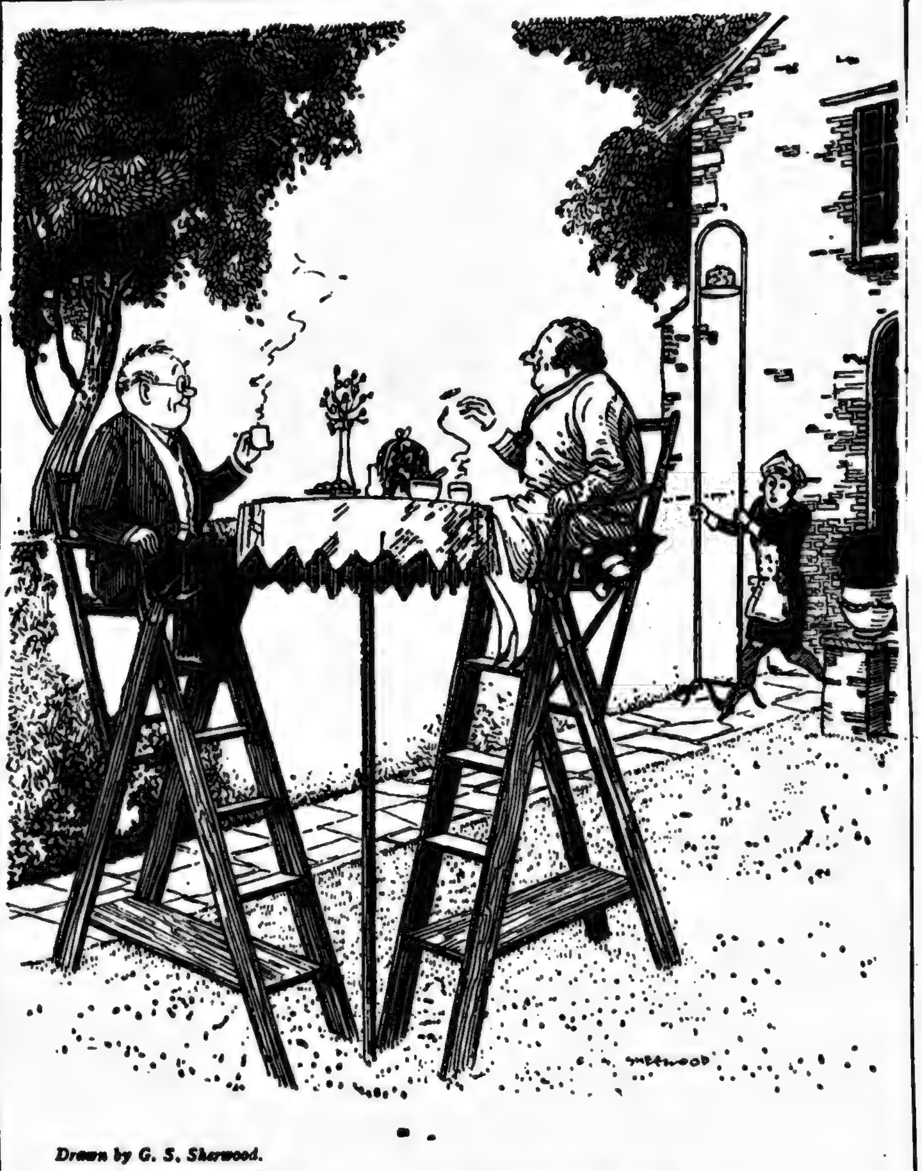
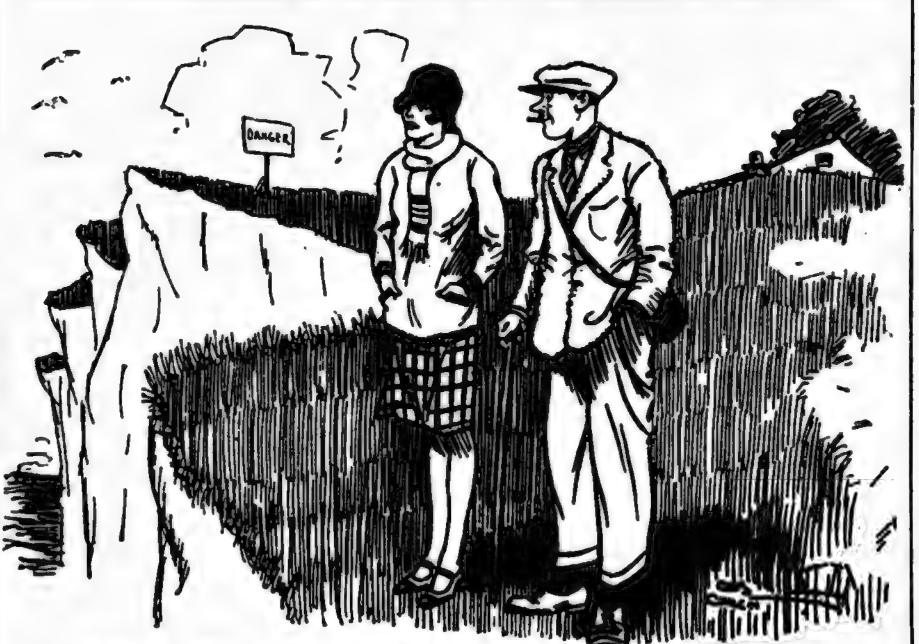


Drawn by G. S. Sherwood.

The Retired Tennis Umpire takes tea in the garden.



Drawn by Chas. Chilcot.

SHE: "These are the white cliffs of old Albion."
HE: "No, we ain't walked so far as that. It's still old Margit."

SPLASH!

(*Continued from page* 40)

of Uncle Bunkum this second policeman began to run. But so did Uncle Bunkum.

Uncle Bunkum ran down the beach and up the steps of the diving board. The policeman raised a shout, but though many people heard it they did not at first take in its importance. Uncle Bunkum hurried along the platform until he came to the deep end. Then he paused and looked down and looked back.

Below were fifty bathers splashing about. Behind were excited onlookers standing up from their deck chairs and gesticulating and shouting—and two angry policemen. One was hurrying down the beach. The other was already preparing to play a waiting game.

For Uncle Bunkum the waiting game was over. He raised his arms and stooped and gave a shout and dived. Down he went, cut the surface of the water like a knife, and vanished.

"Get him!" yelled the policeman on the beach. Some of the fifty twisted about and went under after Uncle Bunkum. They came to the surface again and looked about. Under they went again, and again they came to the surface. The ocean seemed to be populated with puzzled bathers, all asking the same question.

"Where is he?"

WHEN half a minute had passed every onlooker on the beach was down at the water's edge. After a minute bathers were leaving the water and standing about and shaking their heads. Some of them began to dress. Somebody else got out a boat.

"He went down like a log," said one.

"It was Uncle Bunkum, the novelty man," said another.

"Drowned!" said a third.

"Perhaps the boat will recover his body?" said a fourth.

But the boat never did. Five minutes went by. The search grew more intense, then slackened as its futility became obvious.

"The police were after him," said somebody.

"Never get him now," said somebody else.

"We've got his clothes," said the policeman at the cabin door.

But investigation and argument only showed that the police had got the clothes of an indignant thin gentleman from Ealing, who promptly claimed his own property.

"He must have used another cabin farther along," said the second policeman. But all the cabins were searched without result. That was the most peculiar thing of all. Not only had Uncle Bunkum vanished. His clothes had vanished too.

"But he can't have come out of the water and got them," said the policeman. "He'd have been spotted the minute he came to the surface."

"Well," said somebody else, "he's gone, anyway."

And he had.

TOWARDS evening a youthful angler down by the pier took his "catch" to his fond father.

"Look, daddy!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Look what I'se caught!"

What he had caught was a celebrated bald pate made of thin canvas and horse hair, and a once-famous flowing moustache.

something to get up for!-

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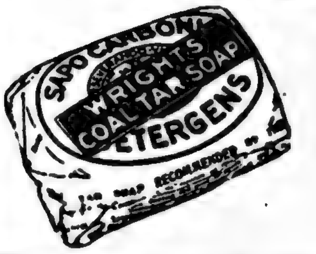

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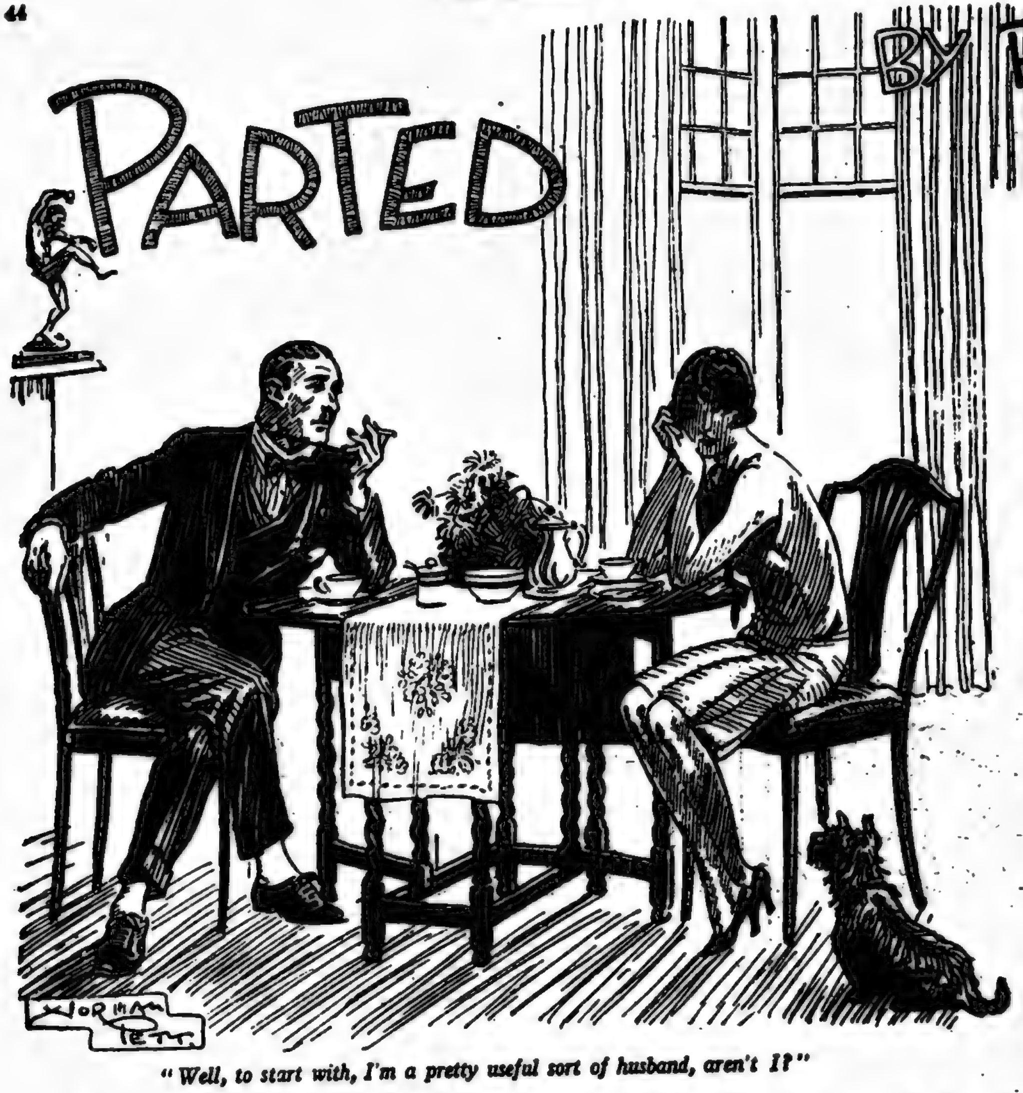
PARTED

BY PEARKES WITHERS

Parting is such sweet sorrow, but absence makes the heart grow fonder



"Well, to start with, I'm a pretty useful sort of husband, aren't I?"

"THAT'S fixed, then," said Jack Manning finally and with a satisfied air. "I knew you'd take it sensibly—in fact, I told Dicky Summers so yesterday. *His* wife kicked up an awful dust, but then she's not self-reliant or understanding or—or practical You know, Mamie—hasn't got a really sane outlook like you have. What I maintain is that when a fellow and a girl have been married for two years and a half (as we have) it's high time they broke away from one another for a bit."

"Quite," said Mamie Manning calmly as she poured out another cup of coffee for her black-haired, grey-eyed, good-looking and—as it seemed—philosophical young husband. "It's been in all the papers lately: 'Should Married Couples Spend Their Holidays Apart?'"

"And the answer's in the affirmative! *You* agree—don't you, old bean?"

"Quite," said Mamie again. "But I shouldn't if I—well, if I didn't trust you, Jack."

"And I shouldn't either, if I couldn't trust—myself."

"Don't *I* count?" she enquired, her hazel eyes two star interrogation marks. "In any case, don't let your coffee get cold!"

"Trust you, darling? Isn't it far more important that I should trust myself. My dear girl, I *know* that no other man could possibly vamp *my* wife!"

"Really! Why?"

"Well, to start with, I'm a pretty useful sort of husband, aren't I?" He flung his hands wide, indicating the lounge-hall in which they were sitting at breakfast; the pictures on the wall; the dog on the mat; the oak-stained staircase that curved upwards to the bathroom and the bedrooms. "Apart from my undoubted good looks and my equally undoubted good nature," he said, "you wouldn't—er—well, you *wouldn't! Would* you?"

MAMIE rested her elbows on the tablecloth and her chin in her hands. It was a very nice chin, and, at a suitable distance above it, a remarkably seductive mouth was pursed in thought to aid the lowered brows above her hazel eyes.

"No," she said reflectively. "No—I suppose I wouldn't."

He helped himself to buttered toast, regarding her doubtfully.

"You *have* got the idea all right, haven't you?" he said.

She nodded.

"Holidays apart," she murmured. "You go here and I go there, and when we've had enough of here and there, we come back here. That's it, isn't it?"

"You needn't be crude about it," he reproved her. "I told Dicky Summers you understood perfectly—and entirely approved."

"I didn't say I didn't! I read the papers, Jack—even in the silly season!"

"Yes, but the papers haven't got the thing in all its bearings. I prefer the Chestertonian idea — 'Man-Alive' — you know his book. The hero was always running away from home in order to come back to it with keener appreciation. And he was always marrying his wife, over and over again, to get a new thrill out of loving her."

"I thought," said Mamie, tracing patterns on the cloth, "that this idea was supposed to be a *sane* one!"

"It is! And its sanity is obvious! The only thing left for us to do, now that we're agreed upon it, is to settle where we're going. I like a nice quiet place—I shall go to Frinton."

Mamie frowned.

"I like a nice *noisy* place," she said. "I shall go to Worthing."

Jack gulped down his coffee and rose, and removed his hat from the little cupboard under the stairs.

"Just shows how desirable it is for married people to spend their holidays apart," he said. "I hate noise! I hate crowds! I hate Worthing!"

"And I," said Mamie, as she held up her cheek to be kissed, "get sick to death of being all by myself all day. And I hate quiet places, and the solitude of mere sand and sea. And I *loathe* Frinton."

"Umph!" grunted Jack. "It's a good job we have *some* things in common. Mamie. Shows how wrong we were to go to Selsea together last year."

"We had a jolly good time!"

"You must have been secretly bored stiff!"

"Not at all," said Mamie. "But, of course, we'd only been married *one* year and a half then!

ON a certain Sunday morning in late July, Jack saw Mamie off to Worthing from Victoria Station and travelled by Underground to Liverpool Street, where he entrained for Frinton.

Mamie looked radiant as she waved from the carriage window of the compartment in which she had secured a corner seat. Jack felt strangely depressed as he travelled half round the Inner Circle to catch *his* train. She needn't have looked so pleased at leaving him!

"She'll have a jolly time," he said to himself. "And all the bright young sparks at the boarding-house and all the bounders on the front will be well after her. She looks a positive picture in a bathing-costume—and she's taken that black and cream one! Oh, hang! I've got a lot of tip-top books with me, and I'll have a real rest. I'll sprawl on the sands and just revel in the sunshine."

On the Sunday morning he sauntered forth in his flannels with a book under his arm. But instead of seeking the sands he perched himself on the edge of the sandy cliff, with the lush grass about him,

(*Continued on page* 46.)

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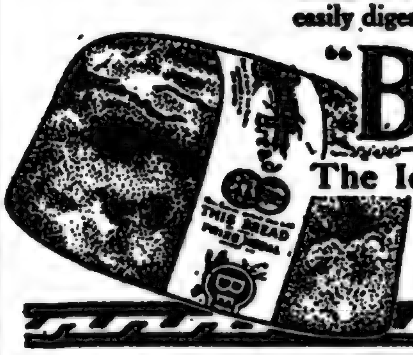

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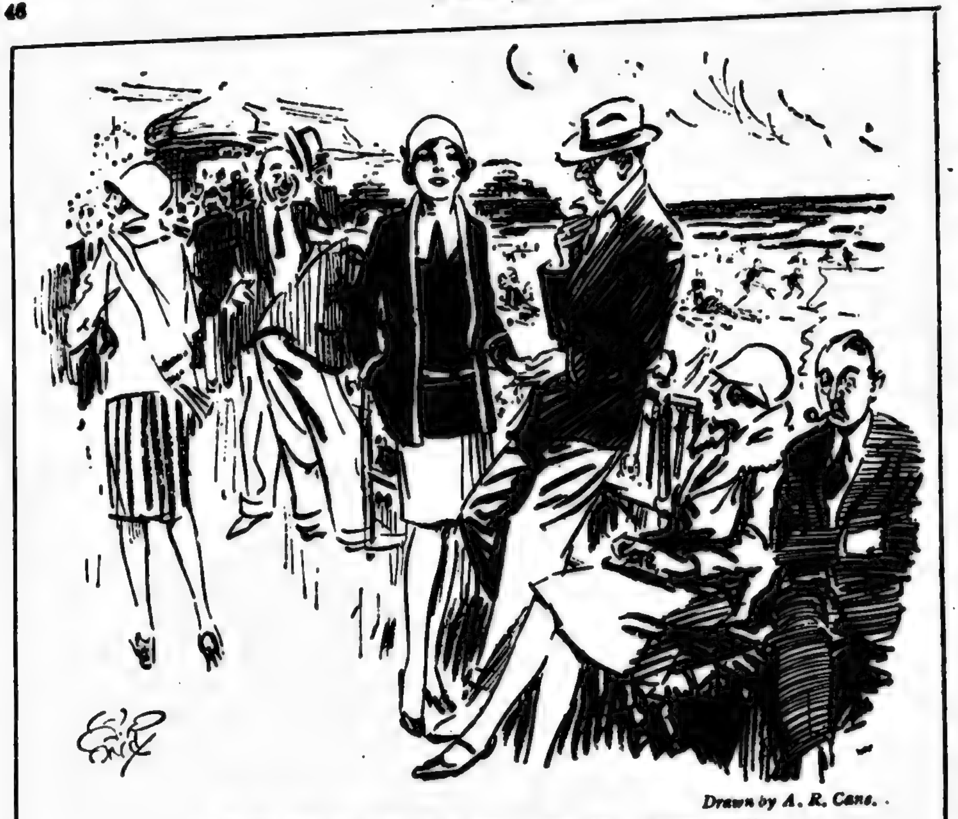
THE TEA THAT NEVER VARIES



Drawn by A. R. Cane.

"You say your sister makes up jokes; then she's a humorist?"
"No; she works in a beauty parlour!"

PARTED

(*Continued from page 44.*)

and looked out over the North Sea. Holidays apart were a dashed good idea for married couples, but—well—yes, he did rather miss Mamie!

He missed her still more on the Monday, and on the Tuesday the thought of the undesirables who might be following her about became positively unsettling. After all, Mamie was a singularly beautiful girl, with her red-gold hair and her hazel eyes.

She was slim, but shapely; young and distinctly seductive. And she had taken that black and cream bathing costume, which showed off every line and curve in her perfect body! Why the deuce had she gone to Worthing, of all places—a crowded place like that? Life! That was it—that was what she wanted—Life! She'd get it there, too!

There was an open book on his knees—the book he hadn't read on Sunday or on Monday. He threw it from him in disgust and thought. And thought!

ON the Wednesday afternoon he caught a train to town. He blamed his action on to the elderly people who thronged the boarding-house he had selected — the boarding-house which advertised "young society" and provided it not. But he had a word or two of reproach to hurl at the sands and the sea and the grass-grown cliffs. What he didn't confess to himself was that he was worried about Mamie—bothered about Mamie—even jealous about Mamie!

He was going back to London. No, he was going farther than that! He was going down to Worthing!

He reached London in the evening and Worthing by a train that steamed into the station at precisely 11.11 p.m. A most ungodly hour, but the earliest he could achieve. He chartered a taxi to the boarding-house wherein Mamie had booked a room.

For some inexplicable reason his heart beat at a perfectly absurd speed as the taxi sped down the long, long front, west of the pier, with the moonlit sea on his left. Even to himself he admitted the truth—he had been severed from Mamie quite long enough to be eager to get back to her. Oh, quite!

But in the little office under the stairs of the Ferndale Boarding House his heart beat more rapidly than ever—even lost a beat. For suddenly and unreasonably he had become—afraid!

Mamie was not at the boarding-house!

"She packed her bags and went off this afternoon," said the fat proprietress, wagging two distinct chins at him. "It was very unusual, because I'm sure we give complete satisfaction to *all* our guests. Many of them come again and again! Naturally, we had to charge her for the remainder of the week—strictly speaking, if we had been mercenary, we *could* have charged her for the full fortnight."

"Quite," almost whimpered Jack. "W-w-was there anybody w-with her?"

The fat proprietress looked distinctly shocked.

"I'm afraid I can't answer that question," she said austerely. "After all, you *tell* me you are her husband, but—er——"

Jack Manning's forebodings were immediately increased a thousand-fold.

"I *am* her husband," he exploded. And from his breast pocket he brought forth a pocket-book, whence he extracted a visiting-card.

"I've come all the way from Frinton to find her," he said. "Frinton-on-Sea. I seem to have been sitting in trains most of the day, and I—I'm desperate! Look here, you seem to be quite a good sort—I'm sure you have a heart. For pity's sake take pity on a fool of a husband! We arranged to spend our holidays apart, and—and it—it's been hell! Positive hell! The papers are all wrong—everything's all wrong!"

"You don't trust your wife, eh?" mused the proprietress, beaming at him. "Well, I don't altogether blame you. I thought she was very young to be alone—and very, very beautiful. In fact, some of our young men lodgers have been quite crazy about her. She sings well, too! So much better than some of these shrill sopranos on the wireless, don't you think? But I can see you do!" She gurgled both fatly and fatuously. "D'you know," she said, "I can see the lovelight in your grey eyes—I really can!"

JACK MANNING reached out and grabbed at a pudgy wrist with pardonable violence.

"Don't add to my misery," he exclaimed. "Tell me the worst—the *very* worst! Who's she gone off with?"

The fat proprietress looked at him with an arch smile.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "Mrs. Manning explained things quite plainly to me, because, of course, it was so *very* unusual for anyone to break a definite agreement that I *had* to protest."

"Yes, yes," cried Jack Manning rather wildly. "But tell me the worst! The *worst!*"

"It's far too late to catch any train to-night," she evaded. "And her room is paid for till Saturday. I suggest that you had better occupy it till to-morrow, anyway. Then you can send a telegram, and perhaps, after all——"

"What do you mean by 'after all'?" demanded Jack desperately. "It—it's all very well for you to think of your profits and your rooms and things. But what about my wife?"

"Oh," said the proprietress with a distinct simper, "after you've had a good night's rest in her bed, I suggest you should send her a telegram to-morrow morning. She's gone to Frinton!"

* * *

A SEA TRAGEDY

By J. W. EDWARDS

THE hurricane had long wrapped the shattered ship in its hideous arms. On the wave-washed deck brave men stood calmly awaiting their doom in that spirit of self-sacrificing discipline only met with at sea.

Yet in the first-class saloon all was music and laughter, where a heedless throng were dancing, as if in defiance of death, to the strains of a negro jazz band.

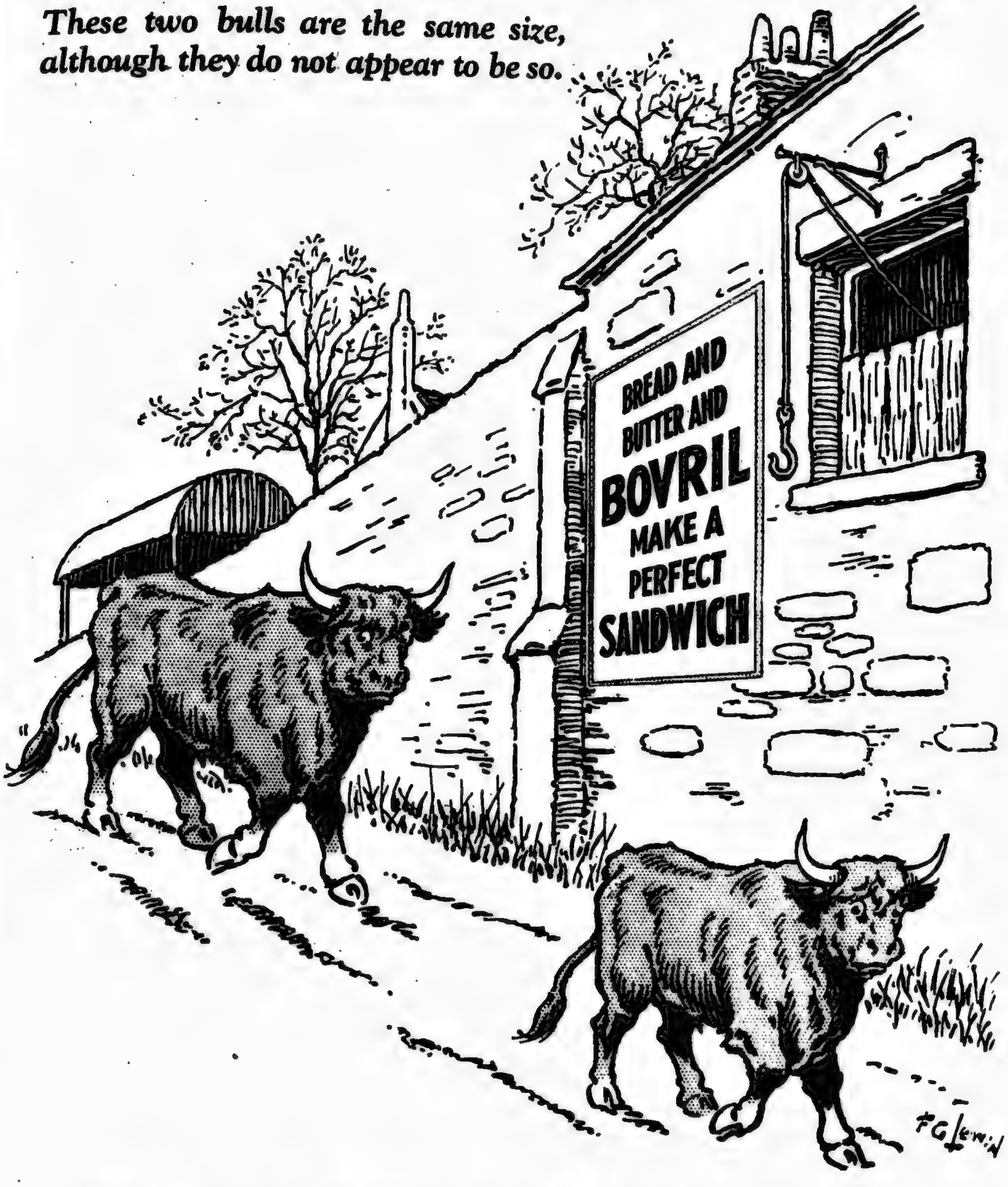
The Captain—who had forsaken the bridge hours ago—suddenly called for silence and suggested someone should sing.

Amidst much hand-clapping his chief officer rose to oblige. But before he could utter a note a loud crash made them realise they had been struck.

Rushing across the room the waiter picked up the "Wreck of the Birkenhead," which had fallen off the wall on to the top of a table completely covered with glasses of champagne.

An OPTICAL ILLUSION

These two bulls are the same size, although they do not appear to be so.


BREAD AND BUTTER AND
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MAKE A PERFECT SANDWICH
F G Lewin

There is NO ILLUSION about
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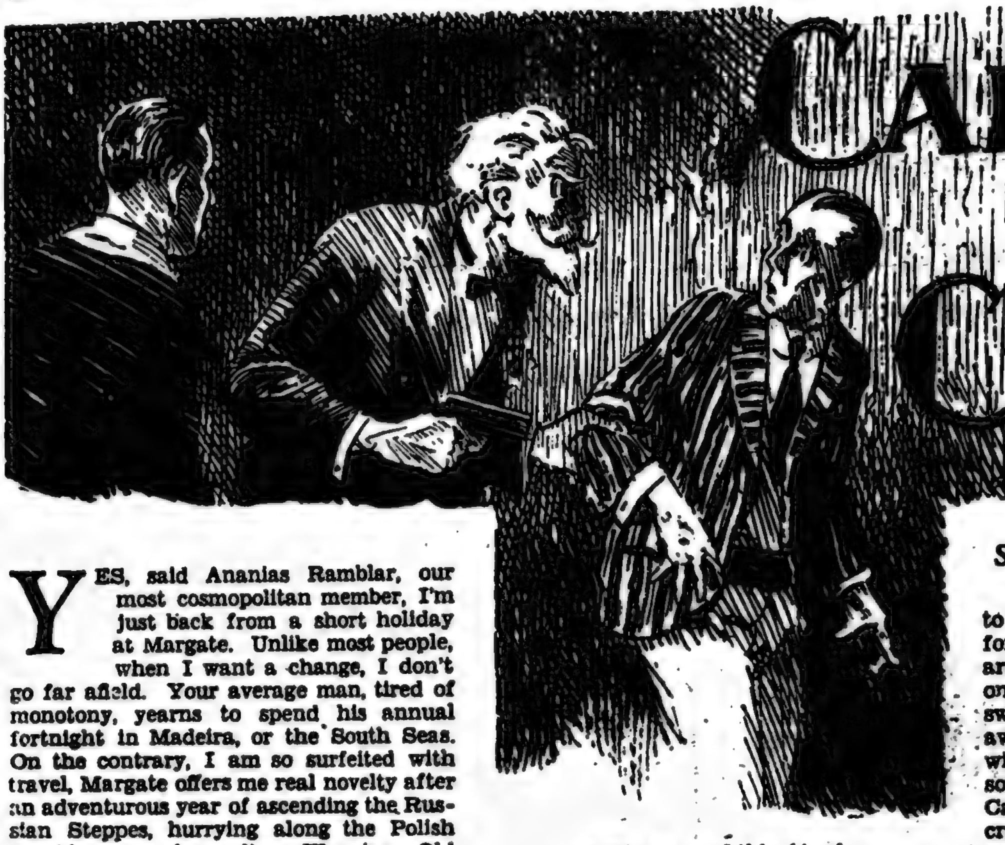
—it is always the same



CARRIE—OR A CROWN

BY. DUDLEY HOYS

Shattering a Seaside Romance.

"Who are you?" he hissed

YES, said Ananias Ramblar, our most cosmopolitan member, I'm just back from a short holiday at Margate. Unlike most people, when I want a change, I don't go far afield. Your average man, tired of monotony, yearns to spend his annual fortnight in Madeira, or the South Seas. On the contrary, I am so surfeited with travel, Margate offers me real novelty after an adventurous year of ascending the Russian Steppes, hurrying along the Polish Corridor, or descending Wapping Old Stairs.

Margate, I hoped, would provide a rest. I was wrong. Before I had been at the Snugville boarding establishment forty-eight hours, I found myself back in harness, embroiled in an affair of Balkan politics, and acting as a mediator between Count Zzfftt, ex-Chancellor of Codsrovia, and the Crown Prince Odo, known in his own country as the Heir Aperient.

I arrived at Snugville (view of the sea from every room, all home comforts) on the Saturday. About thirty people were there, including the inevitable Organiser, a man named Hopford, who insisted on organising everybody and everything.

I at once avoided being dragged into a communal charry trip and a moonlight bathing party by telling him that I was a monk, a misanthrope, and a monomaniac. Two others, I noticed, refused his invitation. One was a tall, handsome, aloof young man, whose face seemed familiar. The other was a fluffy-haired girl named Carrie.

These two, I soon discovered, were falling in love with each other. I saw them on the promenade in the afternoon, Odo Smith—as they knew him at Snugville—standing the girl an ice. Later, I noticed them in the refreshment room at the Winter Gardens. He was standing her gingerbeer and doughnuts. Later still, I ran across them in Dreamland. He was standing her coffee and chocolate biscuits. With this inside information available, I realised that here bloomed romance.

On the Monday evening, after listening to a concert party, I came back feeling rather tired, went into the billiard room at Snugville, which happened to be empty, sank down into a deep chair, and fell asleep.

I was aroused by voices.

"Sire," said one urgently, "Codsrovia calls, and you cannot refuse!"

"Wrong number," answered a voice I recognised as Smith's. "S-sorr-rry you've been troubled. The fact is, Zzfftt, in wishes I have ceased to be the Crown Prince of Codsrovia. I am plain Mr. Smith, enjoying my holiday here at Snugville, and hoping to marry the dearest girl in the world."

FOR a few moments I could not stir. I was paralysed with astonishment. So Odo Smith, whose face had seemed familiar, was the exiled Crown Prince of Codsrovia!—the unhappy kingdom whose Diet had been suffering under the yoke of a hard-boiled democracy for seven years.

And Zzfftt (pronounced *Zzfftt*)—good heavens! I knew that name. Count Zzfftt, ex-Chancellor, was the moving spirit of the Royalist party. Here they were, discussing some vital secret, and totally unaware that an eavesdropper sat within a few feet of them.

Calmness was my best policy. I coughed, and emerged from my shadowed corner, humming a few bars of the Codsrovian National Anthem.

In the tense silence that followed I bowed to Odo Smith and a tall, white-haired old man with a pointed beard and the Order of the Sacred Gnu in his lapel. This, of course, was Zzfftt.

Holding an automatic in one hand, he stared at me with deadly eyes. He resembled a panther about to spring.

"Who are *you?*" he hissed.

"*I* am," I said steadily. "Gentlemen," I went on, "I could not help overhearing. I heard Mr. Smith refer to himself as the Crown Prince of Codsrovia. I also gather that you are discussing some matter. If I can be of any assistance, pray command me."

Zzfftt strode to the door, listened, strode to the window, pulled down the blind, then came across and gripped my arm.

"Since you know so much," he said in a stern yet trembling voice, "you shall know all. This is the Heir Aperient of Codsrovia, incog. I am Count Zzfftt, leader of the Royalist party. The chance to restore peace and prosperity to my unfortunate country has come at last. The army, navy and football association are on our side. The populace are ready to sweep away the Democrats. All they await is the arrival of Prince Odo. But he will not come. He has fallen in love with some girl named Carrie, and he prefers Carrie and Cliftonville to Codsrovia and a crown."

"Margate," corrected the Prince, with that passion for frankness for which his family is so famed. "I tell you, Zzfftt, I shall carry on with Carrie."

Zzfftt gave a groan of anguish. "But, Sire, Sire, consider! Without you, the rising must fail. With you, we shall have the Democrats of Codsrovia on toast. You represent your most gracious father, who cannot stir from Bournemouth because of his lumbago. With you to lead us, immediate and overwhelming victory is certain for the Gnodding Gnus. (He was referring, of course, to the national emblem of Codsrovia.) Oh, Odo, Odo!"

"Oh, don't!" said the Prince, torn 'twixt love and duty. "You say I can't marry Carrie and take her with me, because she's not of royal blood. Very well. I stay here."

"*Gno, gno,*" whispered the count huskily, in his emotion slipping into Codsrovian. "Think, Sire, think! A special 'plane awaits you at Croydon. To-morrow morning you will be on the frontier, greeting the principal leaders. To-morrow afternoon you will be riding at the head of the army, both of them, while the Democrats run for their lives. To-morrow evening you will be on the palace stairs, receiving the acclamations of a liberated people."

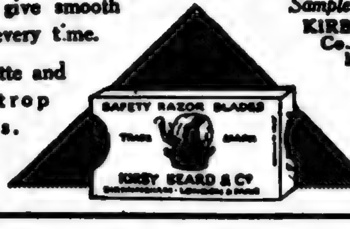
"To-morrow morning," said the Prince doggedly, "I shall be bathing with Carrie. To-morrow afternoon I shall be walking along the cliffs with her to Broadstairs. To-morrow evening I shall be enjoying a bus ride with her to Ramsgate. As to Codsrovia——."

It was then that I seized upon a brilliant inspiration. For the first time I realised what a striking resemblance I bore to the Prince.

"Count," I said quietly, "has it occurred to you that the Prince and I are very much alike?"

Zzfftt looked startled. The Prince looked disgusted. (His family are famed for their dislike of flattery.)

(Continued on page 50.)



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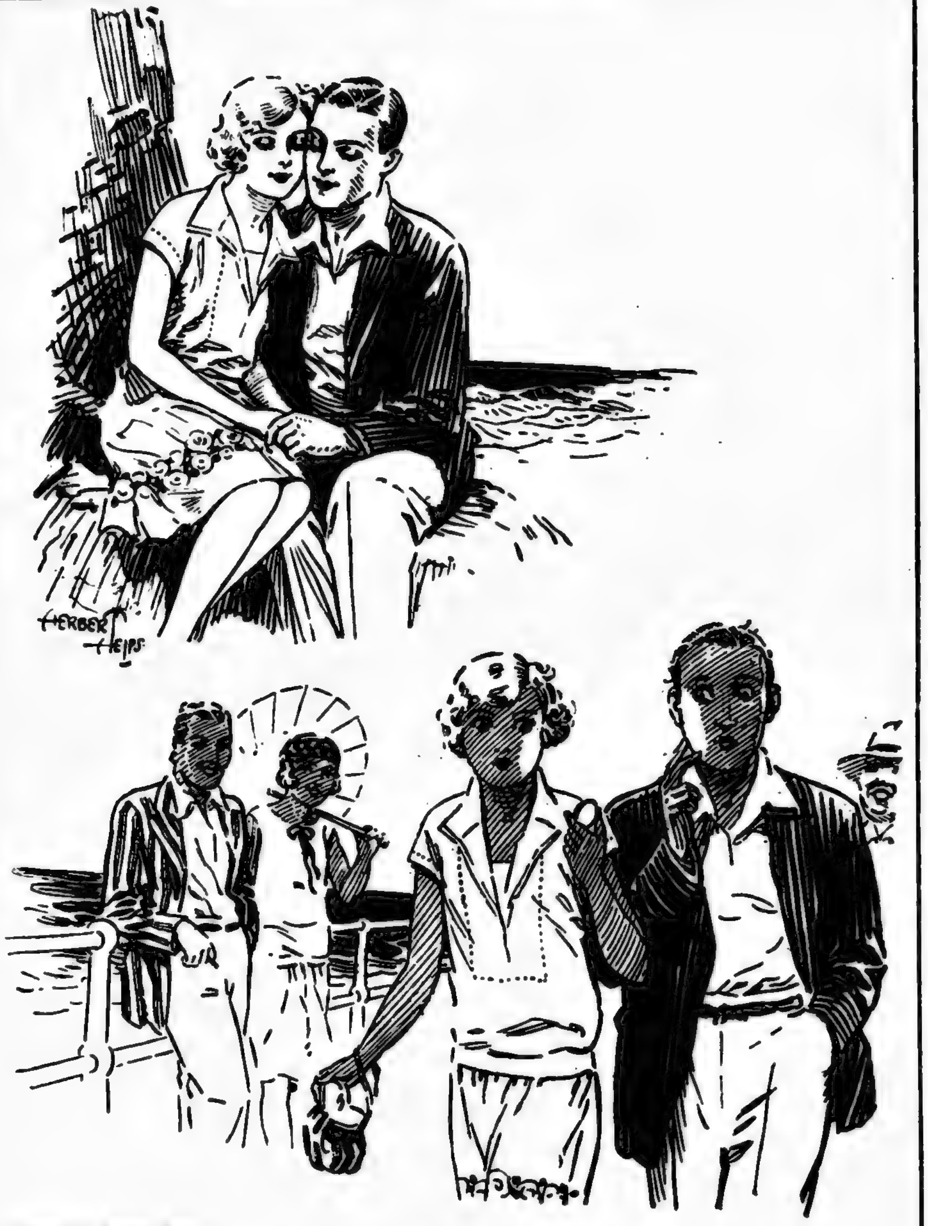

Drawn by Herbert Helps.

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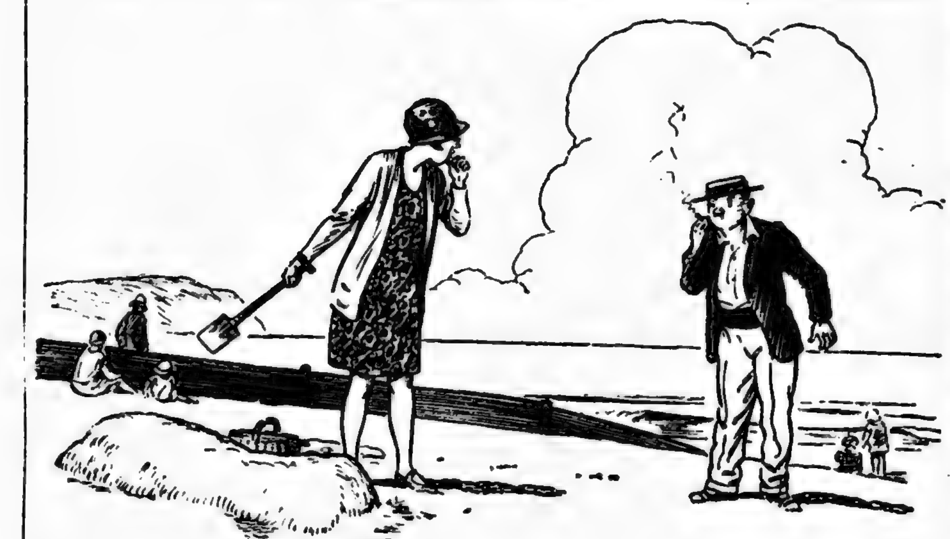


Drawn by Edwin Morrow.

SHORTSIGHTED TRIPPER: "Lumme, Bert, I thought you was asleep. Don't say I've gone and buried a perfect stranger."

CARRIE—OR A CROWN

(*Continued from page* 48.)

"Has it occurred to you that I might impersonate him? I could fly to Codsrovia and act as the Heir Aperient until the Royalist party are firmly established. Once that is achieved, the Prince could marry his Carrie, and take his rightful place in the country."

The Prince and Count Zzfitt jumped at my offer. We spent an hour discussing arrangements, and finally decided that I should leave Croydon the following night. Just before he went, Zzfitt drew me aside.

"It is a dangerous plan," he said huskily. "Frankly, I am afraid. Republican agents are everywhere. If they found out—the moment the impersonation was discovered, your life would not be worth two *gnt*. Can you not get hold of this girl Carrie, tell her all the facts, and beg her to give up the Prince?"

"Count," I said, "count on me."

MY chance came on Tuesday morning. After breakfast the Prince went up to fetch his bathing costume. Directly he had gone I approached Carrie, and explained that there was a sale on at a draper's in the next street. I had seen a perfectly delicious hat, offered for one and eleven, and thought it would suit her. Perhaps she might like to pop round and have a look at it now, before it was snapped up?

The moment we were out of Snugville I turned to her with a grave face.

"There is no hat," I said sadly. "That was an excuse, a ruse, a deception, a snare to get you alone. Listen."

Then I told her the truth, pleading with her to put the welfare of Codsrovia before her own happiness. Carrie made no attempt to interrupt. She listened right through to the end, looking at me with a strange glint in her eyes.

"Lor'!" she said at last, in an equally strange voice, "I'll have a word with him right now, you bet." She hurried me back to Snugville, found the Prince, and brought him into the billiard room.

"So, Odo, you deceived me. You're the Codsrovian Heir Aperient, eh?"

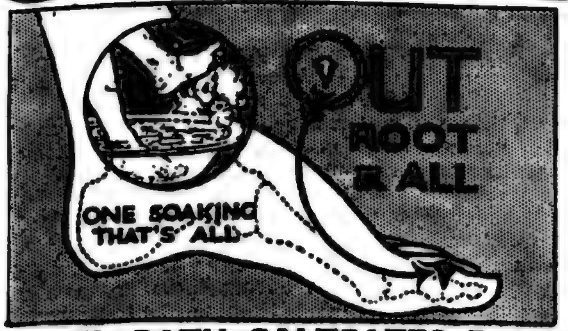
He started violently. "Carrie! Who told you? Who——"

"You dirty dog!" she cried furiously. "What's it matter who told me? Yes, you ought to look sheepish, you did! I know you men like to pretend you're somethink else when you're at the seaside, an' dazzle trustin' girls. But this is the blinking limit! You told me you had a good job in the Vortex Vacuum Cleaning Company. An' all the time you hadn't got a job at all! You're merely an out-o'-work Heir Aperient. D'you call that *prospecks*? my father a leadin' Soshulist, too!" And with that, she flounced out of the room.

There is little more to tell. Count Zzfitt came down in response to my wire. That evening he and a silent, saddened Crown Prince left Margate. I saw them off at the station. As a token of gratitude, Zzfitt insisted on paying for my platform ticket (which I have had framed). And before the train went he drew me into the waiting-room, produced a case from his pocket, and invested me with the Order of the Sacred Gnu.

Slowly the train puffed out. I waved a last farewell, and then, with tears falling unchecked upon my new Order, turned heavily away and sought the solitude of the promenade.

CORNS



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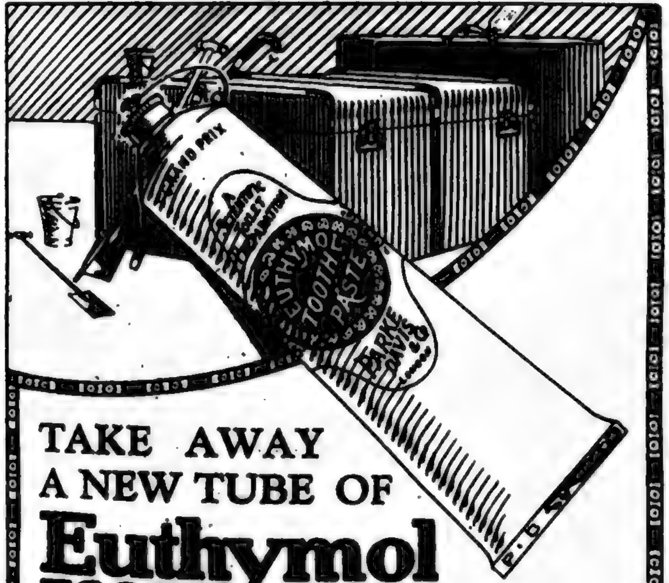

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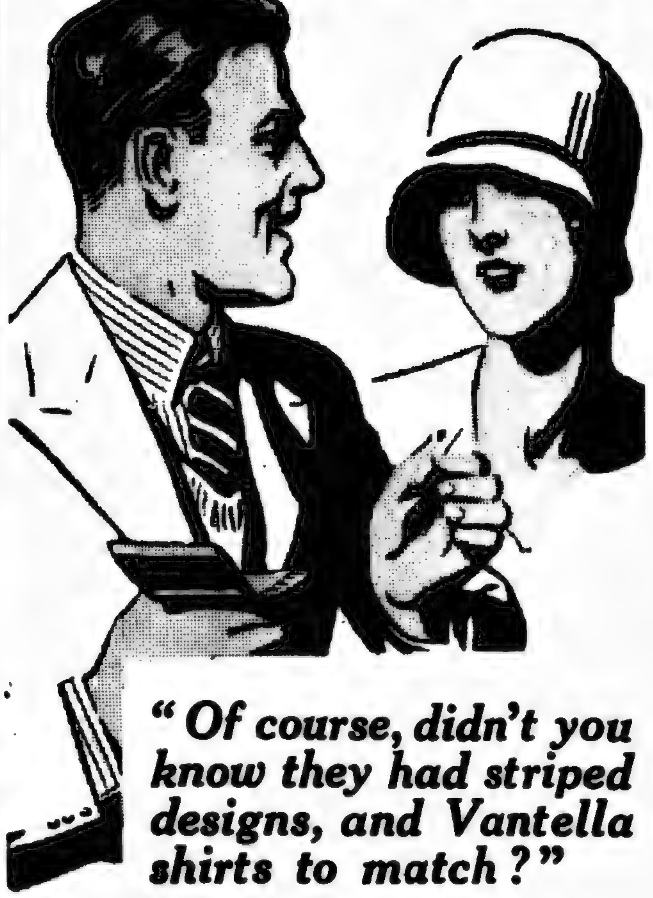

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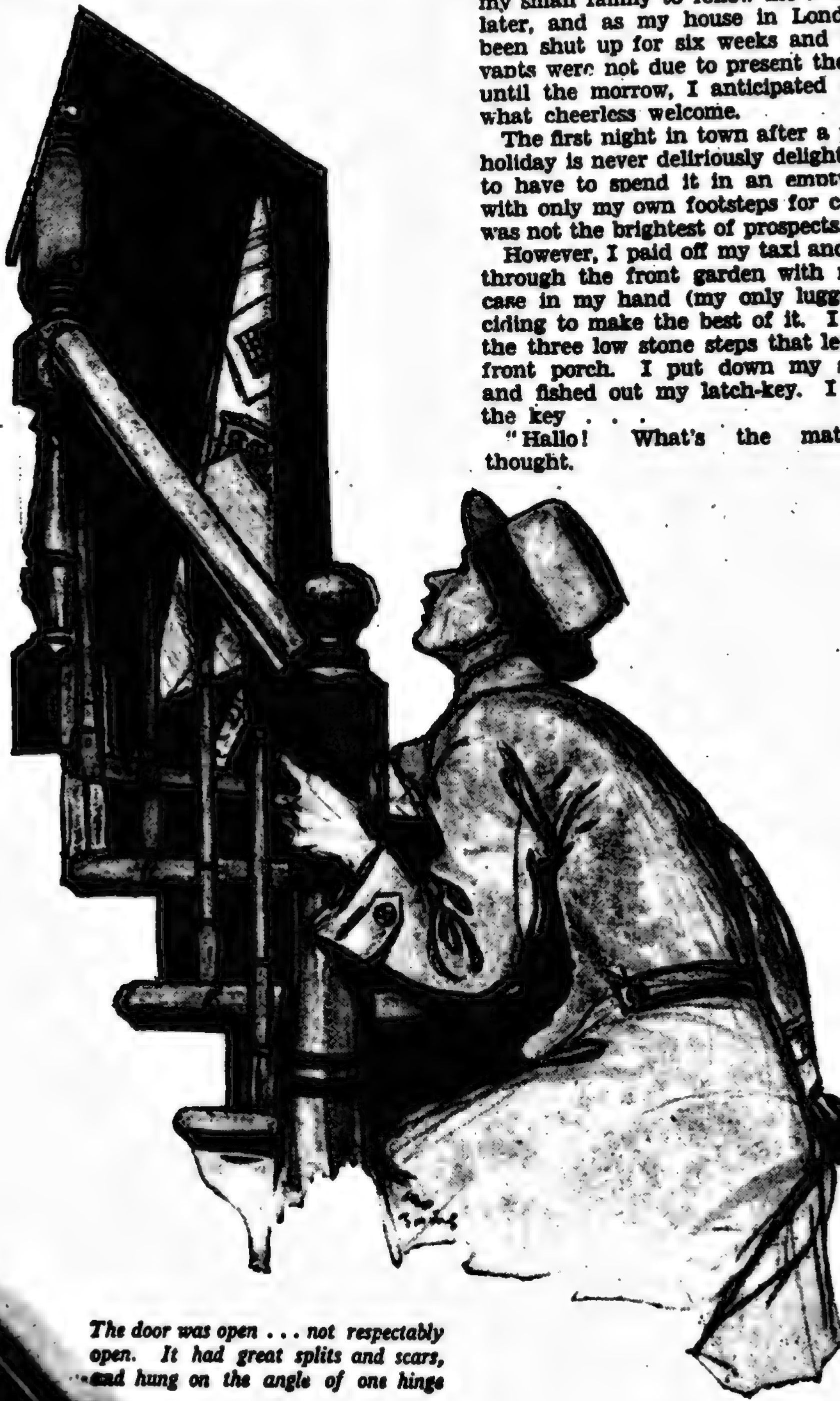
ALONE with—?

J JEFFERSON FARJEON

A true story that reads more breathlessly than any fictional thriller

I HAVE always doubted, personally, whether truth can be stranger than fiction. For one thing, truth must inevitably be based on some natural law of cause and effect, however little we may realise it superficially, whereas fiction is an imitation or a perversion of that law; and, for another thing, no matter how amazing your true story may appear, the unscrupulous mind can always go one better—and generally does.



The door was open . . . not respectably open. It had great splits and scars, and hung on the angle of one hinge

An uncanny incident occurred to me, however, a few years ago which was so astonishing and so strange (particularly in its culmination) that I never take offence if people disbelieve me when I relate it to them, and certainly I should never dare to introduce it into a story lest I should be criticised for going very considerably "beyond the limit"—even for a writer of fiction.

The experience occurred on an evening in late September. I had just returned from a holiday in Cromer, where I had left my small family to follow me a few days later, and as my house in London had been shut up for six weeks and the servants were not due to present themselves until the morrow, I anticipated a somewhat cheerless welcome.

The first night in town after a pleasant holiday is never deliriously delightful, and to have to spend it in an empty house, with only my own footsteps for company, was not the brightest of prospects.

However, I paid off my taxi and walked through the front garden with my suitcase in my hand (my only luggage), deciding to make the best of it. I reached the three low stone steps that led to the front porch. I put down my suit-case, and fished out my latch-key. I inserted the key . . .

"Hallo! What's the matter?" I thought.

The key wouldn't turn. I took it out and examined it. The wrong key? No, the right key. I tried again.

It still refused to turn. I found that I had not pressed it quite "home." I attempted to do so. I failed.

"Queer," I reflected.

The shadow of what was to follow already descended on me. It was a vague shadow, thoroughly unformed, but I know I felt it during those first two or three seconds. Nothing had happened yet, saving that a normal and expected routine had for some inexplicable reason refused to function. What was the reason? That had to be found out.

The reason was not the key. I had already tested that. The reason was not the hand that held the key. I am one of those dull, sober mortals—yes, even when requiring something to stimulate my depressed spirits after a holiday—and my hand was steady—as yet. Then the reason must lie in the lock itself. I examined the lock.

And the reason turned out to be a portion of another key, which the last visitor had left behind him.

"Whew!" I murmured. "This is getting interesting."

SOMEBODY had tried to open the front-door before me. The somebody, apparently, had not succeeded. A key with a black soul had failed to operate!

"Yes, and in that case," came the pleasant thought—the last pleasant thought I had for some while, "in that case, whoever tried to get in *didn't* get in!"

But he had also, it appeared, prevented me from getting in. And, following a natural course of thought, I looked around vaguely for a convenient window—to discover the next moment that I was doing exactly the same thing as my unknown predecessor.

For, glancing down a small area, I saw that a pantry window was wide open.

"This," I said to myself, "is nasty."

Yet, in a sense, I was conscious of a certain poetic justice in my position. I have made dozens of characters go through open windows into empty houses in my books. It was only right that, once in my life, I should meet the experience myself, and find out what it was really and truly like.

I *wanted* to go and fetch a policeman. I dare say this would have been the sensible thing to do. But if anybody were in the house at that moment (and the window could only have been recently opened, or some constable would have noted it), he must have been aware of my presence by now, and would escape. Moreover—I was afraid of appearing afraid. In other words, of being natural.

So down into the area I jumped, and through the pantry window I crept. It seemed to yawn at me as I slipped in, and to swallow me up.

I dropped on to cold stones. There was not a sound anywhere. I advanced through the unknown country of my own

(*Continued on page* 54.)

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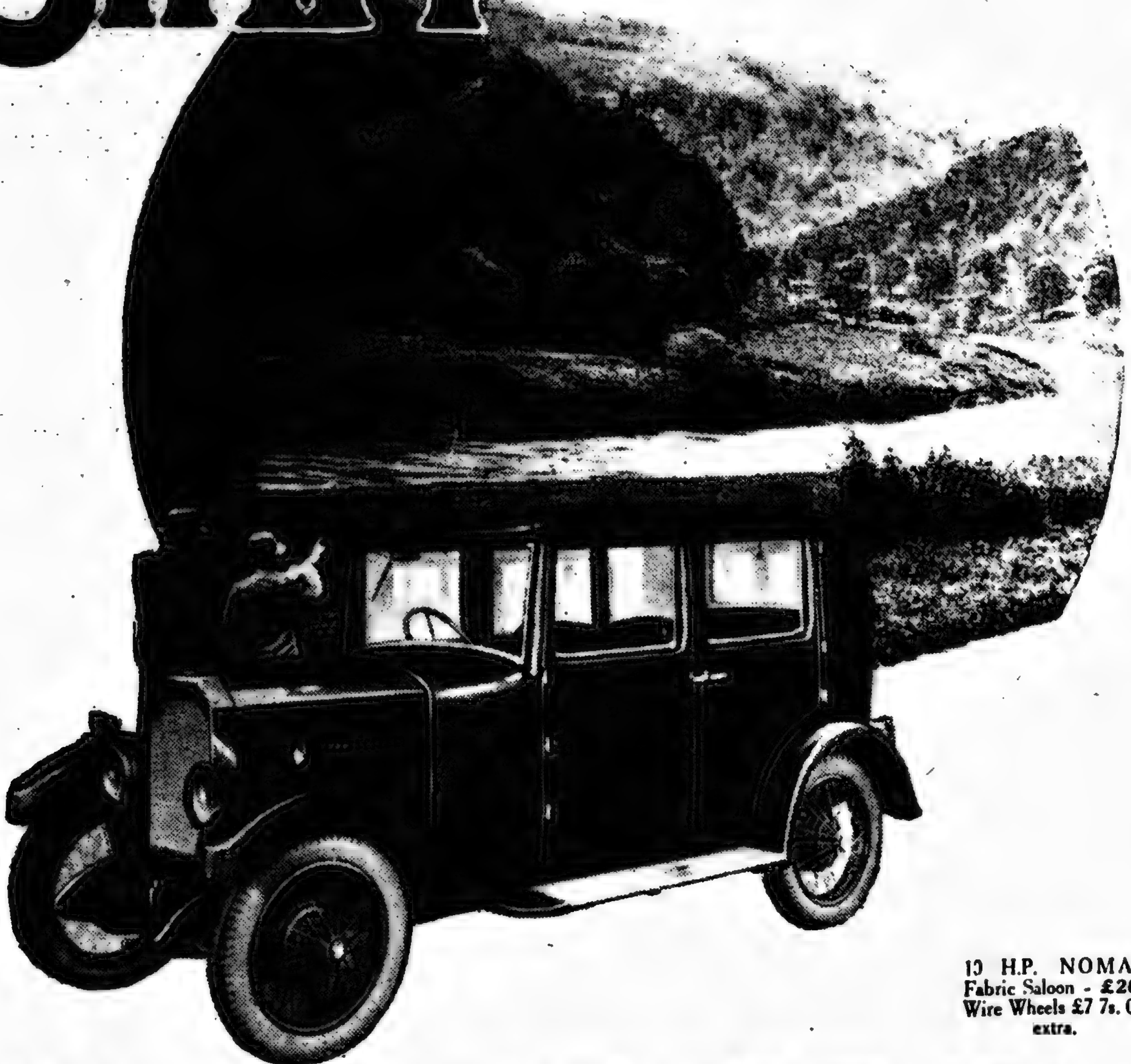

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ALONE WITH——?

(*Continued from page 52.*)

basement. The door between the pantry and the kitchen was open. The door between the kitchen and the passage was open. I reached the passage, and stood at the foot of the basement stairs, looking up.

I listened. Not a sound. Apart from the open window and those two open doors, and the broken key in the lock, there was nothing to indicate that anyone but myself had been in the house for the last six weeks. I switched on the electric light in the passage, and ascended the stairs. And, at the top, I received my first conclusive shock.

When we had left the house six weeks earlier, we had locked the library door and removed the key. The library at that time was our most princely and valuable room. The door was open. Not respectably open. It had great splits and scars, and hung at an angle on one hinge. The framework of the door was also torn and battered.

BUT the real tragedy lay inside the room. No—it was not a corpse. This is not a murder mystery! There was quite enough, however, to worry a respectable and well-ordered mind. An enormously heavy table, that required four hefty men to lift from the ground, had been toppled over on its side. It seemed to be trying to bite the carpet. The carpet itself was scarcely visible for the articles strewn about it. Every drawer in the room had been emptied.

If you have never had your house burgled, you have no conception of the evil atmosphere which it can assume immediately afterwards. Everything seems spiritually soiled and dirty. The air itself becomes impregnated, in imagination, with beery breath.

But I could not stand in the library and philosophise. A sudden anger seized me. Were the people who had upset my table and destroyed my faith in humanity still in the house? I ran out of the library, switched on lights—every light I could find—and went into the drawing-room. And, as I did so, I heard a door in the hall behind me softly closing.

I said a few moments ago that this was not a murder mystery. Neither is it the story of a hero. I am not one of those splendid, steel-nerved, muscular fellows I write about, who can hear a door close softly behind them without turning a wink. I turned several winks, and one of the turns brought me back into the hall, staring at the only closed door there—the door of the third reception room.

"Now, listen," I said to myself. "A door closed here a few seconds ago. This, obviously, is the door. And behind that door is the thing that closed it. I must go in, mustn't I?"

I crept to the door. And then came the second nastiest moment of my life. (The nastiest was to follow in five minutes.) All the lights went out.

I was now in total darkness, and I stood stock still. So, I imagine, did my heart. I found myself reasoning that, whatever happened to me, I was a very small person in a very large world, and that the world was a very small dot in a very large Universe; and by attaching my point of view on to that of Cosmos, I managed to avert an individual panic.

The panic I was averting urged me to dash out of the front door and find a policeman. But again I dreaded the aftermath of giving way to fear. So, instead, I took a deep breath, struck a match, opened the door, and looked in.

The room was empty. I went into every corner of it. Of course, something might have slipped out . . .

All at once, *I* slipped out.

Of course, the fellow—or fellows—had put out the lights in order to facilitate escape! I was being duped! Striking more matches, I ran to the front door, the library, and the drawing-room. Nothing. A fresh idea dawned.

Not *one* light had gone out, but *all* the lights. That meant the main switch had been turned off. There were two main switches, for the house was a large, twenty-roomed one. One down below, one on the first floor.

I tossed in my mind. The basement won. I groped my way down, drew near the switch, which could only be reached by a ladder or a chair, heard a noise above, turned, and raced upwards.

The match I held lasted till I got to the stairs leading to the first floor. Then it went out. I had only three matches left. What was going to happen when . . . ? I struck one, and, running no longer, crept up the stairs.

In the hall something gleamed from the floor. Something brightish and whitish. The match went out. I struck another, and my best silver-vase looked up at me, as though asking humbly, "Do you remember me? Years ago I used to stand on a neat little table, filled with flowers?"

I ENTERED a room. An ante-room to my bedroom. The neat little table was on its side. I nearly tripped over debris. The floor was littered with my unhappy and indignant property.

I crossed to the bedroom, put my hand through the half-open door (as they do in thrill plays) and tried the electric switch. I switched it on, but no illumination followed. On the contrary, darkness followed. My penultimate match went out.

I then heard a noise in the bedroom.

Now if someone had asked me academically what I would be likely to do if, in a dark and lonely house with no lights available but a solitary unstruck match, and evidences of evil all around me, I heard a noise in a bedroom, I would have replied, "Go for a policeman, and live to fight another day." I believe, at this moment, that such would have been the sensible course to pursue, and that it might not have been unhonourable. Only ten days previously a householder in my very road had been brained by a burglar with a jemmy.

Yet I *still* did not go for that policeman. I was terribly indignant and terribly frightened. And, above all, as when the door had closed, and when the lights went out, I was afraid of my fear. Therefore, I struck my last match, and pushed the bedroom door wide.

"Where are you?" I cried ridiculously—and was very annoyed with myself immediately afterwards, for my voice had not sounded impressive.

The answer came from under the bed. Something moved there. I am afraid I dropped the match, and it went out.

Now, the story *ought* to end something like this:

"Alone in the dark, with a thing under a bed! I stood still, terror gripping me. The thing slithered out, rose, loomed up before me, pressed me back to the wall . . . and the next moment I sank into oblivion. And when I came to and raised my hand to my head, I felt a long, slinkly lump there, and I knew that I had encountered 'The Lizard'!"

But that would be fiction, and I am pledged to tell you the truth, which is stranger. The fiction, I admit, would grip you more, that being the design of fiction, but I am ready to vow that the introduction of an arch-crook known as "The Lizard" would not make this conclusion any stranger . . .

For, as my match went out, and I stood in the darkness with a frankly thumping heart, the lights suddenly went up again, and—I beg forgiveness, but I cannot help it—a mouse ran out from under the bed.

IT was a real burglary. Interviews with police followed, although the burglars were never caught. But, for the rest, I was the victim of an amazing series of coincidences.

The noise under the bed had been a mouse which, surely, must have been waiting for its definite cue! The reappearance of the lights synchronised with the remedying of a temporary breakdown at the power station, the breakdown having occurred, of course, when the lights first went out.

The cause of the closing door in the hall was never definitely proved, but was almost certainly the result of vibrations set up by a train passing through a tunnel below. These trains beneath us often played little tricks like that with a house which was drawing near the end of its lease. And the other noises I had heard might have been due to the same kind of cause, or to some other rascally rodent.

One further strange thing occurred—perhaps the strangest of all. A detective told me that the burglars had evidently been interrupted in their job, and, not knowing of my unexpected return, would probably come back that night to complete their work. "If they do," he said, "just slip out of bed and 'phone us up."

They didn't come back. But I slept alone in the house that night. And this, when I think back on it, strikes me as the most amazing thing of all. How brave we poor mortals can be through fear of our colossal cowardice!

I'm UP one day and DOWN the next..

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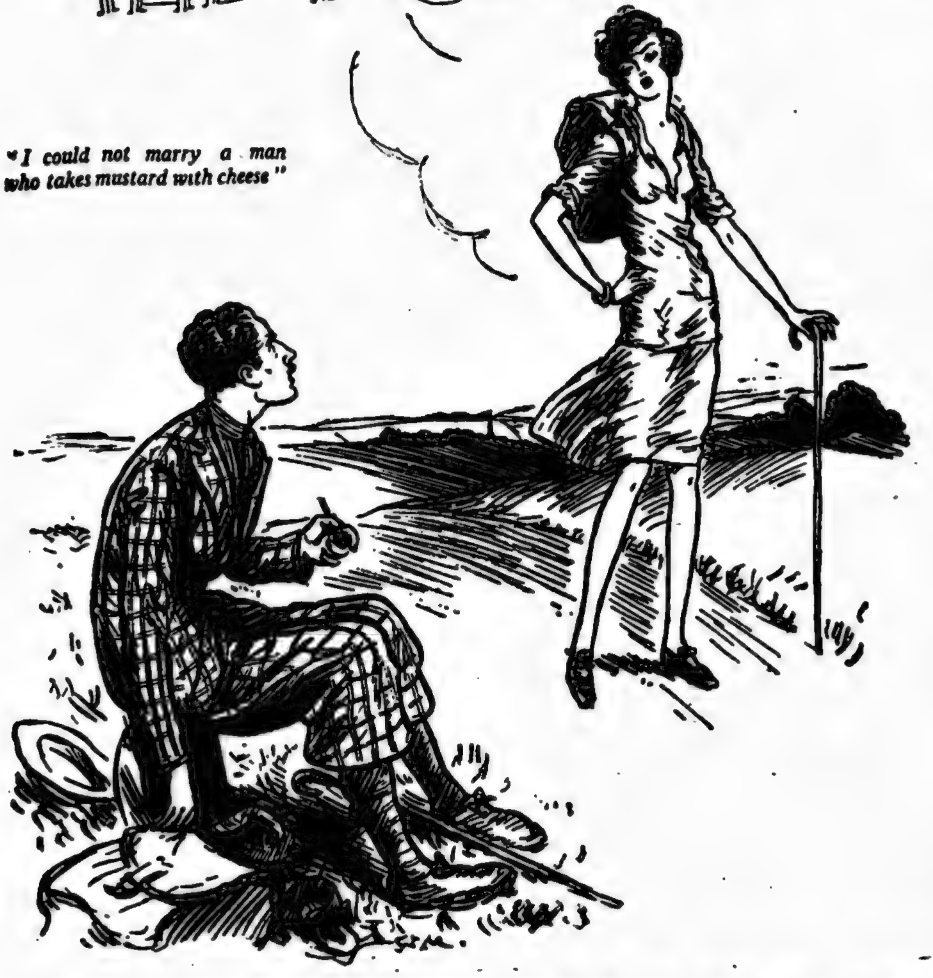
CASSELL'S TABLETS

THE HOLIDAY TEST

by FLORENCE A. KILPATRICK

"Look before you leap" was the motto of Ernest Littlethorpe



"I could not marry a man who takes mustard with cheese"

IF you had asked Ernest Littlethorpe for his favourite quotation, he would have told you that it was "Caution is the parent of safety"; in fact, he might have told you even if you didn't ask, for he was very fond of declaring aloud that all life's mistakes arise from a lack of foresight.

Yet this prudent youth was actually contemplating marriage, which everybody knows is a terrible lottery against which all wise men from Aristotle to Ashley Sterne have warned us.

Of course, Ernest was well aware of the pitfalls awaiting him, so he began, with more caution than ever, to take his bearings. He knew many girls, and because of his good looks and stalwart appearance, he found favour in their sight. But tracking down the ideal life partner was far more difficult than he had imagined.

For example, Dora was jolly and good-tempered, but seemed a little flighty, and therefore unfitted to look after a home; Ethel was sensible and serious, but too quiet and rather dowdy; Mollie was extremely pretty and attractive, but could not discuss anything, and was too fond of dancing and theatres; Joan was a flirt and obviously thriftless, since she spent too much on her clothes.

Then, just when Ernest was beginning to despair, he met Mary and fell wholeheartedly in love. She was pretty, talked amusingly, was smartly dressed without being extravagant, for Ernest gleaned the fact that she made her own clothes. Cooking was one of her hobbies.

He wooed and finally won. They became engaged.

For a time he lived in the condition of beatitude common to all lovers. Then his old mood of super-caution descended upon him.

He began to have misgivings, inward doubts. Supposing he were mistaken about Mary? So far he had only seen her under the most favourable conditions . . . there must be another side to her nature.

AFTER pondering long and deeply, an idea occurred to him which he considered to be a perfect inspiration. Why not put Mary to a test? The summer holidays were approaching, and it was his custom to go a walking tour on these occasions. He would persuade Mary to join him.

As it happened she was fond of walking, and, all unconscious of the depths of Ernest's motives, cheerfully agreed to his plan. They set off joyfully.

Those who know anything of walking tours will agree that Ernest had set the supreme test. And Mary emerged from the ordeal with flying colours.

She had walked for two miles with a blister on her heel and uttered no word of complaint; never grumbled at the midday meal of cold beef and bread and cheese provided by all wayside inns in Great Britain. She made a delightful companion because her conversation was amusing. Also, she had the gift of knowing when to remain silent.

No wonder Ernest grew jubilant at the success of his scheme. And as they set out on the last morning of the tour, he remarked enthusiastically, "What a wonderful holiday this has been—we'll plan some fine walking tours together when we're married, won't we, dearest?"

There! It was out at last. Always he had avoided that fatal word marriage. But now he lingered on it, and was not surprised at the falter in Mary's voice as she repeated, "W-when we are married?"

He patted her hand reassuringly—naturally she would be fluttered. It was a tremendous moment for her. "Yes. Isn't it time we were making plans?"

THE pause that followed was just a moment too long. And when he looked at her inquiringly it was not confusion and timidity he observed but an expression of unusual determination.

"Ernest—do you mind if I speak plainly?" she asked unexpectedly.

"I prefer plain speaking," he answered—wondering nevertheless.

"Then I must tell you that this walking tour has opened my eyes. It has revealed to me that you have a maddening habit of saying the same things in exactly the same way; for example, you have remarked, 'Well, we're getting on all right, eh?' six times every day except last Sunday, when you said it eight times; your favourite expression, 'Well, that about puts the lid on it,' annoys me.

"You repeat your jokes. Also you have developed a tendency to hum, Ernest—a humming, too, that is out of tune. You get persistently flat on 'Chloe' and end up on the wrong note on 'I Can't Give You Anything but Love,'——"

"B-but, surely, Mary——"

"Wait a moment. You have no imagination, because you only speak of the miles you have tramped and never of the beauty of the sky and meadows.

"You take mustard with cheese. I could not marry a man who takes mustard with cheese.

"Again, where once I saw only perfection in your appearance, Ernest, I have begun to detect flaws. You have a mole on your chin which maddens me——"

"But all this is absurd," he broke in. "You are making mountains out of molehills. . . ."

"The mole is not really so annoying as the way you blow your nose. And now, since it says on that sign, 'To the Station,' I intend to take that road and catch a train home.

"Really, I hate walking, but I came on this tour as a sort of test. And I'm glad I found out in time. I'm sorry, Ernest, but it is all for the best. Goodbye."

THERE was a long pause. Then Ernest sank down on a grassy bank and covered his face with his hands. "Well, that about puts the lid on it," he murmured brokenly. But happily Mary was not there to hear.

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(Which supplies Stomach and Bowel DIGESTIVE FERMENTS)

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In CICFA you have such a remedy; one in which those Ferments are active, so that your digestion is restored by taking Cicfa.

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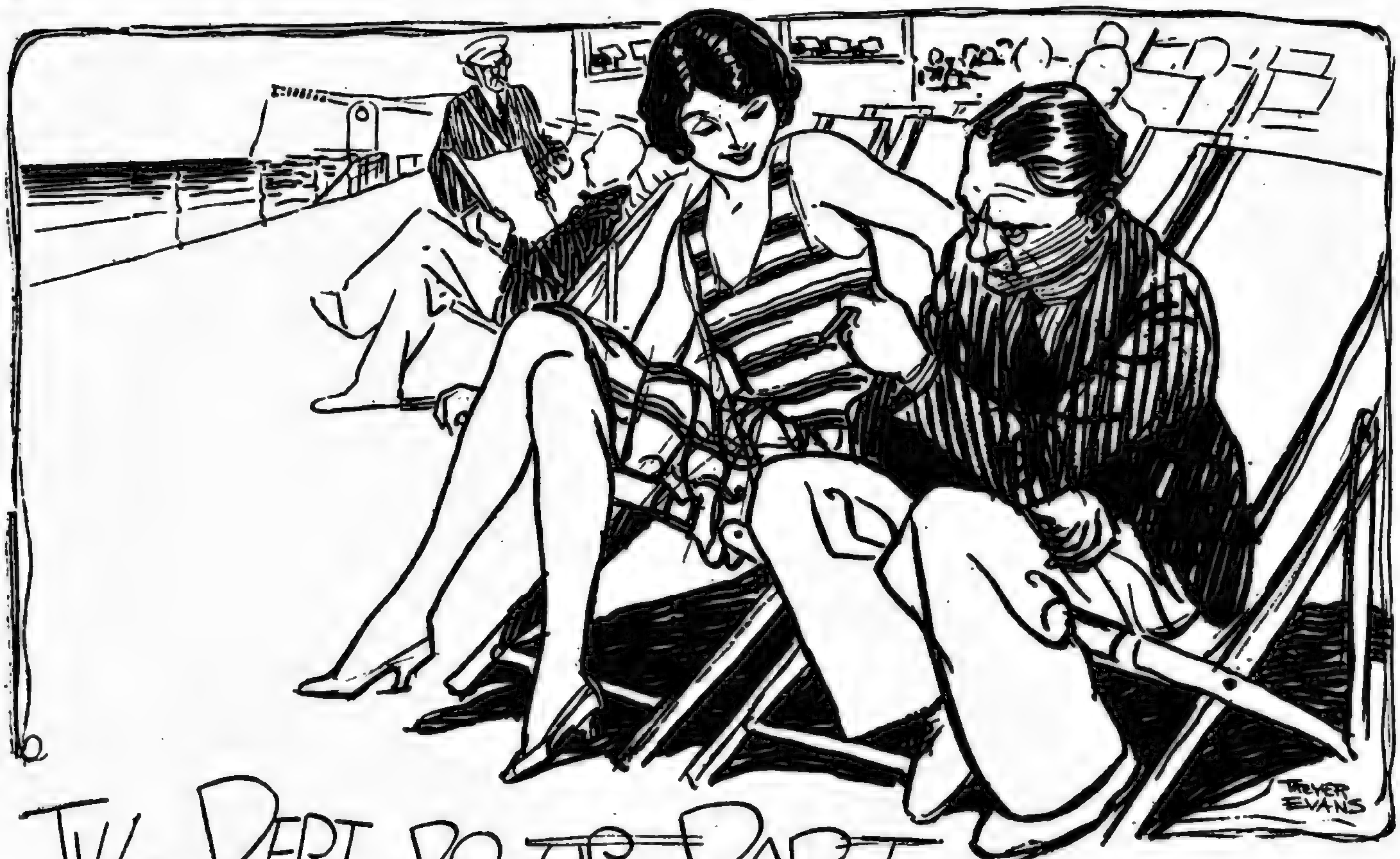

TILL DEBT DO US PART

Clarence and his Creditors

BY HECTOR HUTT

THE promenade at Foamdown was crowded with a merrily laughing throng of holiday-makers and ice-cream vendors. In every direction bright smiles and twinkling eyes could be discerned; for it was one of those blue and gold days when everything seems to be just as the doctor ordered it. Every face but one was wreathed in smiles.

The excepted face was the property of one Clarence Hoskins. On his countenance a deep frown was to be seen. He was seated in a deck-chair, with one ear keenly alert for any sounds which might indicate the proximity of the ticket-collector; and he was regarding the jovial throng with a cold and steely eye. For Clarence, at that moment, loved not his fellow-men. He was broke to the wide.

Now this was not an unusual thing with Clarence. He spent eleven months in every year broke to the wide. He had a deep-rooted objection to work of any kind, and an equally deep-rooted affection for liquor. So Clarence was broke.

That, in the main, was the reason he was at Foamdown-on-Sea. He had lived on credit so long at his lodgings in London that his creditors had actually taken the step of waylaying him on the stairs and pleading for money. There was Isaacs the tailor, Wippleham the bootmaker, Guthrie the tobacconist, and that inhuman grocer Glubb.

Clarence frowned as he thought of them. He had been frowning all the time, but this was something extra special in the way of frowns. Hang them! He owed them about sixty pounds between the lot of them. They were the sort of people who would never let a man rest.

So he had departed from his lodgings stealthily, and by night, and had arrived undetected at Foamdown, there to live upon his wits, untroubled by the presence of Isaacs the tailor (dash him), Wippleham the bootmaker (confound him), Guthrie the tobacconist (rot him), or the inhuman grocer Glubb.

A girl's voice interrupted his commination service at this point. A slight, soulful damsel dropped into a seat by his side, and said:

"Still brooding?"

"Yes. I have reason," replied Clarence stiffly.

"Now don't go all over that again," implored Miss Olive Weston.

"I wasn't going to," Clarence informed her coldly. "I consider it beneath me. You are nothing but a heartless Jezebel."

"And you," said Miss Weston, "are nothing but a——"

"A what?" asked Clarence fiercely.

"I can't think of anything descriptive enough."

"If I had been a millionaire you would be all over me."

"Ah! But you are not, you know."

"That's a woman all over," said Clarence bitterly. "Worshippers of filthy lucre, all of them."

"It's so nice to have about the house," nodded Olive brightly. "It's very handy at times. When you marry, for instance, what can you offer your wife?"

"A loving heart," responded Clarence promptly.

"M'yes. But if she happened to be hungry, she would most likely prefer a sheep's heart."

"It's all very well to make fun of it," growled Clarence. "The truth of the matter is that you don't like me."

"I like you fairly well, my dear boy; but I'm afraid you're an incurable slacker."

"I'm not."

"Then you'll have to prove it."

Clarence gave this some thought. He had no wish to prove it.

"How do you mean—prove it?" he inquired at length.

"Well," replied Miss Weston meditatively, "if you can come to me to-morrow evening, by the bandstand, and show me fifty pounds, I shall think you have some grit in you, and may reverse my decision."

Clarence goggled at her.

"Fifty! Fifty pounds!" he gulped. "You—you're not risking much, are you?"

"Quite so. You have no vim in you."

Clarence stared at her in a hostile manner for some minutes. At length he shrugged his shoulders.

"Leave me, woman," he snapped.

"The pleasure's mine, Clarence dear. I'll be waiting by the bandstand for you."

"Then wrap yourself up well, or you'll catch cold before I come," snarled the unhappy youth.

Olive smiled brightly at him, and disappeared in the throng, leaving Clarence a prey to thoughts of the most gloomy and mirky kind.

VERY speedily Clarence came to the conclusion that Olive was the worst female he had ever known. She was nothing but a worshipper at the shrine of Midas; a pin drawn to the glittering magnet of gold. And, reflected Clarence, if those weren't two of the happiest aphorisms he had ever perpetrated, he hoped he might be shot. She was worse—far worse—than Isaacs the tailor, Wippleham the bootmaker, Guthrie the tobacconist, or the inhuman grocer Glubb

(Continued on page 60.)

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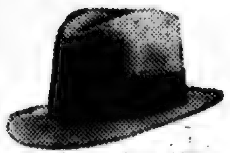
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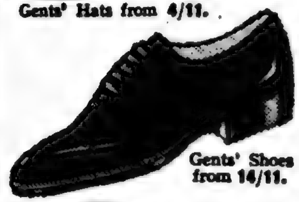
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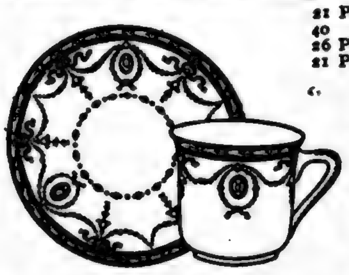

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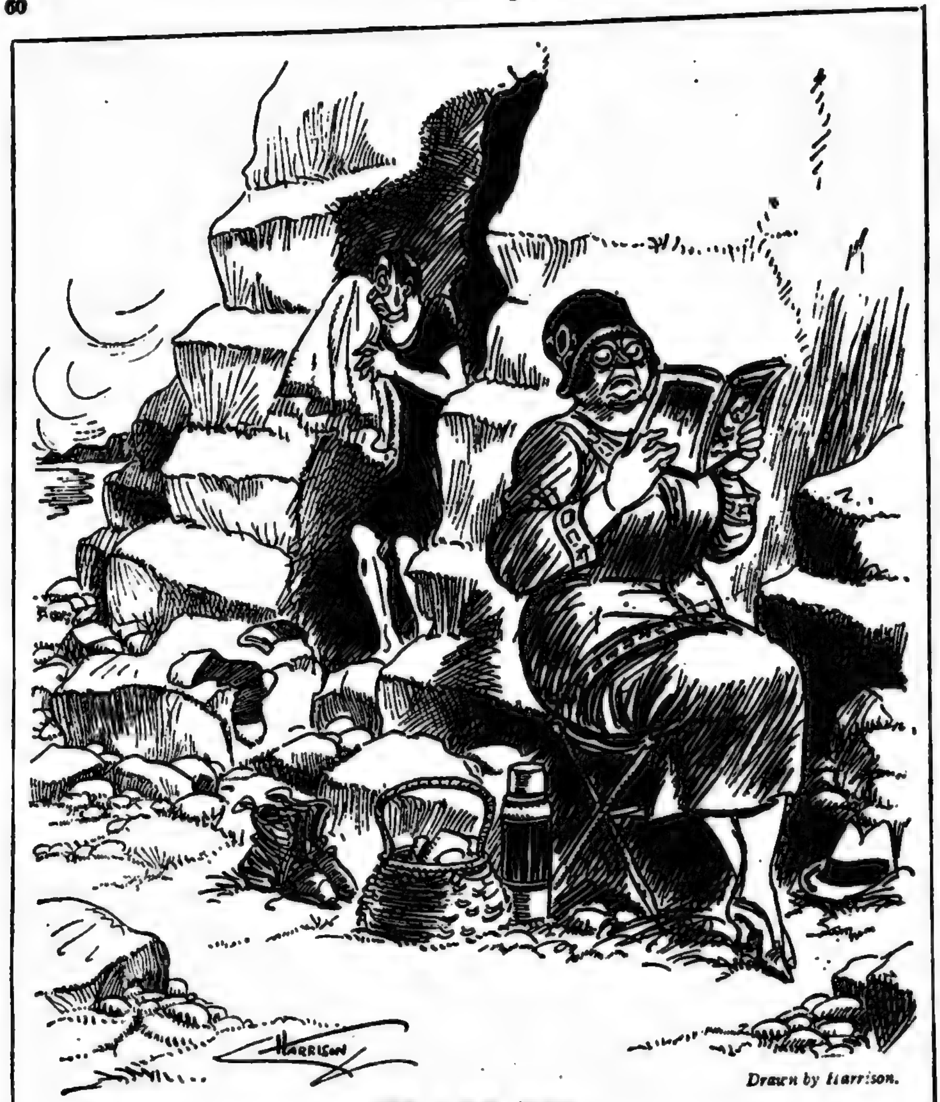
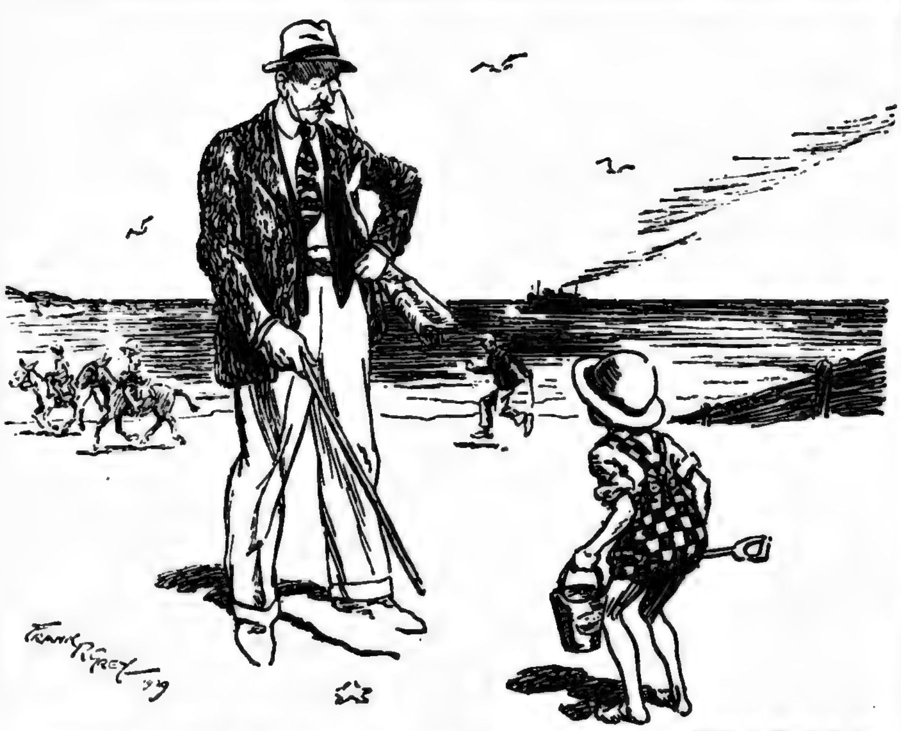


Drawn by Harrison.

HER CAVE MAN.



Drawn by Frank R. Grey.

ESTATE AGENT (ON HOLIDAY): "Here you are, Bobby—a most desirable site, situated with a fine sea view, healthy subsoil, and eminently suitable for the immediate erection of a detached castle and spacious moat."

TILL DEBT DO US PART.

(*Continued from page* 58.)

Clarence glanced around him miserably. On the adjoining seat some kind citizen had left a newspaper. Clarence picked it up, and stared at it idly. Then, all of a sudden, he stiffened, and his eyes grew wild with hope. For the newspaper was the *Daily Informer*, and on the front page was the announcement:—

MYSTERY MAN AT FOAMDOWN TO-DAY.

Dicky Bird, the *Daily Informer* mystery man, will visit Foamdown-on-Sea to-day, and will pay FIFTY POUNDS to the first person who discovers his identity.

Following this amazing offer was a description of the elusive Richard Bird; special stress being laid on the fact that he had two gold teeth. In view of this fact, it seems distinctly probable that, after he had obtained the situation as a mystery man, Mr. Bird imitated the example of Henry I., and never smiled again.

To Clarence it was as an inspiration from Paradise. He had no objection whatsoever to receiving fifty pounds for answering a simple question, and he looked around to discover, if possible, Mr. Bird's whereabouts.

Now it seems to be stretching probability to the verge of the miraculous to state that on the very next seat was a person who might have been Mr. Bird's twin brother; yet such is the fact. Clarence was struck by the resemblance immediately, and with great presence of mind stretched forward and tickled this sombre person under the arm-pits.

"He! he! he!" sniggered the gentleman. Clarence's heart gave a great bound. He had caught sight of two gold teeth.

"Are you Dicky Bird?" he enquired sternly.

The stranger became brisk at once.

"I am," he snapped. "Your name?"

"Clarence Hoskins."

"Have you a copy of the *Daily Informer* for my inspection?"

Clarence produced it.

"Good! Now I shall want to photograph you, in order that your picture and name and address can appear in the paper to-morrow morning. After which I shall hand you fifty of the best."

Clarence sang with joy. After he had been photographed and congratulated, he walked away with fifty pounds in notes in his pocket. All he had to do now was to meet Olive at the bandstand, and produce his hoard for her inspection. Life once more looked very good to him.

THE following morning, after having inspected the account of the transaction, together with his photograph, in the *Daily Informer*, Clarence walked along the Esplanade, the cynosure of all eyes. Everybody pointed him out as the fortunate winner of fifty pounds.

Unfortunately he did not see Olive, but he returned to his lodgings at lunch time brimming over with happiness and *joie de vivre*. On the steps of his boarding-house he ran into a little crowd of grim-faced men who were awaiting him, each of whom had a copy of the *Daily Informer* under his arm.

Clarence blinked at them in dismay. There were Isaacs the tailor, Wippleham the bootmaker, Guthrie the tobacconist, and the inhuman grocer Glubb.

WANTED

A

NEW NAME FOR "ADVERTISEMENT"

By the Advertisement Director of JOHN BULL.

THE Dictionary describes the word "advertisement" as "public notice in newspaper." The word goes back to the days when the advertisement was merely a form of legal notification. Take the "advertisements" in these pages—read them, study each one carefully. Don't you agree with me that "advertisement" is uncouth when applied to such a high standard of commercial art and printing?

Besides, there are the "Bargain" advertisements which save buyers both time and money. You will find them in JOHN BULL'S "Shop Window"—a regular feature of the weekly issue, and on page 5 of this number.

Now let me have your opinion, please. Ought we still to call them "advertisements" ("public notices," as the dictionary says)? or—well, think it out yourself. A short word is wanted, one which crystallizes everything which a modern "advertisement" does.

Just write your suggestion on a postcard before September 30th, addressed to Ideas Dept., JOHN BULL, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and for the twelve best suggestions I will send a really useful Free Gift.

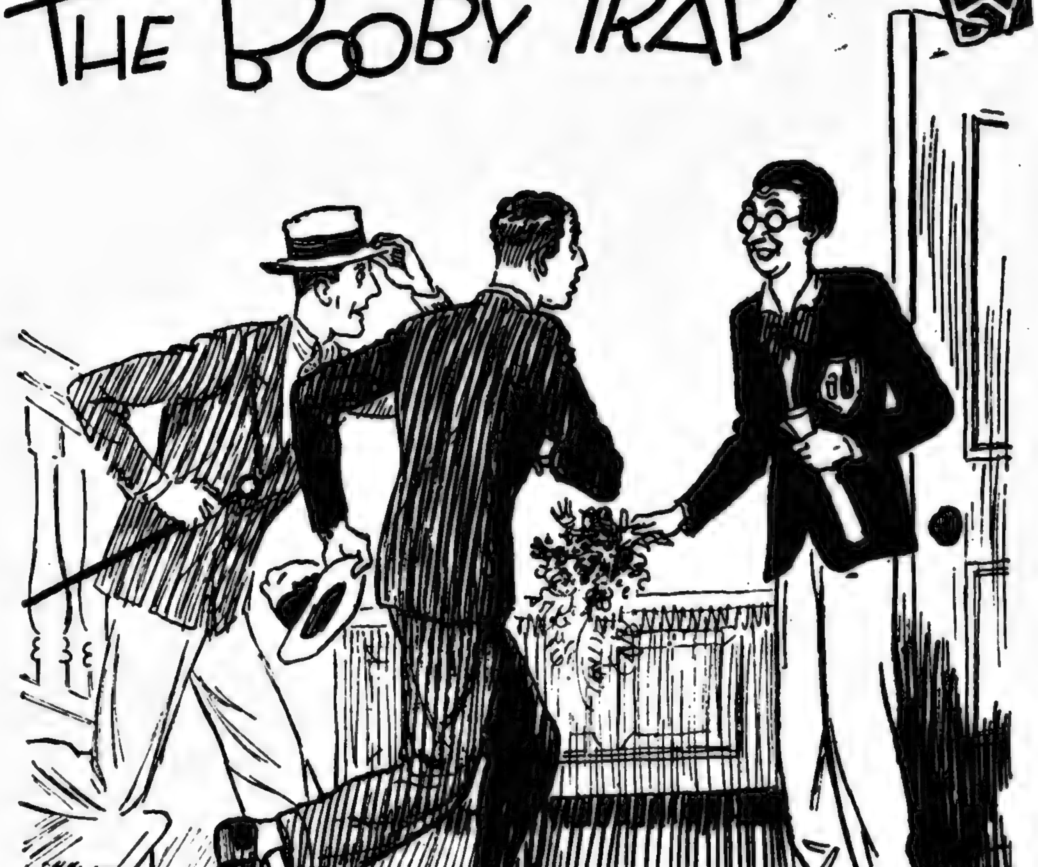
A Hint for Entrants.

Bear in mind that all advertisements in JOHN BULL'S HOLIDAY ANNUAL, like those in the weekly issue, are covered by our well-known guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Look for result in JOHN BULL dated October 12th.

PHILIP EMANUEL,
Advertisement Director,
ODHAMS PRESS LTD.,
57, 58 and 59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE BOOBY TRAP

BY MOSSFORD OLIVER.



"Go right into his room!"

George makes a bad mistake.

"SO you, too, are going to Waffle Bay for the holidays," groaned George's uncle, with a contemptuous sniff. "Your Cousin Reginald is also there."

Uncle Pelham Stringer is an inventor. His patent haggis-fork has amassed him so much money that it now takes him all his time inventing means of spending it. Nephews, George and Reggie, are the only two near relatives.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed George, blankly. "Is that ass Reggie there?"

For a moment Uncle Pelham eyed George almost kindly.

"Reginald *is* there," he responded, gloomily. "To-day he sent me his latest poem, '*Love Has Cut Me Off From Life.*'" Uncle Pelham snorted. "I had fully intended giving him a cheque for five hundred which I received yesterday as royalties on a little gadget designed to prevent seaside landladies from opening lodgers' cupboards, but now——," Uncle Pelham gave a double snort . . . "I've a good mind to give it to the first red-nosed, bandy-legged, sniffling tweenie that comes along!"

George gulped.

"You wouldn't do *that!*" he said, appealingly.

"Oh, wouldn't I?" exclaimed Uncle Pelham sharply. "Hasn't a man a right to do what he likes with his own money? If Reginald sends me any more of his *Love-has-cut-me-off* nonsense, *I'll* cut him off with a shilling!" He glared at George. "Where are you staying?"

"*Seaview,*" answered George.

A thoughtful light rested upon Uncle Pelham.

"We might turn that to our advantage——" he mused. "Cousin Reginald is also staying at *Seaview.* Couldn't you," said Uncle Pelham, after a pause, prodding George tenderly in the waistcoat, "Couldn't you give Cousin Reginald a Sootiful Bath or a Banana Slither? If you were successful and made him more of a man, that red-nosed, bandy-legged servant would not receive the five hundred——"

"Sootiful Bath?" George ejaculated. "Banana Slither?"

Uncle Pelham looked pained.

"Don't tell me you have never heard of them," he said, in surprise. "Two of the choicest blooms of my inventive genius. The Sootiful Bath (a trick which I tried out with every success on your Aunt Jemima, a few weeks before she passed away) is a simple contrivance which can be arranged over any door, causing a mixture of soot and treacle to fall upon the first person entering the room.

"The Banana Slither is rather more involved, and needs to be carried out with mathematical precision. Several banana skins are scientifically placed on the floor in such a manner that the person slipping on the first one shall, upon regaining his balance, tread upon the second, and so on.

"I planned it so systematically that your late Uncle Joseph kept his feet for ten minutes before breaking his collar-bone."

Uncle Pelham recounted these triumphs with a modesty enhanced only by the pardonable pride of the inventor.

"Your Cousin Reginald lives in a world of Cupids and Lyres," continued Uncle Pelham, frowningly. "He thinks Life is a succession of Loves and Cut-me-offs! He should be brought to earth!" Uncle Pelham leaned forward suddenly and looked George square in the face—and if you knew George's face you would realise it was no little feat for Uncle Pelham.

"George, my boy, here is your chance. If you can make your cousin realise that Life is Real, Life is Earnest, I will forget the sniffling tweenie and give you the cheque. Will you Bring Cousin Reginald to Earth?"

Uncle Pelham delved in his portmanteau and emerged bearing a sheaf of papers.

"Here are the directions and formulæ," he said. "Don't forget to mix the right proportions of treacle and soot."

Then Uncle Pelham gave full rein to his inventive faculties.

"You could also smear every towel in the room with honey," he went on thoughtfully. "A couple of baths filled with water, tastefully arranged round the room, should definitely Bring Your Cousin Reginald To Earth."

The resplendent limousine pulled up silently on the outskirts of Waffle Bay.

"I will drop you here," said Uncle Pelham. "I have a call to make before I go to Seahaven, where I am staying."

WE walked swiftly along the glimmering streets which consisted of massive houses cheek by jowl with second-hand clothes shops, until we finally halted before a house which, having seen better days, had fallen to profit thereby.

"You are the gentleman for Room 17?" demanded the maid. "Mistress is out. Come this way."

"I wonder if Cousin Reggie *is* staying here," whispered George, after we had deposited our traps. He turned to the maid. "Have you a Mr. Stringer in the house?"

The maid consulted a list.

"Room 19—next to yours," she said.

"Thanks," said George briskly. "Now, my girl, can you keep a secret and a pound note?"

The maid declared she had a memory like a sieve.

"Very well," answered George, lowering his voice. "I want one pound of soot, a jar of treacle, twelve bananas and two foot-baths, as soon as possible. Can you do it and remain mum?"

An hour later George sidled into No. 19, well equipped and fortified with the hope of endorsing Uncle Pelham's cheque. The treacle mixture over the door was easy enough, but the arranging of the banana skins required a little mental effort which sorely taxed George's capacity. However, he made a successful job of it, and with a self-satisfied smile descended the stairs. The first person he met was Uncle Pelham.

"We have wasted no time," said George, rubbing his hands like a marine dealer.

"Splendid, my boy, splendid!" responded Uncle Pelham, jovially. "That red-nosed, bandy-legged, sniffling tweenie looks like being unlucky." He patted George on the shoulder. "I could almost learn to love you." Then Uncle Pelham dropped his voice. "You mixed the right proportion of treacle?" he enquired, anxiously. "And you carefully followed out the Slither diagram."

George nodded.

Uncle Pelham breathed again.

"Cousin Reginald will Live and Learn!"

"About that cheque——," said George, with a slight cough.

"Have dinner with me," said Uncle Pelham. "I want to hear all about your labours. If you have succeeded in stamping the poetic ideas out of your Cousin Reginald you can take it away with you. But you *must* stay here and have dinner——"

"Stay here!" exclaimed George. "Isn't this *Seaview*?"

"Ha! Ha! You will have your little joke," smiled Uncle Pelham. "*Seaview*, where you and Reginald are staying, is further up the road. This is Seahaven. Well, I will go to my room and change for dinner."

He started to climb the stairs. . . .

"Which room has that gentleman got?" hissed George of the maid.

"Mr. Pelham Stringer?" retorted the maid, in surprise. "I think I told you, sir. No. 19."

UNCLE PELHAM had disappeared along the landing. As George and I legged it out of the front door we were confronted by a radiant and shining young man wearing horn-rimmed spectacles and a serene smile. In his right hand he carried a nosegay, his left was clasped firmly round a rolled manuscript.

"Ah! Cousin George!" beamed Cousin Reginald. "I am about to pay a duty call on our dear relative——"

George seized the unforgiving minute.

"Room No. 19. Hurry!" he exclaimed hastily. He particularly wants to hear your '*Love Has Cut Me Off From Life.*' He may——," George gulped and a look of hope came into his eyes—"he may be in the bathroom. Go right into his room—No. 19——"

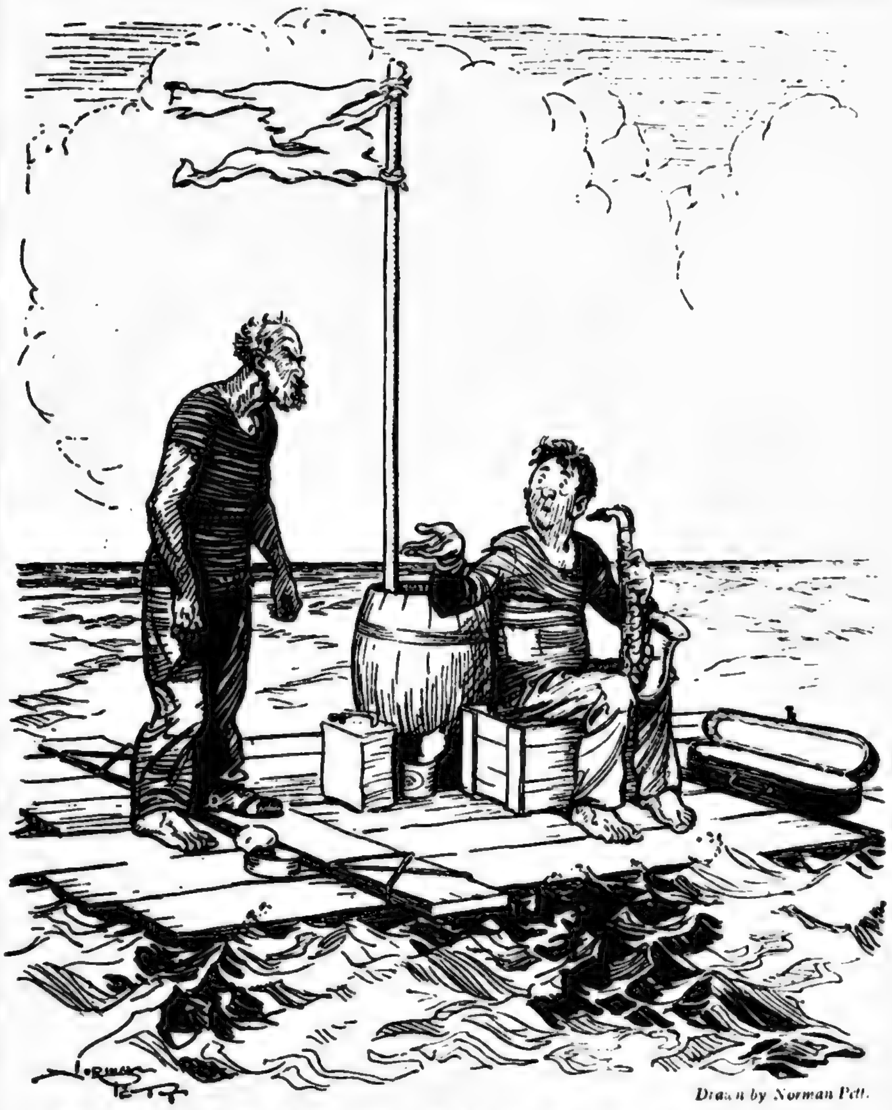
"I will be charmed to read it to Uncle Pelham," said Cousin Reginald, in clear tones, passing lightly up the stairs.

Beads of perspiration hung upon George's brow.

"In case of accidents——!" he gasped suddenly, darting across the road, and disappearing into a dimly lit doorway. I followed him slowly. On the window was an inscription: "Servants Registration Bureau."

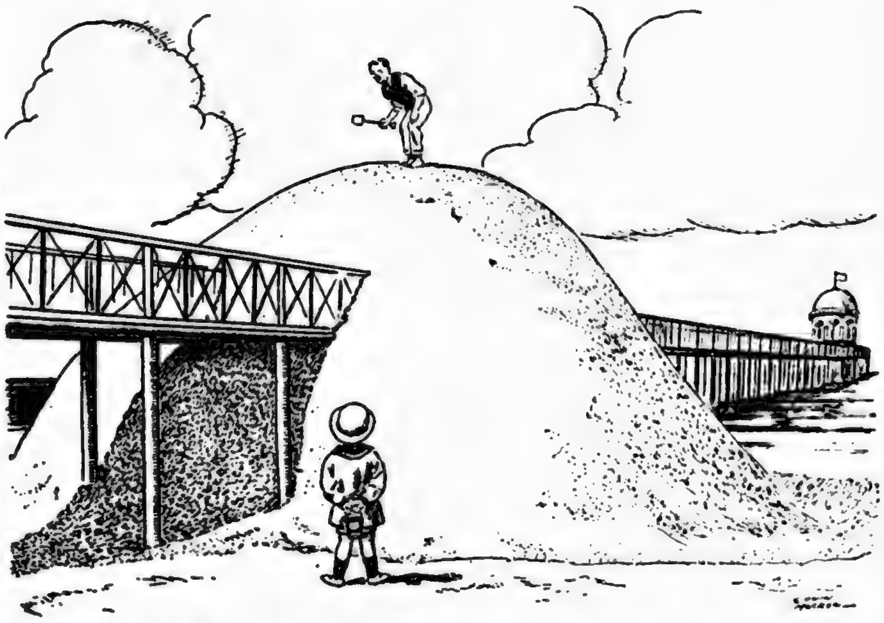
George was leaning over the counter, clutching a ginger-headed man by his lapel.

"Have you," he was saying, in a cracked voice, "have you on your books a red-nosed, bandy-legged, sniffling tweenie?"



Drawn by Norman Pett.

SHIPWRECKED SAILOR: "I can't 'elp it if you don't like it. I've always wanted to play one of these things, and this is the only chance I've ever had to learn."



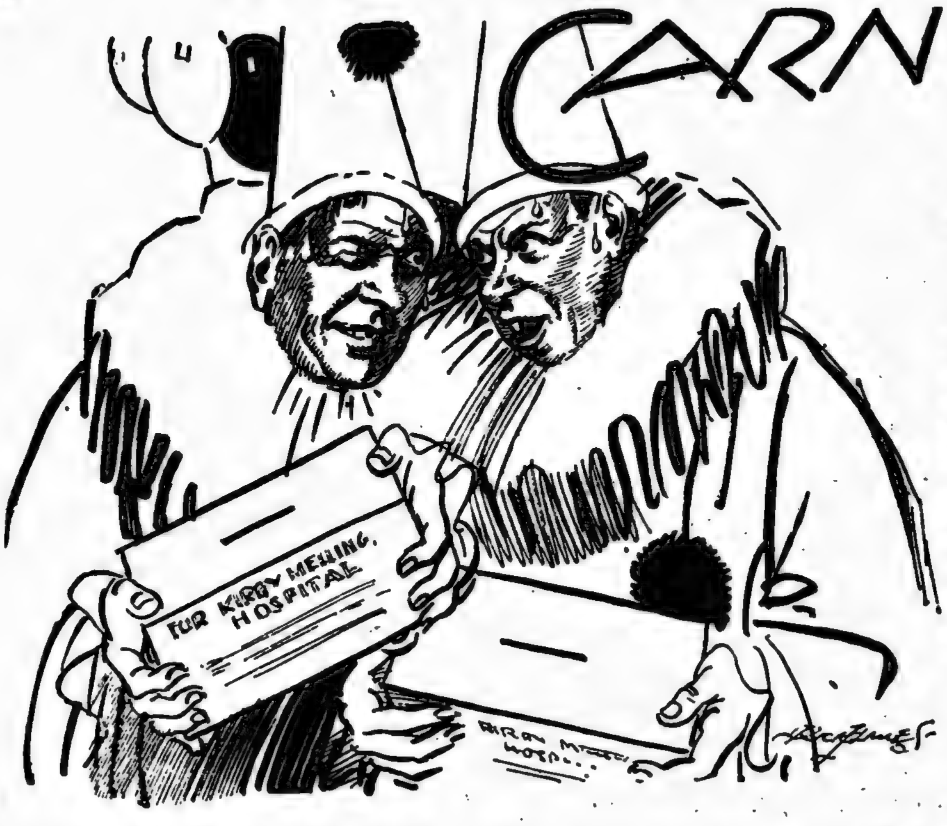
Drawn by Edwin Morrow.

SMALL SON: "If you've finished with my spade, daddy, I'd like to use it for a bit."

CARNIVAL

BY

RALPH PLUMMER



For the first time in their lives, Soapy and Saffron worked in a good cause.

SAFFRON CHARLIE caressed his lean jowl with a hand which defied the dictum that cleanliness is next to godliness. He laid his bundle against the boulder footing the sign-post, and stared at the other man blankly.

"Whossat?" he said blankly.

"'Olidays," said Mr. Cropper briefly. "Two miles to Seaville by that there sign-post, ain't it? 'Olidays, I ses. Me an' you, see."

He nodded amiably into the yellow visage staring up at him as Saffron Charlie reclined in the grass of the lane and thoughtfully rubbed an exploring finger between his toes without incurring the unnecessary trouble of removing his boots.

"I aren't had an 'oliday for years an' years," added Cropper pathetically. "Nothin' but walkin' and walkin' an' sleeps at places where they makes you dig taties or chop wood arter breakfus'. I craves a spell at the seaside. Me an' you's goin' to Seaville. 'Ow much you got, Charlie?"

Saffron Charlie cast a shrewd glance at his companion.

"Wotcher gettin' at?" he enquired delicately.

"Capital," explained Mr. Cropper soothingly. "I aren't no income-tax inspector's nark, Saff; we wants capital to spend at the seaside. I got two pun. You?"

"Three pun," admitted the other with a slightly superior air. "But there's plenty o' pubs wivout walkin' to Seaville."

"Cloes," said Mr. Cropper. "Pubs later. *And* saloon bars!"

"Wotcher mean, cloes, Soapy?"

"Respeckable appearance," pursued Soapy Cropper. "You an' me aren't fit to collect money for deservin' charities wivout duds. Five pun we got between us. We'll look respeckerble on about four quid. The extra quid will do for expenses."

Saffron Charlie rose firmly.

"Good-bye, Soapy," he said, gathering his bundle. "Thanks for the bed-time story; I gotter date now with the Shah o' Persia. S'long."

"Siddown," said Soapy, taking the other's arm with gentle firmness and speaking persuasively.

"I aren't parting with no three quid for 'olid——"

"Siddown."

"I tell you I aren't going to part with——"

"SIDDOWN!" bawled Soapy Cropper.

Saffron Charlie sat down.

"Lissen," growled Soapy. "We go into Seaville an' collec' lots of boodle. Charity. Our five pun will rig us out. We'll get us two nice boxes all marked 'Please give as much as you can afford.' An' on the fronter the boxes will be printed nice—you know I uster be a bit of a dab at hand-printin' — 'EVERY PENNY COLLECTED WILL BENEFIT THE HOSPITAL.'"

Saffron Charlie laughed in a high falsetto.

"If you think I are a bloomin' a Filler-anthripoic Society," he spat out, "you gotter another guess comin'. Why," he burst out heatedly, "not only do you expeck me to go plumb crazy an' part with three pun for the gooder people wot orter be looked arter by the State, but you think I'm goin' to 'awk about a ruddy colleckshen box all day, an'——"

"The 'ospital," continued Soapy dispassionately, "will be four'n'arf mile outer Seaville. Big 'un. I'll have the name in big characters painted on the collection-boxes,

"'FOR KIRBY MELLING HOSPITAL.'"

Mr. Cropper paused. He cast a sidelong glance at his companion.

"A deservin' cause, charity," he said easily. "There aren't no more deservin' charity that I can think of. . . ."

"Meanin' that blinkin' 'orspittle," snarled Saffron.

"Meanin' us!" chuckled Soapy. "Aren't you got nothin' in yere pan besides tonsils?"

"Wheeeeewh!" interjected Saffron.

"I should think so," grinned the other. "It's Carnival in Seaville, an' we oughter clear somethin' like a hundred quid. People always gives a-plenty at Carnival time. Now, let's talk it over, an' then push on and get us some decent duds. When we get away with the proceeds, we can use saloon bars like I told you of for munce."

"We'll dress like pierrots," put in Saffron Charlie enthusiastically. "An' wear masks!"

"Let's plen it all out," remarked Mr. Cropper, removing a fragment of aggressive cheese and a hunk of bread from his pockets. "We'll do some staff work over the festive board."

THE Fates were kind in the weather distribution at Seaville Carnival Week. On this day, when the traffic rattled, bands blared, streamers festooned joyously, and coloured balloons bobbed in riotous profusion, the sun beamed expansively.

Not only the sun beamed expansively. Mr. Soapy Cropper and Saffron Charlie did likewise. And no rattle of the traffic could outbid the joyous click and jingle of their collection-boxes as they darted gaily here and there in a crowd which gave itself up to holiday and the benevolent spirit care-free surroundings are quick to bestow.

Later in the afternoon, the yellow visage of one Saffron Charlie creased in a delighted smile.

"'Ow're you getting on?" he breathed to a mincing pierrot who was flashing past in beatific pursuit of a stout American.

Soapy thanked the transatlantic cousin who read the inscription on the front of the box and then parted with the price of a marriage-licence. He rejoined Saffron and smiled good-humouredly.

"Half full," he announced proudly.

Saffron shook his own great box.

"You about the same," nodded the other. "We've about cleaned out the prom., I fancy. Now for the bay."

"Bay?" interrogated Saffron.

"Boat," explained Soapy. "You'll row, and I'll rattle the box under the noses of every other boatload on the water. Plenty of cash afloat."

"A slight mistake," put in Saffron.

"Not a bit of it." Soapy was emphatic. "Tons of quids in the pockets of them boaters. Look at 'em. Crowds of 'em rowing about."

"I bin lookin' at 'em," confessed Saffron. "But you made a mistake; you'll row—I'll rattle the box."

"Look 'ere."

"I aren't goin' to do no arguin', Soapy."

"We'll take it in turns rowin'," growled Soapy.

They hired a boat.

"Keep your eyes skinned and avoid anywhere where there's blue cloes and 'elmets," counselled Saffron. "I bin watchin' out for them fellers all morning. Interfering devils!"

Soapy nodded and bent to his oars. Boat after boat was approached, ingratiating box was rattled with graceful and tactful insinuation.

Two hours later they returned to the shore.

They worked the western pier.

"Warm work," panted Soapy.

"We'll do the Central Pier," puffed Saffron.

They did the Central Pier.

"The Lovers' Glen," suggested Soapy.

They trailed up and down both sides of the Lovers' Glen. With wearied legs but cheerful spirits fed with the divine fires of gleeful anticipation, they returned again to the prom. Charabancs were bringing in fresh victims.

"Looks dinky," grinned Soapy. He was looking at the neatly printed fronts of their collection-boxes. It was handiwork in testimony to his undoubted abilities as a letter-artist.

"FOR KIRBY MELLING HOSPITAL."

Thus the leading line in bold red capitals. Immediately beneath, in a tasteful shade of blue, there followed:

"EVERY PENNY COLLECTED WILL BENEFIT THE HOSPITAL.

"PLEASE GIVE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN POSSIBLY AFFORD."

"Bit of orright, that," said Soapy with the pride of the creator.

"Saloon bars," breathed Saffron eagerly. "We muster collected a hunnerd quid between us. Lots of it was silver, an' there wus a few ten-bob notes shoved in mine. Let's make it *two* hunnerd"

THE evening wore on. Soapy and Saffron met frequently. Both were exhausted with the continual search in quest of largesse. The collection-boxes, huge though their dimensions, were all but full.

"It's all in a good cause," said Soapy piously.

"It are," agreed Saffron; "but I'm a'most near to droppin' to me knees."

"Do you think we've reached two 'unnerd quid?"

Saffron pondered this question. He hadn't sufficient energy left to attempt shaking his box. Its heaviness rendered enquiring shakes unnecessary.

"Might," he said weakly.

"Per'aps not quite," sighed Soapy. "We—we—ought——"

"Oughter—make sure?" finished Saffron, straightening his sagging knees.

"The theatre-queues," said Soapy fiercely, his ferocity of purpose occasioned not only as emphasis but impetus to his own weakening muscles. "I'll do the Empire and the Palace of Varieties."

"I never thought I'd put in work like this," breathed Saffron in scandalised tones.

"You do the Winter Gardens," snapped Soapy; "an' the kinema queue in the High Street. Then meet me outside the park at the entrance to Seaville at ten-thirty—it'll be dark then, an' we'll swipe a car an' get out inter the country, divide up, an' separate, leaving the car hid somewhere off'n the road."

Saffron disappeared *en route* for the Winter Gardens and the kinema queue. With a great sigh of longing as his roving eye caught the illuminated windows of a bar-parlour on the front, Soapy crushed down his fierce desire for liquid refreshment. To-morrow, now! And there would be a hundred pounds' worth of to-morrows for each of them. . . .

Ten o'clock found the night dark and threatening a slight drizzle. Under the shadows of the tree-canopied palings bounding the park on the inland side of the resort of Seaville, Soapy waited impatiently. His collection-box weighed like a ton of lead. After a three minutes' wait he decided it was more like two tons.

Came Saffron.

"This way," growled Soapy urgently. "Lots of theatre cars round in the next square. Waitin' for the show at the Repertry Theatre to finish up. We'll swipe a car; won't be hard if we're quick about it. Box full?"

"Fuller'n wot I am," groaned Saffron. "I never put in such a day in me perishin' natural. If——"

"Hold it," counselled Soapy. "Foller me."

Five minutes later two gentlemen in second-hand mackintoshes covering their gay raiment paused casually alongside a temporarily deserted car. In the dark they were unnoticed by somnolent chauffeurs at other wheels in the vicinity.

"'Op in," snapped Soapy, depositing his collection-box in the back seat.

Saffron hopped in. His own box rattled and chinked as it found a place alongside its fellow.

A self-starter whirred moaningly. Soapy let in the clutch. They departed in silky purring speed. The shadows of the night swallowed them.

The roads reeled ribbon-like beneath their whirling tread. As the minutes passed and the darkness behind showed no stabbing headlights betokening inquisitive pursuit, Soapy grinned, leaned back easily, and took a more comfortable grip on the steering-wheel.

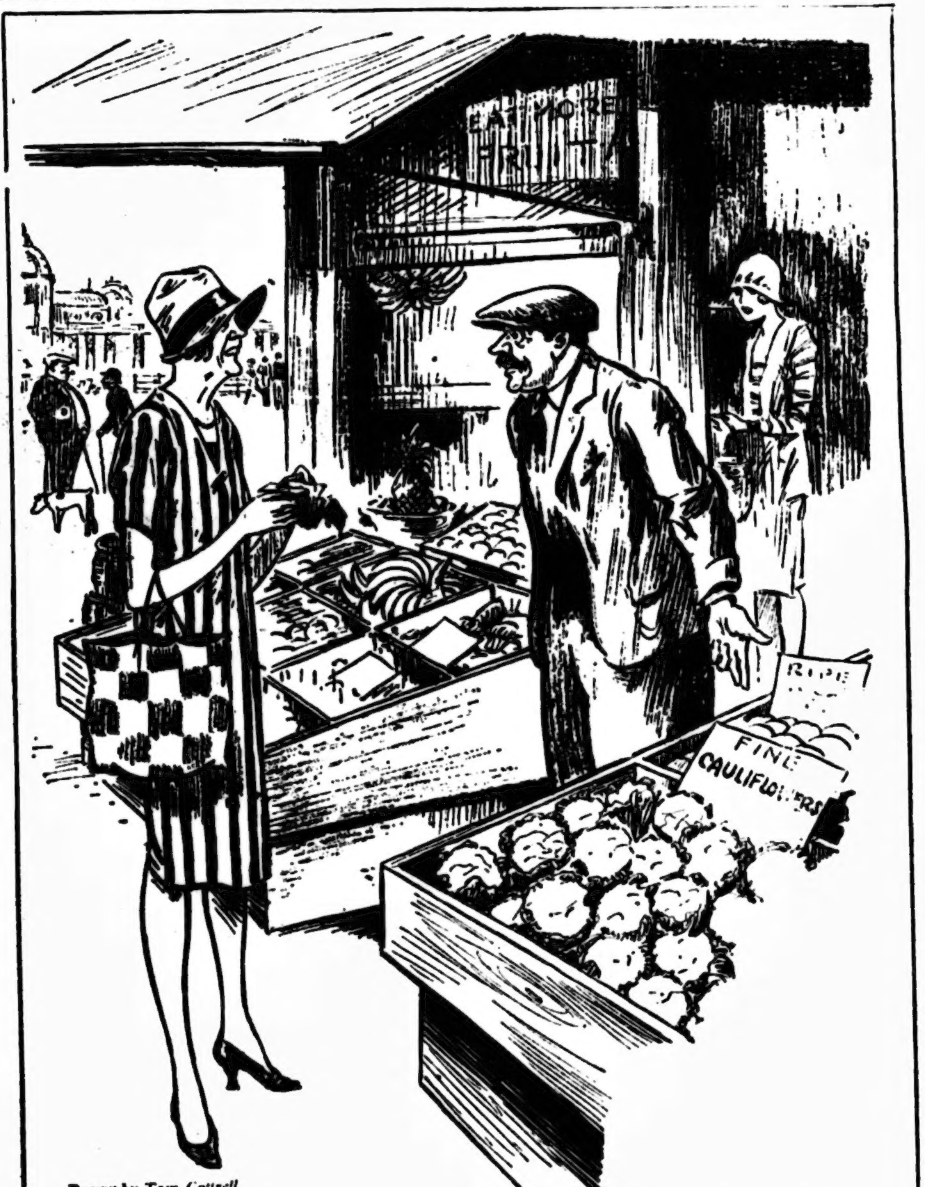
"Be two hundred all out," he said. "Wot-O, Saff."

"Wot-O," agreed Saffron. "Where are we, and where're we goin'."

"'Aven't the foggiest," confessed the other with a chuckle. "Simply decided to light out for open country the nearest point from where we could swipe a car. Simply drive on for about half an' hour and then stop, divide up our hunnerd each—there'll be two hunnerd, easy—and then ditch the bus."

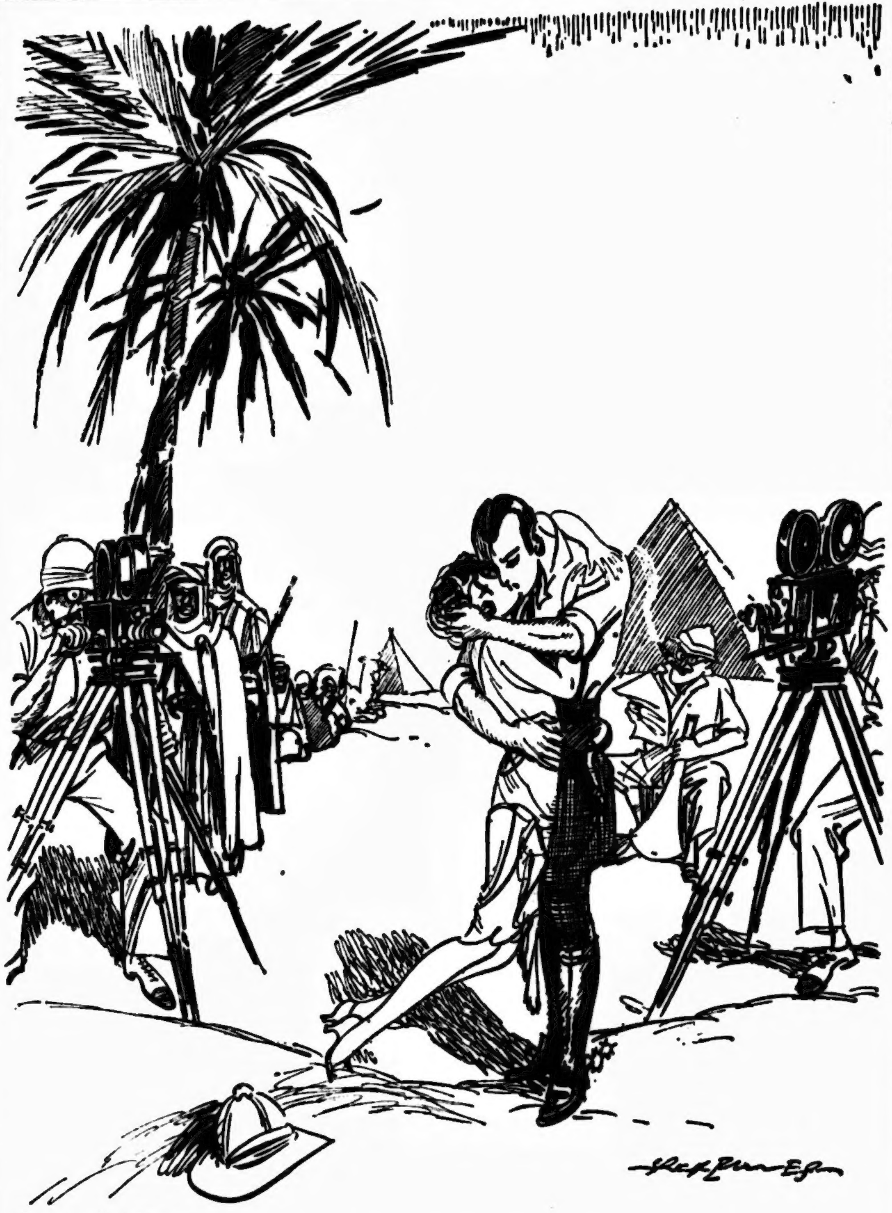
"Two 'unnerd, easy," agreed Saffron.

(*Continued on page 66*)



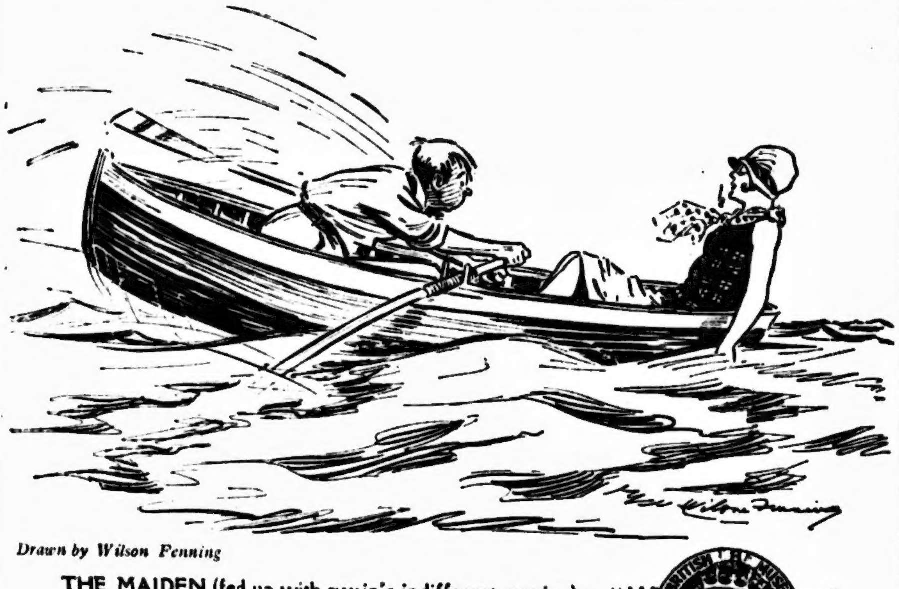
Drawn by Tom Cottrell

SEASIDE LANDLADY: "And how much are the cauliflowers, Mr. Hicks?"
MR. HICKS: "They vary, madam—fourpence, sixpence, eightpence or ninepence, according to size."
SEASIDE LANDLADY: "Oh! I only wanted a SMALL one—just enough for ourselves and the boarders."



Drawn by Rick Elmes

FILM HERO: "At last, we are alone."



Drawn by Wilson Fenning

THE MAIDEN (fed up with swain's indifferent rowing): "W[illegible]ow? Chuckin' the salt out of the water over your left shoulder for [illegible]

29 JUL

"'Ow much you say you get?"

Soapy squinted round for a split second.

"Hunnerd," he said in surprise. "'Arf each."

Saffron laughed nastily.

"Eighty for you," he announced firmly. "I get a hunnerd an' forty."

Soapy swore volubly.

"Capital," said Saffron sternly. "You on'y put £2 into the firm; I put in three pun. I take three-fifths; you take two-fifths. Fair, that. It——"

"An' who serplied the bloomin' brains?" queried Soapy viciously. "Who was the inventor and the brains be'ind the ruddy partnership? Tell me that an' weep!"

Soapy took a vengeful hand off the wheel. . . .

It was then that it happened.

"Look out," screamed Saffron, his eyes on the pencils of headlight which suddenly embraced tall gates rushing towards them. The road ended in right-angled turns to left or right; immediately ahead, apparently speeding to shatter themselves on the radiator of the car were massive gates. . . .

"Cripes!" shrieked Soapy, wrenching at the wheel.

He was too late. The car charged the gates like a mad bull, smashed through splintering woodwork, reeled drunkenly from side to side of a gravelled drive, and finally turned over in a shriek of flying stones and racing engine.

IT was many hours later when Soapy woke up. About one hour after Saffron. And Saffron had slept for two days.

"Where are we?" demanded Saffron. "Cripes—my blinkin' 'ead!"

Soapy stared at the white beds in which, side by side, they reclined. He stared uncomprehendingly at the white-clad figure which smilingly approached and shook a playful finger at them.

"Feeling much better now?" demanded the clever-looking lady, patting their bandages with gentle, exploring fingers. And you must be very, very careful, and take things quite easily here for a day or two. A little rest and you will be quite well again."

"Ur——" began Soapy suddenly, his memory functioning.

"Don't worry about the car. Luckily the owner is insured, and he is going to overlook your escapade in borrowing the car on account of the excellent purpose to which you had devoted the day. He would have been willing to drive you himself had he only known where you wanted to go. Incidentally, we are very, very grateful indeed for what you have done for us. You really should have asked permission, you two naughty boys, for it really isn't allowed legally without permission!"

She turned away.

"But, again," she murmured brightly, "thanks *ever* so much."

Soapy turned a jaundiced eye upon the yellow visage in the next bed. Saffron's face wore the expression of a fatalist whose indigestion was worse than usual.

"What the hell is she talkin' about?" enquired Soapy.

"She told me an hour ago," said Soapy, in a terrible whisper. "Two hunnerd an' five quid in them boxes. Them gates you run into was the gates of the drive leadin' up to where we are now."

"Wot place?" snarled Soapy.

"The Kirkby Melling 'Ospittle," whispered Saffron huskily. "She ses the head doctor is comin' in to thank us hisself very shortly!"

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